

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

August 3, 1960

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 3, 1960

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Sydney's Mounted Police had a "10-bob-in" fund and other New South Wales policemen each contributed 3/- to help sponsor Mounted Policeman Peter Macken (story, page 13), Modern Pentathlon representative, to the Rome Olympics.

"I FEEL I'm representing the Force in Rome," said Peter. "They've all been wonderful, from the Commissioner down."

Cynthia Strachan, who interviewed Peter, told us: Peter leaves home at 5 a.m. each day, and doesn't return until 9.30 p.m., so he never gets more than seven hours' sleep.

He has had one cheer-up since his Olympic selection. His mother gets up to cook him a good steak breakfast.

Peter, who takes vitamin B and E pills for added energy, lives mainly on a steak-and-salad diet with no fatty foods.

Until after the Olympics he obviously hasn't any time for romance or other interests. How does he spend his rest day, Sunday?

He sleeps half the day and usually goes to a football match in the afternoon.

"It's good relaxation," he said. "I like football, but I haven't time to play now," he added in what must be one of the great understatements of 1960.

Although this will be only the third time Australia has been represented in the Modern Pentathlon, Peter and his two team-mates are expected to put up a good showing.

The event was won at the 1952 and 1956 Games by Lard Hall, a Swedish policeman.

★ ★ ★

WHEN our Fiction Department asked New Zealand mystery-writer Dorothy Eden to tea in their Sydney office they thought she would be delighted to know that the building had been the setting for a murder in the twenties.

Before they could give any details, Miss Eden shuddered and said, "Don't. I hate bodies."

Our Cover

● Mesembryanthemum, whose color adds brilliance to any rockery (All About Rockeries, pages 31 to 34). The cover picture was taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow at the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Hylton-Smith, South Coogee, N.S.W.

There's seldom a "body" in her mysteries. It's the anticipation of one that makes her novels so absorbing.

Dorothy Eden was in Sydney on her way home to New Zealand to help with the promotion of her first historical novel, "Sleep In The Woods."

For the past six years she has lived in England, where she has established herself as a writer of romantic short stories and suspense novels.

We have published many of them — "The Voice of A Dove," "Remember the Last One," "Listen to Danger," and "The Deadly Travellers."

In this issue there is another short story, "The Matchmakers" (page 24), this time about ghosts.

The picture at left shows Miss Eden with the illustration for "The Matchmakers" by staff artist Boothroyd.

When she returns to London later this year she will take the original illustration in frame and hang in the sitting room of her flat.



Dorothy Eden and "The Matchmakers" illustration.

Next Week

Pages and pages of glowing color features make our next issue one of the most spectacular color editions we have ever published. An eight-page all-color section presents the top Paris fashions for spring. The Home and Family section is also in color — seven pages of it — incorporating all the regular features.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1960



KING PHUMIPHON and Queen Sirikit of Thailand leaving their hotel for a private dinner party in New York. The Queen topped her slender sheath dress with a short burnt-orange jacket of luminous Thai silk and wore silk shoes.

**Balmain wardrobe
cost £20,000**

THAI QUEEN IN NEW YORK

● While the King of Thailand beat out hot jazz on his saxophone, his lovely Queen Sirikit won New Yorkers' hearts with her beauty and charm — and her clothes.

QUEEN SIRIKIT, tiny, 27, mother of four young children, was dressed almost exclusively on her American tour by French designer Pierre Balmain.

And they say she never wears the same dress twice.

Balmain went to Thailand — to the sumptuous palace of King Phumiphon Aduldej and Queen Sirikit—to design the Queen's 200-piece £20,000 wardrobe.

He styled glamorous gowns, sometimes Western, spiced with the brilliant colors of the Orient, sometimes adapted from the traditional Oriental. He made them up in the richest Thai silks.

Thai silk, traditionally a cottage industry in Thailand—old Siam—has recently become one of the country's greatest sources of overseas income and a high-fashion fabric.

When Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, called at the Royal Suite in New York's Waldorf Towers to take these pictures, he met the King of Thailand—and thought he was a photographer.

Still shopping

The Queen was patiently posing for a man with a camera whose flash-gun just wouldn't work.

Finally, an aide performed introductions—and both King and Queen posed for Robert Feldman.

They were going out to dinner that night at the Rockefellers' home. Someone approached on his knees bearing the Queen's coat. It was a scene from "The King and I."

The servant held the coat high as the Queen, with some difficulty, slipped her arms into the sleeves.

In spite of her fabulous Balmain wardrobe, the Queen did some "shopping round" in New York's Fifth Avenue.

And the King played his sax with New York's "King of Swing," his old friend Benny Goodman. Together they beat out hot licks on the saxophone and clarinet for more than two hours.

Royal barnstormers

They are indeed Oriental royalty with a difference.

The King was born in America, educated in Switzerland. The Queen is a daughter of a former Thai Ambassador to London, and went to finishing school in Switzerland.

The two went home to Thailand to be married and for the King's coronation, when he was 23 and she 17.

After sightseeing in Manhattan and taking in "My Fair Lady" on Broadway, the royal barnstormers proceeded north to visit Phumiphon's birthplace at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Then, burdened with more exotic Western clothes, countless rolls of undeveloped film for the royal darkroom, and a gift saxophone from Benny Goodman, they headed back home to their four children.



ALL-GOLD for a reception given by the Far East-America Council of Commerce and Industry. The Queen's traditional gown is gold brocade, her jewels Thai gold—and diamonds. Below: A short embroidered silk dinner dress.

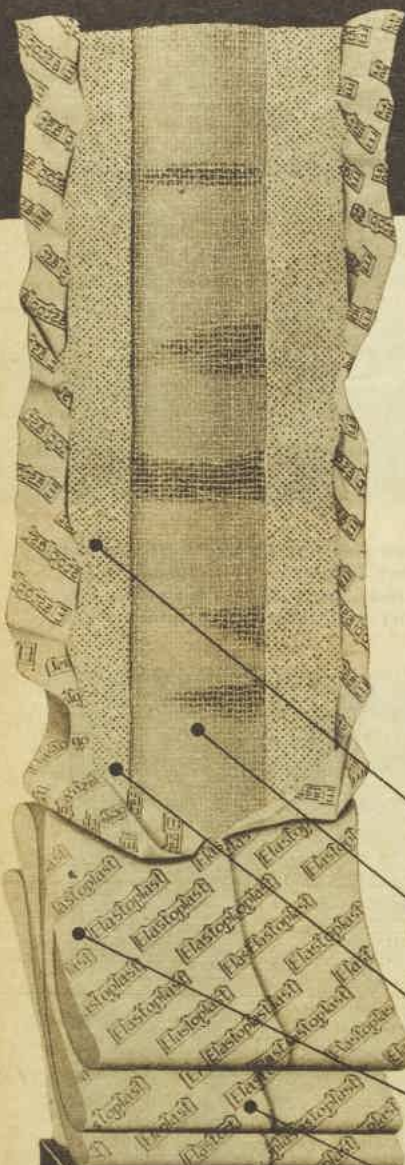


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FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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Car saleswoman — and as good as any man . . .

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● When Pamela Kenneth wended her way through the shiny new cars in a Sydney showroom, Mr. Kenneth Berliner sprang forward to tell her about his latest model.

"I'M not a customer," apologised Mrs. Kenneth. "I want a job selling cars."

"That's a specialised job," he said. "What makes you think you can sell cars?"

"Because I've been doing it for 15 years — back home in Scotland," replied Mrs. Kenneth.

"I may not look a car saleswoman, but if you'll give me a trial you'll find me as good as any of the men."

Half an hour's chat convinced Mr. Berliner. And that's how Pamela Kenneth became a Sydney car saleswoman.

"There are, of course, women receptionists in car showrooms and others who act as ferry-drivers," she said. "But I'm a salesman in my own right, on an equal-salary basis with the men. I am supplied with my own demonstration car. I conduct a sale right from the first inquiry."

Men customers are surprised at how much Mrs. Kenneth knows about what goes on under the bonnet. Women customers automatically gravitate to her, because they feel she knows their special requirements.

She is responsible for all the firm's car sales in the suburbs of Randwick, Paddington, and surrounding areas.

When she sold cars in her husband's garage in Ayr, Scotland, she got to know thoroughly the "insides" of a wide range of cars, from little runabouts to high-powered racing cars.

And no male motorist is ever likely to get the satisfaction of seeing Mrs. Kenneth waiting forlornly on the side of the road for his help.



SALESWOMAN Pamela Kenneth explaining the working of a car engine to Mrs. Myra Trowbridge.

"I can do any roadside repair with the limited tools that most cars carry," she said. "It's only on a major breakdown requiring other tools that I have to ring a garage, and—of course—any man in similar trouble has to do that."

Trial driver

Pamela has been in Australia only since March 4, but back home cars were her hobby as well as her job.

"I've been around cars for 15 years—at racetracks and as co-driver in rallies," she said.

However, Pamela doesn't really believe in competitive driving or racing for women.

"It's really a man's sport," she said.

What does she think of women drivers compared to men?

"Women are going to hate me for saying this and it probably won't do my reputation as a saleswoman any good," she said, "but most women suffer from lack of confidence on the road. And a timid driver is a dangerous one."

"Many men are much too aggressive on the roads, but I believe that an over-confident driver is likely to be a safer one than a frightened driver."

"Women's lack of confidence tends to make them change their minds in mid-maneuvre, and that can be fatal."

As prospective customers, she said, women went first for the appearance and color of a car.

"Then comes the ease with which you can get in and out of it," she said.

"Women hate cars that are a menace to clothes and stockings."

"Then comes mobility—a woman wants to be able to make a turn in the shortest space. And a car must be easy to park."

"She also demands room—both seat and boot space."

"A man, on the other hand, goes for a car's mechanical capabilities, especially if he prides himself on his knowledge of mechanics."

"Under the bonnet is the first place he wants to inspect. He's interested in potential speeds and the engine's oil and petrol consumption."

"Many men will put up with quite a lot of discomfort and inconvenience inside the car as long as they get what they want in engine performance."

As I left the showroom, Pamela Kenneth was back on the job—expounding to a woman customer the special advantages of a sports coupe.



EXPERT at the wheel, Pamela Kenneth says cars are her hobby as well as her job.

The Kennedys have looks, brains, dough

● Through Democratic Presidential candidate John Kennedy, the U.S. stands to gain a ready-made "royal family" loaded with looks, brains, dough, and drive.

From LARRY FOLEY,
in New York



JOSEPH KENNEDY, SEN., the patriarch of the Kennedy Clan.

WITH Big Brother Jack, 43, in the White House the Kennedys would be a power in the land, socially and politically, such as the nation has never known, not even in the heyday of the Roosevelts.

There are no patrician pretensions in this lot, still only a couple of generations removed from their Boston-Irish beginnings.

No one will ever say of the red-blooded Kennedys that the strain is weak, as is said of the bluebloods of Europe's decaying royal houses.

Beneath the Ivy League suits and Harvard polish of the boys and the pearls and Paris gowns of the girls, they're a tough, unyielding, stick-together mob, with an almost frightening will to win.

Joe, sen., 71, a dyed-in-the-wool Irish patriarch, is the dynamo, the inspiration of his offspring's overleaping ambitions.

Three possibles

Patriarch Kennedy has pursued the Presidency for his family as though it were the Holy Grail.

In the father's book, his eldest son, Joe, jun., was to be President of the United States.

But Joe, jun., was killed in World War II.

So up stepped second son, Jack.

And if, for any reason, Jack had not been a possible starter (he, too, nearly lost his life, as a P.T.-boat commander), the father had two more sons in reserve: Bob and Ted.

Bob, 34, and Ted, 28, became the main cogs in Jack's political machine.

They are carbon copies of their big brother. They have the same self-assurance, the keenness of mind, the boyish good looks (all three look absurdly young for their age), the smooth approach, an articulateness bordering on glibness, the urbanity and self-possession of men who know they are the new masters.

Ted, especially, is already touted as a presidential possible. Just give him a few more years. He is said to be the political prodigy of the family.

And that must be something, for in the Kennedy home the kids were rocked to political lullabies.

There were nine — four boys, five girls. One daughter, Kathleen ("Kick"—Jack's favorite sister), died in an air crash in France in 1948, aged 28.

She was the war widow of the Marquis of Hartington, whom the family met when Joe, sen., was America's controversial Ambassador to Britain (he had harsh words for England, but not for Hitler).

Of the other four sisters, three are married and have children. The eldest, Rosemary, is not married and teaches in a convent school.

The three married sisters are Patricia, Jean, and Eunice. All campaigned strenuously for brother Jack. So did their husbands. That is the family tradition—one in, all in—in-laws, cousins, and all.

Patricia's husband is actor Peter Lawford, who became a Catholic to marry her. The Lawfords have three children.

Jean is Mrs. Stephen E. Smith. Her husband is a New York tugboat and transportation boss, who now runs the Kennedy-for-President headquarters in Washington. The Smiths have one child.

Eunice is the wife of Robert Sargent Shriver, jun., son of a New York banker and head of Chicago's huge Merchandise Mart, a Kennedy enterprise. Shriver is touted as possible Democratic candidate for Governor of Illinois.

If you're a member of the Kennedy clan, you're in politics.

Jean introduced her college room-mate, Ethel Shaker, a champion swimmer, to brother Bobby, and they married in 1950.



SENATOR JOHN KENNEDY becomes godfather to Victoria Francis, the third child of his sister, Patricia, and her husband, actor Peter Lawford.

Bob and Ethel have seven children.

The youngest Kennedy, Ted, married Joan Bennett, a Bronxville deb, in 1958.

Jack's wife, possibly the next First Lady of the land, is the meltingly pretty "Jackie" (for Jacqueline), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Bouvier the Third, and New York's most beautiful deb of 1948.

The Bouviers thought their daughter was marrying beneath her when she chose Jack Kennedy.

The Jack Kennedys have a daughter, Caroline, nearly three. A second child is due in about three months. That's why Jackie kept out of the convention hurly-burly. She stayed at the Kennedy rural seat on Cape Cod, on the other side of the country from the Los Angeles madhouse.

Play hard

It is possible that Joe, sen., and others of the tough Kennedy breed privately despise this as a sign of weakness.

In the 1952 Senate campaign, Ethel, Bob's wife, made a stump speech for brother-in-law Jack in Fall River, then drove to a Boston hospital and had a baby next morning.

Guts, aggressiveness, will to win — these are the qualities the Kennedys demand of each other. And it's too bad if outsiders or newcomers to the family circle don't measure up.

The family plays hard, plays rough, plays to win.

It can be an ordeal to visit the Kennedys' Cape Cod colony (there's the rambling an-



cestral home by the sea, with 17 rooms, with big library, tennis courts, cinema, four sailboats, a guesthouse, and separate houses on the estate for the Bobby Kennedys and the Jack Kennedys).

A frequent guest drew up a formal "Rules for Visiting the Kennedys," warning:

"Now for the football field. It's 'Touch Football,' but it's murder. If you don't want to play, don't come. If you do come, play, or you'll be fed in the kitchen and nobody will speak to you. Don't let the girls fool you. Even pregnant, they can make you look silly. . . . don't suggest any plays. . . . the Kennedys have the signal-calling department sewed up, and all of them have a-plus in leadership. . . . Don't criticise the other team, either. It's bound to be full of Kennedys, too, and the Kennedys don't like that sort of thing."

Another victim said: "They don't need guests, because they'd just as soon play one another — to win. They're terrific competitors and afraid of nothing that walks, crawls, swims, or flies."

When Jack was married he turned up at the church (there were 3000 stickybeaks) in swank Newport, Rhode Island, with a badly scratched face. He had ended up in a rose

bush the day before in a nice little friendly family game of touch football.

Jackie soon learned the family ways. She broke an ankle during a game.

If Jack makes the White House, the Cape Cod place will be this "royal family's" Windsor Castle, the place for rest and respite and family reunions.

Between times the family is scattered in estates, flats, villas, and mansions in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Washington, New York, Palm Beach, and the Riviera.

All rich

All members are rich. Both Jack's grandfathers were highly successful Boston politicians who knew their onions right until the last hurrah.

Jack's father set out to make his first million by the age of 35, and beat his self-imposed time limit by several years.

Today, the wealth of Joe, sen., spread over banking, liquor, shipping, Wall Street, and Hollywood, is put at around one hundred million dollars.

The clan's "queen mum," old Joe's little wife, Rose, a lively, pretty, youthful, and vivacious 69, quipped this week about his bankroll:

"When I first read in the papers that he had 100 million

YOUTHFUL DEMOCRATIC candidate for the U.S. Presidency, John Kennedy, 43, with his wife, Jacqueline, and daughter, Caroline, 3. Another child is expected in three months.

dollars I went to him and asked: 'Why didn't you tell me you had that much money?' He replied: 'I didn't know myself.'"

Old Joe settled a one-million-dollar trust fund on each of his children. Jack got his when he was nine. His nest-egg must have grown to dinosaur size by now, 34 years later.

No one will ever know just how far Jack would have got on his path to the White House without his dad's dough.

Joe's financial H.Q. is an office on Park Avenue.

Inevitably, this office is also a kind of family H.Q. as well.

Friends call it "The Missing Kennedys Bureau."

The tale is told that once, as a bright young thing before her marriage, Eunice called the office from Chicago and asked one of the secretaries, "Where was I yesterday?"

The secretary looked up the files, came back with the answer: "You were in Westbury, Long Island, Miss Eunice."

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Diana's got "Butterflies"

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

● Australian singer Diana Trask, America's favorite "Raspberry Sundae" and a solid hit in the U.S. a year after her arrival, has got "butterflies in the stomach" over her return to Australia for a brief tour with the "Big Show."

"I've never felt such stagefright at any of my openings here," the red-haired Melbourne beauty told me in New York.

Diana tours with Pat Boone, the American teenagers' idol, in the four eastern capitals, appearing in Adelaide on July 27, Melbourne July 28, Brisbane July 29, and Sydney July 30.

She will, however, miss the Boone opening in Perth on July 26.

Diana blames her "butterflies" for her vacillation on making the Australian tour. At first she agreed to go. Then, pleading a busy schedule of screen tests and recording and concert dates (true), she tried to pull out of the tour.

"I felt I wasn't quite ready to face an Australian audience—the one I care the most about," she said. "But then I thought glowingly about the visit home and about the people I would disappoint who wanted to hear my new, improved style."

Her new voice, she explained, was characterised by a "genuine warmth that I had to simulate before." It was born of "new confidence and maturity."

In her case maturity came before majority. Diana turned 20 this month while she was in Houston, Texas, on a fortnight's engagement at the plush Tideland Club. She was feted at a party thrown by an "old friend"—the young, rich owner of a rival Houston nightclub.

Twixt nineteen and twenty, Diana fought an uphill battle from her U.S. debut at the Blue Angel in New York to her present estate, a 1250-dollar-a-week (about £A562) eminence commanding a view of a juicy Hollywood contract and a featured television career with Jack Benny.

Who helped her most? An obscure agent who has never been to Australia.

Diana says she owes her American success not so much to Frank Sinatra, who first suggested she come over, nor to Lee Gordon and his American partner, Arthur Scheragin, who got her here, but to Rosalind Ross, the "new talent" specialist of Music Corp. of America, who also started Bobby

Darin, Paul Anka, and Johnny Mathis on the road to fame.

Diana told me: "Rosalind gave me confidence, got me the right bookings, and fought hard to put over the right recording deal" (with goateed Mitch Miller, the famous impresario of Columbia records).

Miss Ross, a 30-year-old native New Yorker, told me: "When I met her a year ago, I was struck by the beautiful simplicity of Diana's looks. I liked her singing style, but I saw she was just a kid—a lamb in a wolf-infested forest."

"I worked on her confidence, tried to give her some toughness without destroying her innocence. That's all. She did the rest herself."

Diana's career thus far has been built on a rather shaky foundation of appearances in about two dozen nightclubs, two moderately successful recordings, and one appearance on a national television programme.

When she returns from Australia, Diana will start what she calls "phase two" of her U.S. career.

"There'll be some nightclub work—not much, I hope," she said. "I hope to concentrate on recordings, television, and films."

A new Columbia Record



AUSTRALIAN SONGSTER Diana Trask, who is building a successful career in the U.S.

week—I nearly fainted all over again."

Diana and Benny had their first rehearsal in Hollywood recently.

"I sang 'Mr. Wonderful' for him, then he rushed up and kissed me," she said. "I was supposed to faint from shock and he was to carry me off-stage like a zombie."

"Well, I didn't faint—there's no use pretending—and he couldn't quite manage the weight-lifting job. I guess

is one. I never asked to see his bank account."

"He threw a birthday party for me at his club in Houston—El Matador—and next day we flew in his private plane to Mexico for lunch (about 500 miles)."

"We ate baby goat, baby quail, and drank Tequila and tomato juice. Australia was never like this!"

"Phase three" of Diana's career is the Hollywood phase, which will start concurrently with the Jack Benny phase.

At least three studios are said to be clamoring for her name on a contract, and they have dangled several juicy roles before her eyes, including "Breakfast At Tiffany's," "Where The Boys Are," and a picture to be filmed in Rome.

Her manager, Mort Farber, of New York, has advised her to go with 20th Century-Fox, the studio that discovered Marilyn Monroe. She will make a formal screen test on her return from Australia in August, possibly to do "State Fair" in the feminine lead opposite Pat Boone.

"I've changed, both outside and inside me, in the past year in America," Diana admitted. "For a start, I took Perry Como's advice to 'slow down and win.' I worry less now. I think I've acquired warmth."

"Most of all, I've become Yankified—Heaven help me!"

"Australia may be only ten thousand miles from America, but America, I discovered, is 10 million miles from Australia."

Chance for her film career

album, tentatively entitled "A Date with Diana," will be waxed as soon as her new-found friend Mitch Miller gets out of hospital.

The recording session was scheduled for mid-July, but Miller, stricken with acute appendicitis, phoned his office from the hospital: "Don't let Diana sing a note without me there."

In August, she opens with Jack Benny at Harrah's Club, in Nevada. She will sing five new songs and become Benny's female foil. The last to hold this job was Giselle MacKenzie.

"Mr. Benny rang me up after he saw me on the television spectacular with Mitch," Diana said. "I almost fainted. Then, when he told me how much I would get for the engagement—1250 dollars a

the writers will have to try something else."

The Harrah's Club act with Benny will later be adapted for a network television spectacular, and the Benny-Trask team may go into production with a series of regular TV shows.

Wolves being what they are in America, Diana has learned "not to bleat like a lamb every time I hear a wolf howl."

She has lots of "boy-friends, lots of flirtations, nothing serious."

But then there is her "best boy-friend," that young Texan nightclub proprietor.

"I'll be frank—Texas is my favorite State," Diana said with a twinkle.

"He's young, dark—and an Argentinian. I don't know if he's a millionaire, although they say everybody in Texas



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IN THE SWIM IN ROME

● An Australian swimsuit manufacturer recently flew his 1960-61 collection to Rome to be photographed against the background of next month's Olympic city.



ON THE BANKS of the River Tiber, an Italian model poses in an Australian swimsuit of tablecloth - check elasticised cotton-knit. The suit has a low back.

THE RUINS of the Colosseum (left) provide the background for this elasticised cotton suit in houndstooth check. It features contour straps.

A STATUE at the Marble Stadium, the impressive practice arena for athletes at next month's Olympic Games, towers over the model (left) in her swimsuit of stretch nylon.

THE TIBER and Saint Angelo's Bridge (right) provide a typical Roman backdrop for a two-tone princess-line swimsuit in lustrous faille. The stripes give a slimming effect.





DWARFED by the impressive building of the Square Colosseum (above), a Rome model poses in an Australian swimsuit of lustrous faille with loop lattice-work above the princess-line bodice. The Roman Forum ruins (right) back this printed lastex suit. The cotton beach-jacket is printed to match.



ANCIENT AND MODERN. A slimming two-tone swimsuit in lustrous faille is pictured against the striking and historic setting of the Theatre Marcellus ruins in Rome.



INTUITION IS ILONA'S EXTRA STOCK-IN-TRADE

● A Hungarian woman who has opened a barber's shop marked with a striped pole in Footscray, Victoria, works with an extra that isn't usually found on barber's shelves.



HUNGARIAN barber Mrs. Ilona Lics shapes a crewcut for customer Max Ebner.



EXPERTLY wielding a razor, Mrs. Lics gives a smooth shave to Mr. Peter Hart.

SHE is Mrs. Ilona Lics and the "extra" is female intuition.

"With it, I give the job a little more polish," she said.

"I try to size a man up when he walks in," she said. "Sometimes it is obvious the customer is in a bad temper, so then I work very silently, making it as soothing as possible."

"When he looks weighed down with worries, I try a little conversation to get his mind off them."

"If he looks full of zest, I put a little lightheartedness into the snipping."

When Mrs. Lics opened her shop nine months ago, there were a few gasps of horror and hurried retreats when customers saw the white-coated barber behind the chair.

So Mrs. Lics employed a young Italian boy as an assistant.

"But soon they only asked for me, and I had to let him go," she said.

Mrs. Lics learned her job in Hungary, where barbering is a popular occupation with women.

She met her husband, Stephen, over a haircut when she was apprenticed in Budapest. She opened her own shop in Budapest at the end of her four-year apprenticeship.

She has a daughter, Ava, 15, and son, Stephen, 7.

Her Footscray shop is a combination of masculine

severity and feminine frivolity. It has deep red-leather chairs and deep hibiscus-red walls with lemon and green trimmings.

"I take as much pride in sending a man home looking neat around the head as his wife might take in sending him off to the office looking well pressed," said Mrs. Lics.

"She takes a lot more care than men do, for sure," Mr.

haircuts a day in a busy period.

She takes as much care combing out after a trim as is usually given to a woman's hairdo.

"Men's hair has to be cut with just as much individuality as women's," she said. "Every man is different, and so every head is different."

She has found that most men have as definite ideas about their hairstyles as women. Any that do ask her advice always take it, if not confidently at first, at least happily when they see the result.

Mrs. Lics says there's not much variety in Australian men's hairstyles.

"Short hair is best for the sporty outdoor type the Australian is," she said. "It is best for business, too."

She finds most men just as vain as women, although not as frank about it.

"They'd rather sneak a glimpse sideways in the mirror when I'm not looking than examine it critically while I watch, as a woman would," she said.

"I believe a lot more women would become barbers if there were a school to teach them."

"Why shouldn't they? Aren't male hairdressers the most sought-after for women's hair-styling? Why should it not work the other way?"

By SHEILA
McFARLANE,
staff reporter

Peter Hart said, with a satisfied rub over his shaven face as he climbed out of the chair.

"She's quicker, and she doesn't talk as much as men do," Altona man Mr. Tom Owen (flat top, short back and sides) said as he paid for a trim.

"I've not seen many other barbers work with such serious concentration, and I like the results," he said.

"She adds a little spice to the barber-shop scene, and there should be more of it," said Mr. Kevin Hutchins (semi-crew).

Ilona Lics snips her way through the most difficult style cut in 12 minutes.

She does more than 30



"DEAR ME, she has a fast pulse," says "doctor" Kevin Lucke (second from right), holding a timing watch, while make-believe consultant Eric looks on. The shy "nurse" is Veronica, and Jennifer is the very patient "patient." The Lucke quads were playing "hospitals" on the sun-verandah after recovering from colds. Photos by Ross Studio, Bundaberg.

Luckes play at "hospitals"

By MARJORIE STAPLETON, staff reporter

● The Lucke quads—Jennifer, Veronica, Eric, and Kevin—of Bundaberg, Queensland, had just recovered from colds when I last visited them.

THEIR parents, Agnes and Arthur Lucke, told me the children had great fun playing "hospitals" while they were laid up.

For four days the quads had to stay in bed.

"It was no hardship for Eric, because he loves his bed and his meals," said Arthur Lucke.

"But Kevin found it rather annoying, as he wasn't allowed to have any of his cold old bits of iron and wire in bed with him."

As soon as their colds were better, the boys helped Dad lay a pipeline to irrigate his pineapple farm, while the girls fetched and carried.

Now five years old (their birthday was on July 12), the quads are old enough to play group games with real enjoyment.

A lot of their fun centres on their black-and-white kitten, Timmy. And recently

they've been looking after a budgie named Bobbie, and a dog named Sparkles, lent to them by their aunt.

Every morning Timmy is let out of the laundry where he spends the night, and immediately rushes to the quads' bedroom to jump on each bed. Having made sure they're all awake, Timmy is content to go back to the floor.

"There's no 'boss' in the family," Agnes Lucke said. "The boys are real boys, and the girls are usually happy to let them organise their group games."

"I can tell you this—Eric is going to be a drummer some day. Give him two sticks and an empty tin, and he'll go straight into a song-and-drum routine."

We persuaded Eric to demonstrate, and he sang the chorus of "Waltzing Matilda" to his own accompaniment of home-made kettle-drums. The girls joined in the song, and Kevin improved the beat by clapping.

"They're all musical," their mother said. "They're putting their pennies away in a big brown jug to buy a piano."

Jennifer, who now wears glasses to correct a "lazy" eye, has lately had the added novelty of wearing a shade over her energetic eye—to make the "lazy" one do the work for a few weeks.



BISCUIT-TIME for the Lucke boys, Eric (left) and Kevin, but the girls, Veronica (holding kitten) and Jennifer, are too engrossed in their kitten, Timmy, to bother about food.



"HOW ON EARTH did we ever fit in here?" Eric Lucke (left) asks Kevin as the quads play with their old pram. Watching them are their sisters Jennifer (right) and Veronica.

THEY'LL BE 10

THIS MONTH

Quads' Jenolan jaunt

By PENNY FORD, staff reporter

● *Birthday treat this year for the Sara quads, of Punchbowl, N.S.W., who will be ten this month, was a weekend trip to the Jenolan Caves.*

THEY loved every minute of it.

Everything was a novel experience—riding with staff photographer Ron Berg in the station-waggon; the lifts in Jenolan Caves House; the heating in the bedrooms—and then the caves!

After lunch on Saturday they set out with parents Percy and Betty Sara, and big brother Geoff, who's nearly 14.

Mark and Phillip were proudly wearing new black jeans, new shoes, and new tartan shirts. Phillip said, "Everything's new except me, my singlet, underpants, and socks."

Alison and Judy wore brown slacks and blue jumpers.

They scrambled round the Devil's Coach House, Carlotta Arch, and back to Caves House, all the time asking "But where are the real Jenolan Caves, Mummy?"

Finally they found out. They met Mr. Oss Batchelor, one of the guides, and set off through the River Cave.

Mark was entranced by the arrangements of colored lighting, and shrieked "That's fab," as they passed through the Bone Cavern.

They listened quietly to his explanation of how stalagmites and stalactites were formed, and Judy remarked solemnly, "That's very interesting"—a little phrase that was often heard in the two fun-packed days.

Highlight of the afternoon was seeing the skeleton of the Australian aboriginal in the Skeleton Cave.

They gazed at it in wonder, while Mr. Batchelor explained that no one knew how it got there.

"Gee, that's good," exclaimed boisterous Mark, while Phillip pondered over it and asked, "How long has the aboriginal been there?"

No one was able to help him.

After dinner they set off once again, to the Orient and Temple Caves. It seemed as if they'd never tire of scampering up and down the steps—hundreds of them—and the narrow passageways, but Phillip and Judy were a little

CARLOTTA ARCH and the Blue Lake form a background for the Sara family—from left, big brother Geoff, Betty and Percy Sara, with the quads (in front), Judy, Alison, Phillip, and Mark.

afraid that the "roof would cave in."

They were very ready for bed, though, when they got back at 10 p.m., and could scarcely stay awake for their lemon squash.

They didn't seem to be affected the next morning. Mr. Batchelor had brought along his young daughter, Caroline, and after breakfast the five of them set off to explore the Lucas Cave.

They still wanted to see more and more, when they were reluctantly dragged back for lunch, and the long journey home.

Before they left they had to sign their names in the visitors' book. Mark and Judy carefully wrote their names, then added "10 yrs."

So their mother added "nearly" after their ages.

The quads agreed enthusiastically that this was the "best holiday treat ever" and politely thanked Mr. Batchelor for taking them round.

They're extremely well-behaved and polite, the Sara quads, and not once did any of them need to be punished or reprimanded.

Mark is the most independent, and ventured off on explorations of his own, sometimes followed by little Judy.

Phillip, the tallest, preferred the company of his mother or father most of the time.

Alison seemed a little reserved at first. But as her shyness wore off she seemed the most talkative of the four.

SARA QUADS were fascinated by the Minaret in the River Cave. Looking at it are, from left, Judy, Mark, Phillip, and Alison, with brother Geoffrey (behind).





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PURE AND MILD AS A SOAP CAN BE

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Worth Reporting

DURING filming of "The Millionaire" in London recently, Peter Sellers took time off to educate his co-star, Sophia Loren, about cricket.

Between takes, Peter was relaxing and munching an apple, and telling a colleague of ours, "I'm going to play cricket next Saturday."

Sophia—sitting nearby—was interested.

"Cricket, Peter? And you will play in that gay blazer you wear now?"

WHEN he examined the stiletto heel of a woman's shoe, Australian writer Eric Lambert announced: "The heel was one-third of an inch in diameter all the way down. Worn by a hefty woman of about eleven and a half stone, it would exert a pressure of around 1000lb. per square inch."

"Or about equal to that of a well-developed rhinoceros."

Reprieve for lipstick

TAKE away a girl's lipstick and you take away her whole morale."

That's one man's opinion—but he is a man who should know his subject: he's Victor Harris, of Hollywood, Pacific manager of one of the world's biggest cosmetic firms.

We met Mr. Harris when he visited Sydney recently. And we reminded him about that attempt (last year in the States) to ban production of lipsticks—except for a few brownish shades.

[This followed scientific experiments and claims that the red dyes used in most lipsticks were dangerous to health. Apparently they'd nauseated the rabbits used in experiments.]

Mr. Harris estimated a woman would have to eat ten lipsticks a day for 13 years to reach the nauseated stage rabbits did when they were the bunnies of the experiments.

On that reckoning, women will never suffer lipstick nausea. Couldn't afford it; at 10/- per lipstick it would cost £1825 a year.

But we can all stop worrying now. President Eisenhower is on our side.

This month he signed a new law that relaxes restrictions on the use of coal-tar colors in cosmetics. It bans the use of any color additive that could make us sick.

IT'S the latest craze overseas: a dog-bed. It is made like a small settee—but in canvas, patterned in forget-me-nots and roses.

The beds come in all fittings—"a size to suit every breed of dog," the manufacturers say.

SOPHIA and Sellers . . . it wasn't cricket.

Horried, Peter stopped in mid-munch, and said, "No, no. In-cr—white."

"Ah, white I adore," remarked Sophia, lapsing into a poetic daydream. "White against the green fields is marvellous. And the ball, is that white, too?"

"No, not white. RED." And, manfully, Peter began to elaborate.

"In cricket, you have eleven players on each side . . ."

"One side has sticks?"

"Well, in a way, but . . ."

"Aha!" Miss Loren sat bolt upright and said triumphantly, "I know. You play this cricket on horses, yes?"

Scraps in the abstract

IS your scrap-box overflowing with bits and pieces of material?

And do you want to Do Something with them? Then we've found a solution—

It was suggested by Sydney artist Dora Sweetapple during a talk she gave at the New South Wales branch of the Embroiderers' Guild.

"These days, few housewives have enough spare time to work—hour after hour—on one small and detailed piece of embroidery," said Mrs. Sweetapple.

"The modern idea is to obtain the maximum effect in a limited time." And, as an example, she showed us an unusual abstract-patterned bedspread (pictured at right).

"I used pieces from my own scrap-box. I haven't cut any of them, but have used them just as they are to create balance and movement and color harmony," she said.

The Saroyan philosophy

"I BELIEVE in everything," says American novelist-playwright William Saroyan.

"Flies, sand—everything."

Then Saroyan gave a resume of his philosophy:

"We're all the children that we were. Unless we make a good past for ourselves we have no present."

"But just being is great."

"I don't believe mankind can destroy itself. We couldn't do such a big thing."

"Something bigger, unknown, would stop us."

"But if we did, I believe the whole thing would start over again."

"Charged energy would be left—and that's what we sprang from."



SAROYAN . . . being alive is great.

Stockings in Arnhem Land

THE Glue Galleries in

Sydney were crowded at the opening of David Strachan's painting exhibition. There was the usual cluster of black-stockinged girls.

Ross Morrow, another painter, gazed at the girls thoughtfully.

"You know, I'm thinking of going up to Arnhem Land soon," he remarked.

"I'll take a few hundred pairs of white stockings along . . . sell them to the aborigines . . . should make a fortune . . ."



MRS. SWEETAPPLE . . . an abstract bedspread created from her scrap-box.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 3, 1960



He swims . . .



He fences . . .



He shoots . . .

All in his day's sport . . .

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Two years ago Constable Peter Macken, a Sydney mounted policeman, couldn't swim a stroke. Neither could he ride a horse, fire a pistol, or fence. Yet at the Rome Olympic Games beginning on August 25 he will represent his country at all four sports.



. . . He rides . . . and he runs

FOR Peter has been chosen as one of Australia's three-man team competing for honors in the Modern Pentathlon — a gruelling event involving running, in addition to the above sports.

The 21-year-old's performance in making the team is staggering—even for a Mountie. But Peter—a fair-haired, unassuming young man from the Sydney oceanside suburb of Coogee—doesn't seem to think there's anything remarkable about his success.

"You can do anything if you're determined enough, if you just try hard enough," he said recently. And then he explained how he had done just that.

The son of a wool-buyer, Peter attended Randwick Marist Brothers' College till 1956, when he gained his Leaving Certificate, and began work as a clerk in the N.S.W. Land Tax Department.

Though he didn't realise it at the time, three factors were quickly leading to his decision to tackle seriously the sports of the Modern Pentathlon—and to become a mounted policeman.

First, he'd been a cross-country runner at school. Second, he'd always loved the outdoors and so wasn't really happy in his job.

Then, probably the deciding factor, he lived next door to Sven Coomer, one of Australia's Modern Pentathlon representatives in the Melbourne Games. And Sven had him wide-eyed about the Modern Pentathlon.

"I determined then that I'd take it up, and that one day I'd make the Olympic team," said Peter. "Not that I had much hope,

I suppose. But I had the determination, and I think that always wins through."

It sounds simple enough when Peter puts it that way. It sounds much, much less simple when you recall he hadn't even made first base—let alone Olympic circles—as a swimmer, pistol shooter, fencer, or equestrian.

When he got the Pentathlon "bug," he taught himself to swim, and began lessons in fencing and shooting.

He entered the Victorian Modern Pentathlon Championships in 1958, but he couldn't really qualify because he still couldn't ride. And that was why he decided to become a mounted policeman.

"Riding is a very expensive sport, and I didn't have the opportunity to do it," said Peter. "Joining the Police Mounted Division was the best way I could think of learning riding and making a career at the same time."

By now you're probably getting the picture that Peter has earned, rather than won, his trip to Rome.

And that was definitely the picture staff photographer Keith Barlow and I had by the time we'd followed Peter round during a typical day in his pre-Olympic life.

We first met him at 7.30 a.m. in cold, misty Centennial Park where, with colleagues, he was exercising the police horses . . . and at the same time receiving expert riding instruction from Sgt. Ron Livermore, officer-in-charge of the Mounted Section.

After an hour there, Peter rode back to the police stables. And while his colleagues relaxed during their breakfast break, he changed into running gear, and sprinted across to nearby Moore Park.

There we watched him run three miles—his daily training for the 4000 metre Olympic contest.

We were tired just watching. But the day was young, and Peter, fresh as fern, was by this time sprinting back to the police barracks and to "real work."

His WORK for the day included grooming the horses and riding into the city for mounted traffic duty, a job which even steel-nerved Peter admitted wasn't "exactly relaxing."

At 3 p.m. we were back with him on the Olympic training beat. He'd finished his police duties and was beginning an hour of pistol-shooting practice at the police armory.

After this display of marksmanship — good enough to have put TV's Wyatt Earp out of business — Peter headed once more for town.

He'd snatched a bite of fruit to "keep the wolves away," but he didn't have time for a meal, because his fencing lesson started at 5 p.m. and he had to get into fencing gear.

Lesson over, and it was time to do a swift sprint through the city streets to Tattersall's Club, where, with Olympic swimmers, he was to spend his nightly two-and-a-half hours' swimming in a heated pool and completing a callisthenics and weight-lifting course.

Happily it was "men only" at the club and I was able to wave a weary farewell.

One day's training as a Modern Pentathlon spectator had exhausted me. And I was filled with admiration for Peter, who, for the pre-Olympic months, had been following this schedule as a Modern Pentathlon participant six days a week.

As one of his police colleagues put it: "He really deserves to cop a medal in Rome."





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BERGER PAINTS KEEP ON KEEPING ON !

Third bride for the Duke

● The Duke of Bedford, Britain's most-publicised blueblood, is in the news again — he plans to marry for the third time.

THE woman who will be the third Duchess, 37-year-old Nicole Milinair, is a French TV and film producer.

Her previous marriage ended in divorce.

She was married at the age of 16 and has four children.

"They are delightful children," the Duke said in an interview at Woburn Abbey, his 300-year-old ancestral home. "I get on with them as well as I get on with my own three youngsters."

The Duke's children are his heir, the Marquis of Tavistock, 20; Lord Rudolf Russell, 15; and Lord Francis Russell, 9.

The Duke's third marriage is waiting for his divorce from his second wife to come through.

This hitch isn't worrying the irrepressible Duke, who has made world headlines with his unconventional methods of raising money to pay the £4,500,000 death duties on his estate.

"I don't know exactly when the wedding will take place," the Duke said during the interview. "I think it will be in August."

The Duke has already made plans to enlarge his town house for his new wife and their seven children. He proposes to build another storey on the three-storey mansion he bought recently in Mayfair for use as a London home.

And he has given orders to his staff at Woburn Abbey to make room for Madame Milinair and the children when the family is in residence there.

Madame Milinair, who was a French Resistance worker during World War II, first met the Duke three years ago when he visited Elstree film studios, where she was making a film.

Abbey frolics

To a woman associated with the entertainment business, life at Woburn Abbey should provide few surprises. To attract the half-million tourists who visit the Abbey each year, the Duke has arranged parachute jumps, motor-cycle rallies, vintage-car races, and even a nudist convention.

Madame Milinair has already helped in these ventures. During the last Bank Holiday at Woburn she tried her hand as manageress of a souvenir stall.

She sold tumblers emblazoned with the family crest for 4/- and boxes of matches with pictures of the Abbey on them for 1/6 each.

To help trade along, the genial Duke stood by and autographed 2000 souvenirs.

"My signature is the only free thing here," he said with satisfaction.

Indeed, the Duke has reason to be satisfied. Thanks to his enthusiasm and persistence in the face of harsh criticism, he has made Woburn Abbey Britain's most famous stately home and has kept the wolf



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD and Madame Nicole Milinair at a recent West End premiere. They first met at Elstree film studios three years ago.

from the door at the same time.

Last year Woburn Abbey and its attractions earned £100,000 sterling. Apart from special events, money-spinners at the Abbey are a milk-bar complete with "What the Butler Saw, a three-dimensional peepshow, and a huge juke-box, a restaurant which seats 500 people, a maze, a zoo, boating facilities, and donkey rides for children.

Although he was born heir to one of the oldest dukedoms in England—it goes back more than 400 years—the Duke of Bedford was destined never to know security. His grand-

father and father were both eccentrics. His grandfather, the eleventh earl, had an income of more than £200,000 sterling a year, yet he wore old clothes, ate simple food, and slept in a brass bed with a hard mattress.

He believed it was his task in life to continue the tradition of the past, and in the pursuit of it rarely spoke to anyone.

"He was the most boring person I ever met," said the Duke. "He had absolutely no interests. He answered all questions or conversation with one of two words—'Quite' or 'Indeed.'"



THE FOUR CHILDREN of Madame Milinair by her first marriage. From left: Giles, 15; Agnes, 13; Catherin, 17; Didier, 19.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1960

"MISS WORLD"

HAS

GOOD

REASON

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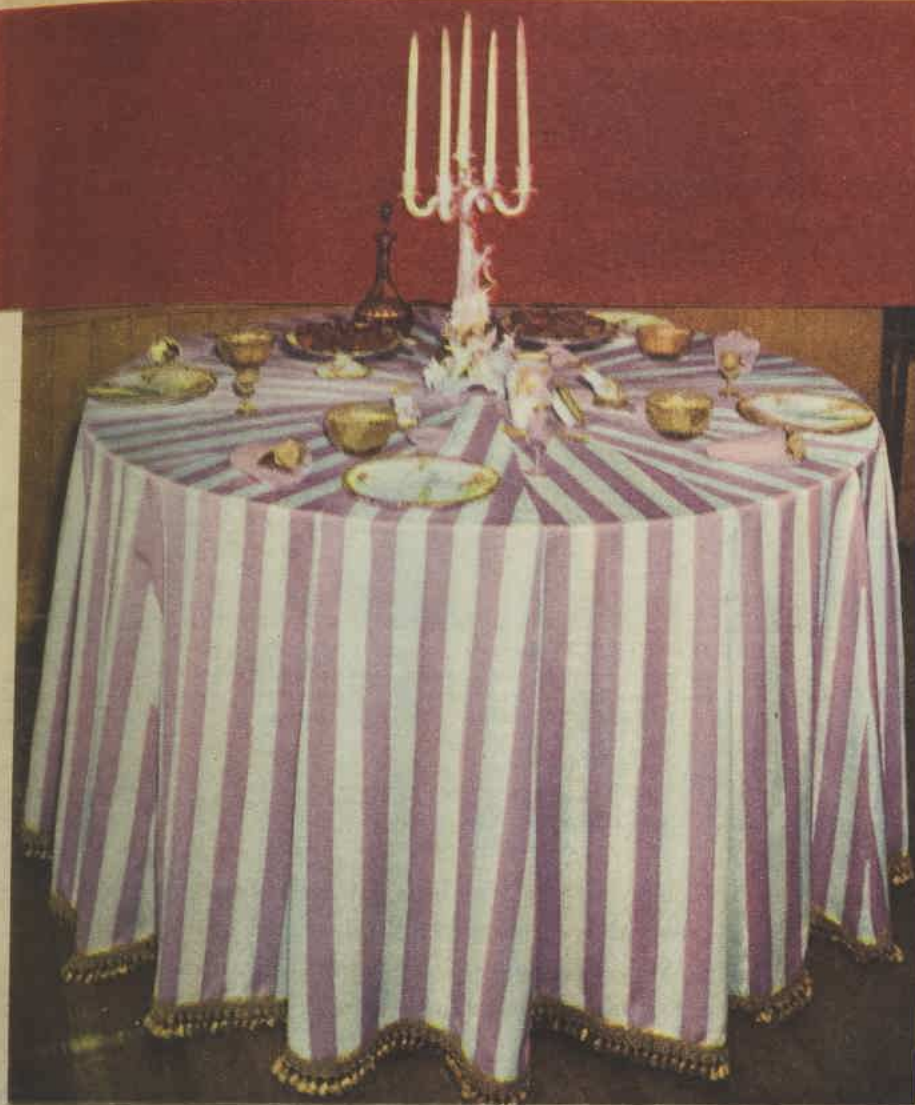
Dramatic but simple ways to set a table



COUNTRY BUFFET table setting is delightfully informal with check cloth, copper pans, pottery stand for pretzel sticks, and cornucopia fruit - basket.



BREAKFAST for four on a glass - topped table. Bobbie-trimmed runners, which fasten under the table, supply an unusual cloth. They flank three pots of lily of the valley.



DRESDEN TOUCH for a dinner party. Luxurious circular cloth reaches to the ground, an elegant candelabrum stands in the centre, and each place setting has a Dresden finger-bowl complete with pink rosebud.

● These imaginative table settings were displayed, with others, in three States recently. Even if you don't copy the ideas exactly, you can adapt them to suit your own home, your own china, glass, and other household treasures. Instructions for making the tablecloths are given on the next page.



SUPPER FOR SIX with a velveteen tablecloth, tall, dramatic arrangement of white and red chrysanthemums, English bone china, Danish silverware, and Irish crystal. Napkins are in satin.



ROMANTIC MOOD for an engagement or Valentine's Day party. Mosquito-netting drapes and frills surround a simple cotton cloth. Heart-shaped place-mats are cut from shiny cardboard. Carnations are wrapped in mosquito-netting frills.

THE TORTOISE is a cold-blooded, 4-footed reptile of the Chelonia family. Largest of the species is the giant land tortoise of the Galapagos Islands which reaches a weight of some 500 lb. and has been known to live for two centuries!



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BEAR HAS POPULARITY TAPED!

WAYS TO SET A TABLE—continued



TERRACE BUFFET for ten. A giant brandy balloon overflows with fruit and nuts. Salad bowl, plates, and coasters are in Australian blackwood, and tumblers in Irish crystal. White iron garden table is covered with a wide runner of thickly woven tan cotton fringed with white cord.

Making the cloths

● Here are instructions for making the tablecloth shown above and the cloths featured in color on the previous two pages. They are all straightforward to make and can be adapted to suit your color schemes.

WE give approximate measurements to fit the tables on display, but first you should measure your own table carefully. If you are not sure of the quantity of material you will require, consult the assistant in your local drapery store.

COUNTRY BUFFET

This was displayed on a long, wooden trestle table. Its simple check gingham cloth measures about 7ft. 6in. long and 48in. wide. It could be cut from 5yds. of 36in. material, and any surplus used to make matching napkins. The seam runs the length of the cloth. If you are able to buy 48in. check gingham (some stores stock this occasionally), 2 2-3rd yds. would be sufficient, and this would merely have to be hemmed all round to complete the cloth.

BREAKFAST FOR FOUR

A glass-topped table was used for this setting. The bobble-trimmed runners were made of mosaic-printed furnishing fabric, edged with white bobble trim. (Two yards of 36in. material and 7yds. of bobble braid.) The runners are cut 12in. wide by the width of the table, plus twice the length to the lower table rung (see picture previous page), with a turnover of 3in. at each end. They are then pinned around the lower rung. For a table that does not have a rung, tapes could be sewn to the ends of the runners to act as ties.

DRESDEN TOUCH

This dinner setting was displayed on a walnut inlaid table 5ft. in diameter. Fur-

nishing brocade in pink and white stripes with a gold stripe within the white stripe was used. The cloth takes 6yds. of 48in. material and 10yds. of gold-tassel fringe. Twelve equal triangular sections are sewn together to form a complete circle. The stripes must be carefully matched at the joins and the cloth reaches almost to the ground.

SUPPER FOR SIX

This was arranged on a 4ft. round pedestal table. The cloth is a circle 9ft. in diameter made from 9yds. of 36in. Italian cotton velveteen. The material is cut into three lengths and stitched together side by side, making a piece 3yds. square. It is then folded in half and a semicircle is

traced and cut out, making the 9ft.-diameter circle. The pictured cloth was hemmed by hand.

ROMANTIC MOOD

Ideal for an engagement party, this setting has heart-shaped placemats to set the theme. These were cut from heavy shiny cardboard. A circular plywood shape was made to top a card table. A cover was made for this in simple cotton material 48in. wide. This was trimmed with mosquito-netting frill and fixed underneath the plywood with shallow tacks. A full-length skirt of cotton covered with mosquito netting was gathered and sewn round the cotton-covered plywood top under the frill.

Around this was draped a length of mosquito netting gathered in three places on the skirt with ribbon from which more cardboard hearts were suspended. As a guide to material quantities, you would need 5 1-3rd yds. 48in. cotton for the table-top and skirt, and 2 1-3rd yds. 90in.-wide mosquito netting for the table skirt, 2yd. for the frill, and 1 1/2yds. for the long drape.

TERRACE BUFFET

Arranged on a charming wrought-iron garden table, this cloth was made of woven tan cotton, lined with thin white cotton, and fringed with white cord. It measures 20 x 5ft., and is made from 2yds. woven cotton, 2yds. lining, and 1 1-3rd yds. fringe. To make a cloth like this allow for 1in. hems all round. Place wrong sides of material facing each other and stitch round three sides. Turn right side out and neatly stitch remaining open side. Sew on fringe and press.

DESIGNERS

COUNTRY BUFFET was designed by Mrs. P. A. Jacobsen, and **DRESDEN** theme for a dinner party jointly by Mrs. C. J. Glover and Mrs. J. L. Johnson, at a display of table settings held at Pennington Hall, North Adelaide, and arranged by the Burra branch of the Country Women's Association.

BREAKFAST TABLE, SUPPER PARTY, and TERRACE BUFFET settings were designed by a large Melbourne store.

ENGAGEMENT setting was by Mrs. C. V. Patrick at an Australian-American Association "Special Day Table Setting" held at Rose Bay, Sydney.

Photographs were taken by Max Farrell and staff photographers Jim Ellard and Don Cameron.



THE MAN WHO STOPPED THE ORIENT EXPRESS

Henry had reached his limit . . . a short story

By DOROTHEA MALM

DURING the long wait in the railway yards at Milan, in a hot compartment of the sidetracked Rome carriage, Anne began thinking about Henry, who sat beside her reading, in the context of their long-planned holiday abroad and from the special standpoint of this scheduled delay in Milan. They had both half-intended to spend the time seeing a little of the city; they had both, however, felt intimidated by the prospect of the crowded, strange streets; and so they had stayed in the train. Now, in her boredom, she blamed him for always needing encouragement from her to do anything.

She considered his habit of asking her advice even on quite trivial matters, and she saw it not as a sign of a gentle nature and a desire to live on equal terms with her, but as a symptom of basic weakness.

She did not like that idea; she ran away from it; but she came back to it as time inched along with nothing to be seen but empty tracks and the dusty backs of blocks of flats silhouetted against a vacant blue sky.

He was twenty-seven years old and a professor of English literature. He was tall and slight and slow-spoken; he had auburn hair, honest blue eyes, and a quick but hesitant smile. When he tipped people he looked as if he hoped he was giving enough. When waiters brought him the wrong food, he said, "Oh, this looks very nice, never mind," and ate it.

She had been married to him for three years and she had learnt to love him with tenderness as well as passion; she

had sometimes felt as much his mother as his wife, and she had never disliked the feeling. But now she began to wonder if it was not her duty to try to put some backbone into him.

From the day of their landing at Naples he had been as bewildered as she was by the unfamiliarity of everything, as uneasy as she was about the temper of the swarthy people who swarmed round them, as uncertain as she was about their tourist rights and privileges, as anxious as she was not to offend. In Rome the taxi-drivers had been hostile, the hotel clerks rude, and the waiters disdainful; they had been cheated and scolded.

Florence, of course, had been heaven compared to Rome. Even so, up till now the trip had been something that they would remember with more pleasure than they had actually enjoyed. When the bruising unpleasantnesses had been muffled a little by time, they would remember the rural quiet of Keats' grave encircled by the roar of Roman traffic, the Colosseum, the colonnades of St. Peter's, the plumes of the fountains blowing in the wind.

But she wondered if she would really forget the hotel clerk in Rome presenting their bill with an incredible total at the bottom and explaining in stiff, inaccurate English that there had been "extras" — services graciously offered and accepted because they seemed to be free, services that had been offered and refused, services that had not been performed at all. And Henry had protested, shrugged his shoulders, and paid. "It's hopeless to argue," he had said, "when you can't speak the language . . ."

But finally the Rome compartment was being bumped and coupled into place among the compartments of its parent-train. "And now we're on the Orient Express," said Henry happily. "Now we're on the train that left Istanbul two days ago — Istanbul, darling!"

She was as thrilled as he was, but she would not say so.

When the busy, populous platform at last began to slide past the windows, they found themselves travelling backwards. Anne moved to the other side to face the engine; Henry followed her. But here, through the open window, a steady wind smelling of dust and hot oil blew into their faces. They moved back to the other side and endured queasiness. Henry began to read again. Anne thought about Stresa, where they would leave the train.

A retired professor from Henry's college lived there; he loved to have people from home drop in on him, but Henry had been too diffident to write. So they would not be met at the station; they would have to get themselves and their luggage once again by dumb show from the train and into a cab and to the hotel . . . "Tired?" said Henry sympathetically. Anne nodded gloomily, not looking at him.

The evening shadows lengthened; the sun blazed red and slowly disappeared; lights twinkled in the deepening dusk; and a sullen man came in for their passports. "Passa-porto," he said curtly, holding out his hand.

"But we get off at Stresa, we aren't crossing the frontier,"

To page 40



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"There, but for you, go I."



"But how did you know that I had some milk and biscuits and bananas and an orange?"

It seems to me

WHEN Dr. Barbara Moore set off on that walk from Albury to Blacktown, she could hardly have had worse weather for a 400-mile stroll. The description of her plodding on in pouring rain made one grateful for a roof and radiator.

Thinking of Dr. Babs and her tribulations reminded me of a bitter remark that a friend made recently about marriage.

"There is too much romantic rot written and talked," she said. "In stories people live happily ever after because they 'like walking in the rain.'"

That set me pondering not on the problems of marriage but on rain-walking, which, indeed, is part of a whole mythology.

Does anybody really like it?

Some people may enjoy a Scotch mist on a still day (temperature 68 degrees, grass unslippery) over a short course towards a log fire.

But what happens mostly? The rain is not misty but driving. Your hairset is spoiled and your shoes ruined.

If you wear glasses, you can't see through them.

No. I think the romantic writers have muddled the thing. People don't fall in love because of a shared pleasure in wet-weather exercise. What happens is that when they ARE in love and get caught in the rain, they don't mind.

If the love is its early, rapturous stage, they wouldn't mind a blizzard or a cyclone.

ADVICE on tipping in a booklet produced by Pan American World Airways includes a special caution about Japan.

The Japanese consider the figures 4 and 9 unlucky. The word for 4 is "shi," meaning death; for 9, "ku," meaning suffering. Therefore, the booklet advises, tips of 40, 400, 90, or 900 yen are considered unlucky.

It would be interesting to know if the superstitious inhabitants recoil at 4000 or 9000 yen; or does the bad-luck decrease as the noughts increase?

LONDON girls can belong to a club which provides a supply of stockings for a fixed subscription.

They pay £1 to join and receive three single stockings. Thereafter they pay 2/6 a week or £1 per nine weeks and receive a new stocking in exchange for every one that ladders.

On first thought it seems an advantageous plan. And yet I don't know. I can imagine shrinking from going to club headquarters for replacements. "Not you again, Miss D!" the secretary-dragon would say. (A dragon would be necessary for profitable operation.)

Cowed, I and others of a similar type would retreat with unexpired subscriptions and return to buying our stockings on the independent plan, leaving a handsome surplus for the sponsors.

By



Dorothy Drann

DECIMAL currency is a subject that, at the moment, mightn't raise any enthusiasm over an afternoon-tea table, but it will before long.

When it is adopted in Australia—and, like interplanetary travel, it's bound to come—it will be of vital importance to every woman who handles housekeeping money.

This week a letter from the East Kew Women's Club, Victoria, advocates that women's organisations should take an interest in the decimal system,

and recommends backing the 8/4 (100 pence) unit.

The Club points out that if the £1 or 10/- were adopted as the unit, many prices ending in pence could not be expressed in decimal currency.

"This, we think," states the letter, "would result in many prices being rounded upwards rather than downwards, and would increase weekly expenditure on food, fares, telephone calls . . ."

... by using the 8/4 (100d.) system, all prices could be expressed exactly. During a change this would mean much less confusion to women because decimal prices could be easily compared with £s.d. prices . . . and . . . present coins could be used in the transition stage."

There is already support for the 8/4 unit, and the whole move will go a step forward when the Australian Decimal Currency Committee makes its report shortly.

Meanwhile, I've been turning over some nice names for the new unit. There is bound to be backing for "dollar," and there is a patriotic move for "Austral." But why not "Atanfor"?

This would serve as a reminder of the eight-and-fourpenny origin, and, as a name, isn't any odder than franc, lira, rupee, peso, or guilden.

Any other suggestions?

IN America now you can buy artificial lawn coloring called Tint-A-Green, which keeps the lawn green throughout dry spells. So, a snippet from over the back fence:

They say he pays his bills, his home is neat.

No breath of scandal and no hint of vice.

His wife is amiable, his children sweet, As neighbors, there's no doubt, they're very nice.

Such characters are good but dull, my dear.

Excuse us, won't you, if we choke a yawn.

But hist! Come closer. Did you know, my dear,

I've heard a rumor that he dyes his lawn!

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protection
more and more
young women
are using!

It's easy to see why! Young women won't tolerate bulky external protection that might make them feel self-conscious about wearing a close fitting dress . . . that might chafe . . . that's definitely difficult to change and dispose of. In other words, they say: "Why should I add to my problems at 'problem times'?"

Why, indeed, when Tampax internal protection can do so much for a woman. It's discretion itself . . . can't be seen or felt when in place. It even prevents odour from forming.

Can be worn in the bath or under the shower, and is so small that a month's supply slips into the handbag.

It's reassuring to learn, too, that Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women. It's made of pure white surgical cotton in disposable applicators . . . comes, to suit your needs, in two absorbencies: Regular and Super. Available at chemists and stores everywhere.



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now used by millions of women

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**MACKENZIE'S
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False Scent

Concluding instalment
of our mystery serial

By **NGAIO
MARSH**

ANELIDA'S heart suddenly thudded against her ribs as if drawing attention to its disregarded sovereignty. She had time to think: "I'm involved, almost without warning, in a monstrous situation. I'm committed, absolutely, to a man of whom I know next to nothing. It's a kind of dedication and I'm not prepared for it." She turned to look at Richard, and at once knew that her allegiance, active or helpless, was irrevocable. "So this," Anelida thought in astonishment, "is what it's like to be in love."

Alleyn, aware of the immediate reactions, saw Old Ninn's hands move convulsively in her lap. He saw Florence look at her with a flash of something that might have been triumph, and he saw the color fade unevenly from Warrender's heavy face.

He went over the ground again up to the time of Richard's final return to the house.

"As you will see," he said, "there are blank passages. We don't know what passed between Mr. Dakers and Miss Bellamy in her room."

"We do know that, whatever it was, it seemed to distress him. We know he then went out and walked about Chelsea. We know he returned. We don't know why."

"I wanted," Richard said, "to pick up a copy of my play."

"Good. Why didn't you say so before?"

"I clean forgot," he said, and looked astonished.

"Do you now remember what else you did?"

"I went up to my old study to get it."

"And did you do anything else while you were there?"

There was no answer. Alleyn said, "You wrote a letter, didn't you?"

Richard stared at him with a sort of horror. "How do you—why should you . . . ?" He made a small desperate gesture and petered out.

"To whom?"

"It was private. I prefer not to say."

"Where is it now? You've had no opportunity to post it."

"I—haven't got it."

"What have you done with it?"

"I got rid of it," Richard raised his voice. "I hope it's destroyed. It had nothing whatever to do with all this. I've told you it was private."

"If that's true I can promise you it will remain so. Will you tell me—in private—what it was about?"

Richard looked at him, and then said, "I'm sorry. I can't."

Alleyn drew a folded paper from his pocket. "Will you read this, if you please? Perhaps you would rather take it to the light."

"I can . . . All right," Richard said. He took the paper, left the table and moved over to a wall lamp. The paper rustled as he opened it. He glanced at it, crushed it in his hand, strode to the far end of the table and flung it down in front of Warrender.

"Did you have to do this?" he said. "What sort of a man are you!" He went back to his place beside Anelida.

Warrender, opening and closing his hands, sheet-white and speaking in an unrecognisable voice, said, "I don't understand. I've done nothing. What do you mean?"

His hand moved shakily towards the inside pocket of his coat. "No! It's not . . . It can't be."

"Colonel Warrender," Alleyn said to Richard, "has not shown me the letter. I came by its contents in an entirely different way. The thing I have shown you is a transcription. The original, I imagine, is still in his pocket."



Warrender and Richard wouldn't look at each other. Warrender said, "Then how the hell . . ." and stopped.

"Evidently," Alleyn said, "the transcription is near enough to the original. I don't propose at the moment to make it generally known. I will only put it to you that when you, Mr. Dakers, returned the second time, you went to your study, wrote the original of this letter and subsequently, when you were lying on the sofa in the drawing-room, passed it to Colonel Warrender, saying, for my benefit, that you had forgotten to post it for him. Do you agree?"

"Yes."

"I suggest that it refers to whatever passed between you and Mrs. Templeton when you were alone with her in her room a few minutes before she died and that you wished to make Colonel Warrender read it."

"I'm still ready to listen to any statement you may care to make to me in private."

To Anelida the silence seemed interminable.

"Very well," Alleyn said. "We shall have to leave it for the time being."

None of them looked at Richard. Anelida suddenly and horribly remembered something she had once heard Alleyn tell her uncle. "You always know, in a capital charge, if the jury are going to bring in a verdict of guilty. They never look at the accused when they come back." With a sense of doing something momentous she turned, looked Richard full in the face, and found she could smile at him.

"It'll be all right," he said gently.

"All right!" Florence said bitterly. "It doesn't strike me as being all right, and I wonder you've nerve to say so!"

As if Florence had put a match to her, Old Ninn exploded into fury. "You're a bad girl, Floy," she said, trembling very much and leaning across the table. "Riddled through and through with wickedness and jealousy and always have been."

"Thank you very much, I'm sure, Mrs. Plumtree," Florence countered with a shrill outbreak of laughter. "Everyone knows where your favor lies, Mrs. Plumtree, especi-

ally when you've had a drop of port wine. You wouldn't stop short of murder to back it up."

"Ninn," Richard said, before she could speak, "for the love of Mike, darling, shut up."

She reached out her small knotted hands to Charles Templeton. "You speak for him, sir. Speak for him."

Charles said gently, "You're making too much of this, Ninn. There's no need!"

"There shouldn't be the need!" she cried. "And she knows it as well as I do." She appealed to Alleyn. "I've told you. I've told you. After Mr. Richard came out I heard her. That wicked woman, there, knows as well as I do." She pointed a gnarled finger at the spray-gun. "We heard her using that thing after everyone had warned her against it."

"How do you know it was the spray-gun, Ninn?"

"What else could it have been?"

Alleyn said, "It might have been her scent, you know."

"If it was! If it was, that makes no difference."

"I'm afraid it would," Alleyn said. "If the scent-spray had been filled up with Slaypest."

The scent-spray, the bottle and the Slaypest tin had assumed star-quality. There they stood in a neat row, three inarticulate objects, thrust into the spotlight. They might have been so many stagehands, yanked out of their anonymity and required to give an account of themselves before an unresponsive audience. They met with a frozen reception.

Timon Gantry was the first to speak. "Have you," he asked, "any argument to support your extraordinary assumption?"

"I have," Alleyn rejoined, "but I don't propose to advance it in detail. You might call it a 'reductio ad absurdum.' Nothing else fits. One hopes," he adds, "that a chemical analysis of the scent-spray will do something

"There's a dictionary of poisons in Mr. Dakers' study and I believe it belongs to you, Mr. Templeton," Alleyn said as Inspector Fox and Anelida watched closely.

to support it. The supposition is based on a notion that while Mrs. Templeton had very little reason, after what seems to have been a stormy interview, to deluge her plants and herself with insecticide, she may more reasonably be pictured as taking up her scent-spray and using that."

"Not full on her face," Bertie said unexpectedly. "She'd never use it on her face. Not directly. Not after she was made-up. Would she, Pinky? Pinky—would she?"

But Pinky was not listening to him. She was watching Alleyn.

"Well, anyway," Bertie said crossly. "She wouldn't."

"Oh, yes, she would, Mr. Saracen," Florence said tartly. "And did. Quite regular. Standing far enough off to get the fine spray only, which was what she done, as the Colonel and Mr. Templeton will bear me out, this afternoon."

"The point," Alleyn said, "is well taken, but it doesn't, I think, affect the argument. Shall we leave it for the time being? I'm following, by the way, a very unorthodox line over this inquiry and I see no reason for not telling you why. Severally, I believe you will all go on withholding information that may be crucial. Together I have hopes that you may find these tactics impracticable."

And while they still gaped at him, he added, "I may be wrong about this, of course, but it does seem to me that each of you, with one exception, is most mistakenly concealing something. I say mistakenly because I don't for a moment believe that there has been any collusion in this business. I believe that one of you, under pressure of an extraordinary emotional upheaval, has acted in a solitary and an extraordinary way. It's my duty to find out who this person is. So let's press on, shall we?" He looked at Charles. "There's a dictionary of poisons in Mr. Dakers' former study. I believe it belongs to you, sir."

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YOU'LL ENJOY LOADS
OF GOOD THINGS IN

QUALITY

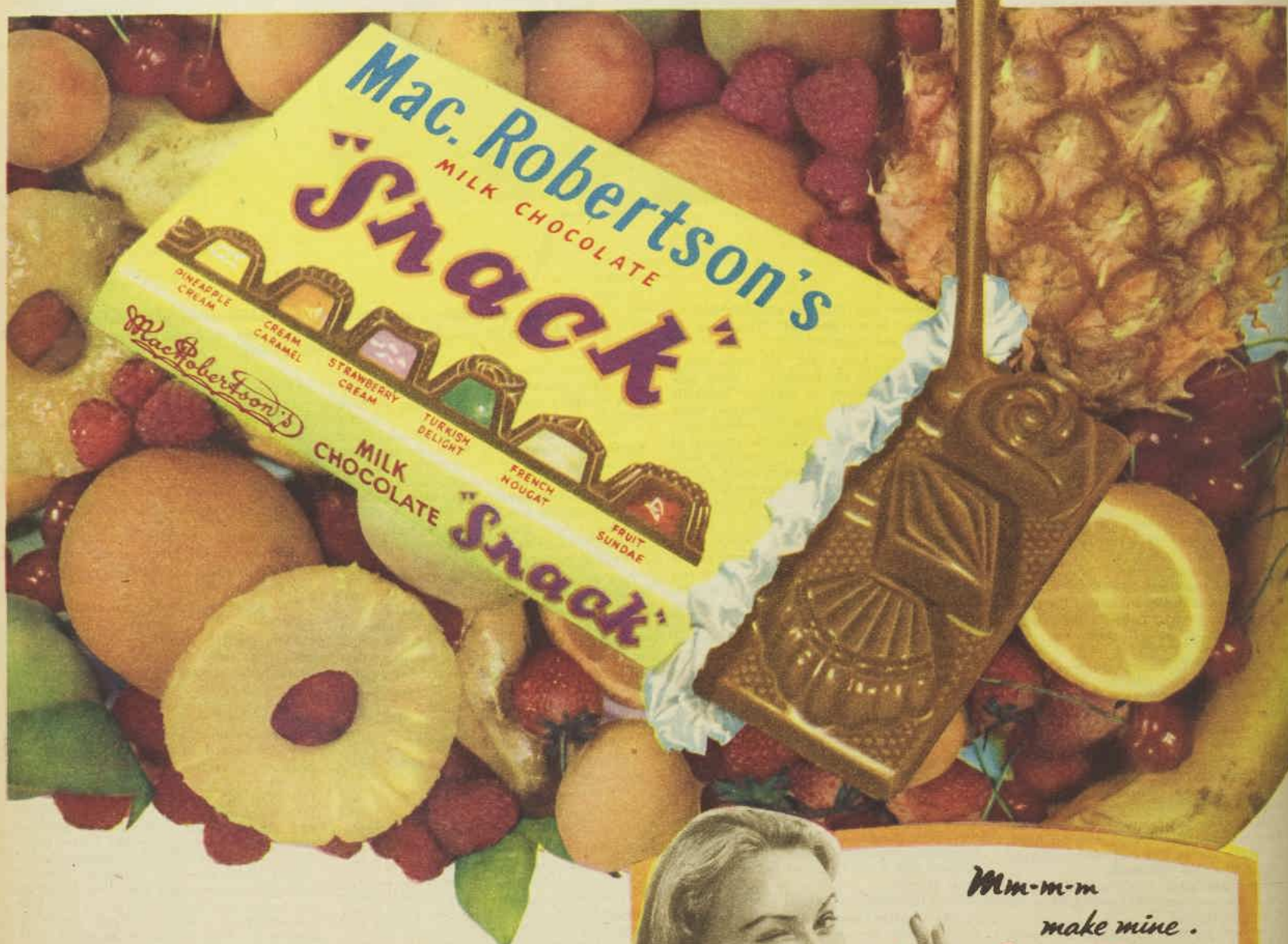
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An appealing short story
complete on this page

His Legacy

By ROBERT PATERSON

FOR a long time after the young doctor had gone from the little house on the edge of town, the old colored man with the snowy hair and the tired, calloused hands lay motionless in his bed. He was dying and he knew it and in his heart he was sad.

Not that dying bothered him. Most of his friends and loved ones had already crossed over and he himself had long since made his peace.

No, it wasn't for himself he was sad. It was for Peter and Billy, his young grandsons who'd lost their father during the war and their mother shortly after and had lived with him ever since.

They were good little boys and bright, and never any more mischief than a couple of healthy youngsters of ten and eleven should be. But he was all they had in this world and he was dying and he had nothing to leave them.

He stirred as the nurse came in. She was a white woman, large and middle-aged, and a good woman and a good nurse. The welfare people had sent her over to tend him.

His eyes followed her as she moved quietly about the room, straightening things up and fastening the curtains back farther so the warm afternoon sunlight could come spilling in. "Mrs. Russell—" he whispered.

"Yes, Mr. Meakins?" She turned to him with kindly eyes. "What'll happen to the boys?"

She came over by the bed and stood there looking down at him, and he was minded how as a little, round-eyed girl with pink ribbons on her pigtails she used to come with her father to the livery stable on a Saturday morning, shyly waiting outside while they hitched the high-stepping bays to the shiny black surrey. Her father had always driven good horses.

"Don't you fret about them," she said softly. "The welfare people will look out for them. Don't you worry."

The old man looked away from her to the window, where he could see a patch of deep blue sky, with a green, leafy branch from the old maple tree in the yard rustling in the summer breeze.

He thought back along the years to when he himself was a small boy and his father, whom he loved, lay dying from a frightened colic's kick, and how lost and miserable he'd felt. "Do they know?"

"The doctor is going to tell them," Mrs. Russell said gently. "He'll bring them from school. He and Reverend Simms, who's arranging for them with the Welfare Board."

She put a bell beside him. "Just touch it if you want me," she said. "I'll be out in the kitchen and I'll hear it."

When she had gone the old man lay there and stared at the patch of blue sky beyond the window, and his sadness weighed him down. The welfare people were all good people and the boys would be taken care of.

But just the same, they'd have a rough, rough road ahead and he'd feel better if he could help, even though he had no money and the cottage was rented and he didn't even own the bed he was dying in. But there should be some way.

He began thinking again of the day his father had died. They'd had a talk that day, with his father lying there in the bed just as he was now. Each of the children in turn had been sent in for a few moments alone.

He'd never forgotten that last little talk and the words his father had spoken to him. Many times over the years since in the memory of them he had found the strength and courage he'd needed to face up to what had to be faced.

For a long time he lay there thinking, and finally he knew that perhaps with the good Lord's help there was something he could leave the boys after all. He touched the bell.

The door opened and Mrs. Russell appeared. "When the boys come home," he whispered, "I'd appreciate it if you'd let me talk to Peter alone for a few minutes. Then I'd like to talk to Billy by himself, too."

Mrs. Russell smiled. "I'll fix it. You just rest now."

When she had shut the door he lay back again and closed his eyes and his sadness wasn't so heavy any more. He knew he must have dozed off, for he heard a movement in the room, and when he opened his eyes Peter was standing by the bed. Peter was ten and his clean, shiny young cheeks were streaked with tears and his lips were trembling.

The old man's heart was filled with love for the boy, and stretching out his hand he drew Peter over to the bedside. "Don't cry, son," he said softly. "Everything's going to be



As Peter left the room, young Billy waited
hesitantly until his grandfather spoke.

all right. So dry your eyes now and listen close, because I've got something awful important I want you to know. Will you promise me, first, that you'll never tell anyone what I say?"

Slowly the boy raised his eyes. "I promise, Grampa."

"You see, Peter," he said, "you're my favorite little boy. I've never been able to tell you before, but now I can. Of all the little boys I've ever known and loved you're my favorite, and I'll tell you why. It's because you've got a kind and cheerful heart, and the courage to face up to things honestly, and the faith to keep on trying no matter how many mistakes you make, no matter how hopeless things look."

As the old man spoke it was as if he could hear his own father's voice speaking to him so long, long ago. "You may be rich or poor, it don't matter. You'll always be loved, and you'll always make folks happy wherever you go. Because you've got a sure enough rare instinct for doing the right thing, with God's help. And that's what makes for a happy, useful life. I'm an old man, and I've seen a lot of living, and I know," he finished. "And pretty soon I'm going to be sitting up there with the angels in Heaven, and I'm going to be awful proud watching you. That's why you're my favorite. I just wanted you to know."

When Peter had gone he didn't have long to wait for Billy. Seemed like he'd just closed his eyes for a second, and when he opened them Billy was there. He was a year older than Peter, and somewhat taller. His cheeks, too, were stained with tears.

"Hello, Billy," the old man said gently. "Sit down here on the bed beside me. And don't cry. I'm only going up to Heaven, you know. But there's one thing I wanted you to know, and it's awful important to me to tell you. Will you promise, first, that you'll never tell anyone what I say?"

The boy's eyes swam with tears. "I promise," he said. A smile touched the old man's mouth. "You see, Billy," he began, "you're my favorite little boy. I've never been able to tell you before, but now I can. Of all the little boys I've ever known and loved you're my favorite, and I'll tell you why—"

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IT'S THE CAMPHOR THAT DOES THE TRICK

The Matchmakers

In the quiet of the old house the sweethearts of by-gone days whispered their ghostly message

It was growing dark when Linda, working in the top floor bedroom, heard the scuffling. It sounded like children chasing one another round the sitting-room and then down the stairs. There was a faint, delightful, feminine giggle. Then the house was quiet again.

She was glad, for she would find the sounds the children made companionable. She had been used to living in a small flat, not in a whole house, alone. It would be rather too quiet and lonely if there were no sounds of near-by life.

She had George, of course, but he, at this moment, was much more alarmed than she and came flying up the stairs with his tail fluffed and his ears flattened.

Linda caught him. "Silly!" she said. "It's only the children next door. You'll have to get used to them."

George quietened in a moment, his fur smoothing down and his wary look leaving him. Poor darling, he had hidden for two whole days in the stair cupboard when she had moved him here. He was still nervous and inclined to panic.

Cats had extraordinary keen hearing, of course. George probably heard numerous small mysterious sounds that escaped her ears. Friendly sounds, like birds in the eaves, a mouse nibbling, old timbers creaking as age gently gnawed at the house. He would grow used to them when he settled down. There was a great deal of settling to do, for she ambitiously decided to do most of the interior decorating herself.

Grandmother's legacy had been sufficient to buy the house. And the rooms were indescribably dreary with their layers of paint put indiscriminately on as many layers of wallpaper.

Hard at work, Linda found it fascinating to estimate the passing of the years by the patterns of the wallpaper. The third layer discovered was undoubtedly Victorian. It was a dark shiny brown splashed with faded gold. Under its tough varnished surface one came on a much prettier one, faded roses and lovers' knots spread lavishly over a pale grey background. Even that was not the bottom layer, for one came to the vague remains of Regency stripes.

The wallpapers seemed to people the room with ghosts. Who had chosen the lovers' knots and roses? A girl like herself. Someone being married and planning her charming bedroom?

But if it had been someone being married the two of them were not at all alike, Linda reflected. For she was decorating the room only for herself.

Not for Jocelyn.

Jocelyn, all her friends and relations told her, had just been waiting for this opportunity. Nothing would suit him better than to marry a girl who had her own house. He could then pursue his irresponsible ways, using her as a stop-gap, a refuge when he required one. He would never make a satisfactory husband, shouldering burdens and supporting and protecting her. It was time she got him out of her mind and found someone who could contribute his fair share to the cosy living—and not leave it all to her.

"You're a woman of property now. You must be careful," said her sisters, who were both respectably and dully married.

She owned one aged house in a Kensington street. The plaster flaked off as she scratched at the layers of wallpaper. The stairs creaked, although there was no one on them. George sat uneasily, with his eyes dilated. In the lilac bush, in the tiny strip of back garden, a thrush was singing. The sky had yellowed and faded over the skyline of chimneys and crowding rooftops.

"Let's tell her," came a voice very clearly.

Linda started violently. She could have sworn the voice was, in the next room. How thin the wall between the two houses must be. It was rather disturbing if she were to overhear what her neighbors said.

For instance, the quick, light footsteps and the breathed, "Shall we?"

"I think we should. Don't you? Look what happened to us."

There was a barely audible sigh. Then a voice most clearly said with love and longing, "Sweetest Meg!" and one knew without a doubt that a kiss had been exchanged.

But where? Surely not, as it seemed, on her stairs.

The thrush was still singing. The house was full of the faint last glow of the sunset. A strip of the rosebud wallpaper hung loose. Linda had turned, half expectantly, as if someone were about to come in. The house was so curiously not an empty one, although only she and George were there.

A car door slammed in the street. Just as the thrush in the garden stopped singing the doorbell rang.

That sound, at least, was real, thought Linda, and she opened the door to Jocelyn.

"Hallo," she said cautiously.

"Darling! I've come to see the house. May I?"

"Of course."

"It's not of course at all. You might have invited me. I don't care much for arriving like a beggar on your doorstep."

His eyes were laughing at her. They were always laughing, even though his face remained sober.

But his words were unfortunate. They were exactly the words her sisters used about him.

"I wanted to straighten it up a bit first," she said quickly. "It's in a rather dreadful state. I'm stripping off layers of ancient wallpaper. There's nothing on the floors. The bare boards creak as if the house is full of people. And I hear the next-door people rather a lot. The walls must be awfully thin." She paused. "But do come in."

"I hardly think you expect me to, now you've convinced me you've bought a ruin." Jocelyn came inside, closing the door behind him. In the resulting gloom he took her in his arms and kissed her. She had a strange haunted feeling that this scene had taken place just here, not five minutes since, with two other lovers.

She drew away. This was Jocelyn and she was determinedly recovering from her infatuation for him.

"Don't! I'm filthy."

She had on paint-stained trousers and an ancient sweater, and her hair was standing untidily on end.

"Even with the filth I like you. You wear your house very well. But let's look at it. There's a garden?"

"A tiny one. A lilac bush and a thrush. I'm doing the top bedroom at present. It has had so many wallpapers. They're fascinating, like a recorded history. Don't make too much noise on the stairs. George is still nervous. He thinks he hears ghosts." Her voice was quick and jerky. She led the way up the stairs. She was as nervous as the cat herself. "This is the first-floor sitting-room. We'll have to look at it quickly because there's no electricity yet and it's almost dark."

"Are you sleeping here?"

"Oh, yes. With a camp bed and candles in the top bedroom. I've a mirror and a wardrobe. There's a gas-ring in the kitchen to make tea."

"What's this room?"

"Oh, another bedroom. There are four."

"Wonderful. We can have three children, a bedroom for each and one for ourselves."

He was joking—but there the fact was, as her sisters had pointed out. The house would suit Jocelyn very well. Already he was moving in.

"I didn't know we were being married," she said stiffly.

Was his glance at her serious? She couldn't be sure in the gloom. His voice was casual enough.

"You can't waste all this space. Four bedrooms need people."

"Sometimes I think there are people in them already," she said involuntarily.

"Ghosts? Darling, you're getting fanciful. You need food. Go and wash your face and come out to dinner."

"Oh, no, Jocelyn! I'm really much too busy. I can still scrape paper off by candlelight."

"Linda, you've been avoiding me lately."

"I'm so busy," she said lamely.

"Same thing. This house has stood here for the past century and a half. It'll still be here in a couple of hours."

"I'm too dirty."

"Then go and clean up. I can wait. Don't you love me any more?"

"Jocelyn, we've never been in love seriously. Now I have the house I'll have so little spare time—"

His face was thin and dark and merry in the half light.

"Do I have to be jealous of a house?"

She was going to say, "Of course not," but suddenly her sisters' cautious advice echoed in her ears. It was true that Jocelyn was demanding and selfish and irresponsible. He had never asked her to marry him except in this joking, indirect fashion. They had spent what money they had cheerfully, whoever was in funds paying for the meal or the theatre tickets or the drinks. But now it was different. She had had a legacy. It was not to be frittered away on the casual pleasure of the moment.

She looked towards him. The walls of the house seemed to rise between them. She was a property owner, a careful, responsible person. She had to beware of hangers-on, flatterers.

"I really have to work. There are a million things to do."

"I'll help you out with them tomorrow. Go and powder your nose and come out with me."

"Well—it will take me a while to change—"

Feeble, she thought. Weak-willed. Already listening to his insistent demands. But it didn't mean anything more than it had ever done. He, presumably, had some money and was taking her out to dinner. That was all.

She had to light candles in the bedroom. Funny—flickering light showed her a completely strange face in the mirror. Much rounder, with tilted eyebrows, and her hair inexplicably curling in sausage ringlets.

"Oh, I can't see!" she exclaimed exasperatedly. There was a sudden draught. The candle flames flickered madly and all at once her face came clear, her own face, pointed, a little too thin, the eyes bright and anxious.

A window was open. No, it wasn't. There was nothing to explain the draught, or the illusion that another face had looked out of the old oval mirror.

It was only her own and she wished it was prettier. She wanted a bath, but there was no hot water until tomorrow when the men came to finish the electrical work. She must make do with a cold wash, as no doubt the owner of the rosebud wallpaper had often done. And a splash of scent behind her ears. She could smell that already, although she had merely picked up the bottle and not taken the stopper out. The light, delicate scent of meadow sweet.

One of the children had begun laughing again next door, that breathless, high-pitched, enchanting giggle. Someone spoke in a deep, tolerant voice, "Behave yourself!"

"Hurry up, Linda. Don't take all night," called Jocelyn.

"Just the scent," Linda murmured confusedly. But she must have put it on. She could smell it so plainly.

To page 40

Linda was quite sure that George, her cat, could hear the voices as clearly as she could herself.

A romantic short story by DOROTHY EDEN



Illustrated by Boothroyd

Keen's Curry makes very clever cooks!

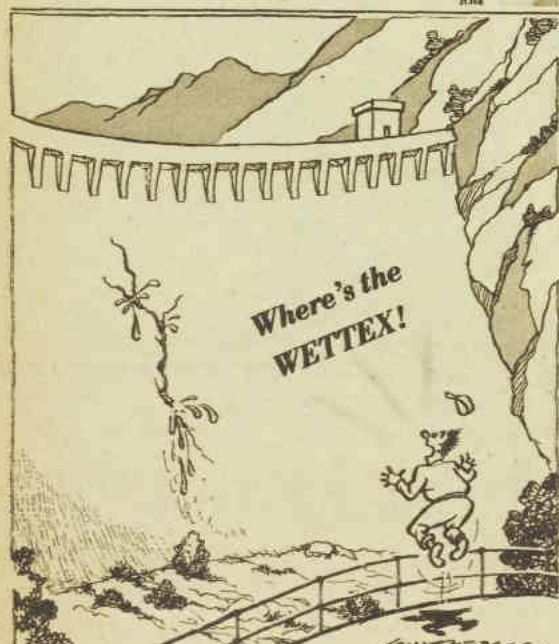
Keen's Curry has wonderful ways with all kinds of foods. Used in the right amount it makes delicious curries exactly to your taste—mild, medium or hot. Its delicate blend and true Indian flavour add a new subtlety to many dishes. Try a little today in your soup, stew, casserole or summer salad.



Keen's Curry

MAKES MILD, MEDIUM OR HOT CURRIES

Made by the manufacturers of Keen's Mustard



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Too many office presents

A MARRIED office worker helping to pay off a home, I've been referred to as "meanie" for refusing to subscribe towards presents for staff members who've become engaged, are marrying, or retiring. There are even presents for babies and birthdays. Once presents were given only to staff retiring after long service—and then only seniors contributed. Do readers think I'm justified in refusing "a couple of shillings for...?"

£1/1/- to "Old Meanie" (name supplied), Granville, N.S.W.

Gratitude

WHEN our only daughter was married last week, we arrived home from the reception feeling rather flat. I went into her room and was thrilled to find a lovely gift, a tea-set, on her bed with a letter to daddy and me thanking us for all we had done. I felt so thankful for a wonderful daughter, who, during the pre-wedding bustle, found time to show her thanks.

£1/1/- to "Trissy" (name supplied), Torrensville, S.A.

Dreams healthy?

I'M shocked by the report that scientists now consider dreaming even more essential to health than sleeping. They say to keep healthy and sane, we need about one-and-a-half dreaming hours spread, usually, over six or seven dreams. I had always considered my lack of dreams the reason for my exceptionally good health.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Kramer, Killara, N.S.W.

Sturdy socks

I'LL go quietly, but can someone tell me why I can get 12 months' wear from a pair of 9/11 socks, while my wife can't guarantee 12 hours' use out of a pair of stockings costing twice that?

£1/1/- to Mr. W. A. James, Ungarie, N.S.W.

Young Granny

CAN anyone beat my record?

I'm not yet 48 and have 27 grandchildren, including only one set of twins. As one of the twins died at three months, seven years ago, I have 26 grandchildren living.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Goode, St. Peters, N.S.W.

Dry, not dead

WRITERS frequently refer to the "Dead Heart" of Australia, probably because they've never visited the dry northern areas of our continent and are ignorant of the true state of affairs. This statement is really a libel. I've travelled and worked over vast areas of Australia and contend that all that is wrong with any part of it is a lack of water. If half the millions that have been spent in past years had been devoted to water schemes, what a different story we could tell. We'd have a greater population in the North and be able to grow almost anything.

£1/1/- to Mr. H. W. Dräger, Cheltenham, Vic.

A long way up

WHILE going up in the elevator of a many-storeyed shop, I noticed a small girl frantically tugging at her mother's dress. When her mother finally asked what she wanted, the little one said, "Does God know we're going up to see Him?"

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. M. Roiter, Kensington, Vic.

Teenage curfew

AUSTRALIA should follow Russia's example and introduce a curfew for teenagers. By decree of the Government in Moscow, teenagers have to be off the streets by 10 p.m. on schooldays and by 11 p.m. on school holidays. Such a curfew would act as a great deterrent to the hooliganism of our teenagers, the growth of bodgies and widgies, and prevent juvenile delinquency.

£1/1/- to "Curfew" (name supplied), Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Kids and phones

• J. Russell (N.S.W.) said children under the age of 12 should not be allowed to answer the phone, because of their difficulty in taking messages. Other readers say:—

CHILDREN should be taught to use the phone when quite young. It proved beneficial for me when I broke my leg and my son, aged three and a half, was able to answer the phone.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. McCallum, Newport Beach, N.S.W.

THE younger the child is taught to handle a phone, the better, in this fast-moving age we live in. The familiar feel of a phone in a small child's hand could be the means of saving a life.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. M. Dresbrow, Newmarket, Qld.

MANY country women rely on the ability of young children to handle the telephone in case of emergency. This would not be possible unless a certain amount of practice was allowed.

£1/1/- to P. K. Willis, Dartmoor, Vic.

WHILE agreeing in principle, I can only suggest J. Russell hasn't a private telephone or no more than one child. If he had, he would realise the phone rings "only" when one is bathing the baby, showering oneself, etc., and immediate adult answering is impossible.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. H. Pretty, Brighton, S.A.

I AGREE, children shouldn't be allowed to answer the phone. When my daughter was a four-year-old she could use a phone like an adult and often rang a big business firm to order goods for her uncle's shop. On one occasion she rang for a taxi, causing the taxi-driver a useless trip. We had a lot of explaining to do until we stopped her phoning.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Higgins, Grafton, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

HOW does a man decide what tie he will wear?

Some sort of expert said lately that men choose ties to suit their mood. For example, he said, "a man in a passionate mood wears a grey tie" (why grey, goodness knows).

This might be true of a natty dresser like Cary Grant, who has ties to suit every mood. But from what I have seen it is not the usual way a man selects a tie.

What he does is this. First he looks in the cupboard where his ties hang on a little string clothesline.

He notices that most of them are not in very good shape. They show signs of wear and tear or they have gray marks on them.

Ties are much exposed to splashes of gravy, beer, etc., especially when the wearer is excited. But somehow men don't get round to having them cleaned. The ties stay on their little clothesline, looking seedy and unsuccessful.

Favorite ties, moreover, get worn at the place where the knot is made.

HOME TIES

You can hide the worn spot by tying the knot near the wide end. But then you are wearing a lopsided tie with a short wide end and a long thin end. That is the kind of thing Cary Grant would not do.

Our man, then, is looking over his few wearable ties. A distasteful



thought strikes him: he doesn't like them.

That is why they are in such good condition—they haven't been worn much.

They were all given to him by a wife, girl-friend, or female relation.

Most women take an interest in ties. They have an impulse to fiddle with them and adjust them. They like to buy them as presents. But—and it hurts me to say this, because it sounds ungrateful—they are not good judges of ties.

Our man's range of choice narrows down finally to two ties—the purple one his wife gave him for his birthday and the green-striped one of Uncle Fred's, which Aunt Edie gave him when Uncle Fred died.

He tries on Uncle Fred's. But it looks so bad that he takes it off again.

On a sudden inspiration he remembers the old cricket club tie he has been using as a belt at weekends. He puts it on, knotting it near the thin end so the tomato-sauce stain can be hidden behind his coat. It will do.

You will notice that in all this process our man did not look for a grey tie because he was in a passionate mood.

When men are getting dressed in the morning, not many of them feel passionate. They are just grumpy.

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PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN WAY OF LIVING

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● This tailored daytime dress in black-and-white-check wool is my design choice for a reader who writes from a southern State.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I am seeking your advice about a design and pattern for some check wool. In our district it stays cold well into November. I would like the style to be snug enough to wear without a topcoat. I would also like a hat style for the frock. I have a nice neat figure, and though I like to be smart I have not the occasion to wear anything extreme."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. The dress is tailored and smart, but in no way extreme. In very cold weather it could be worn over a sweater. It would look equally smart minus the sweater or with a white pique front.

A hat in matching dress fabric is a currently smart millinery trend, I suggest this idea for you.

A paper pattern is available for the dress, but not

for the hat. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

"WOULD pale blue-and-white-check silk be a suitable fabric for a 15-year-old girl's party dress? If so, please suggest a style with a pretty trim, in either white or blue."

Made in the following design, blue-and-white check silk would be attractive for a teenage party dress: Use white cotton lace for the trim, and find a lace that can be slotted with ribbon. Have the bodice sleeveless, and the lace used at the neckline to form a yoke. Repeat the lace on the skirt for a hip yoke; thread narrow self-fabric like a ribbon through the slots of the lace on both neckline and skirt.

"I HAVE some floral silk for an evening frock and wondered if a slim floor-length sheath would be

appropriate for the fabric, and also for my figure. I have good legs and shoulders, but my hips are too large for the rest of my figure."

A slender floor-length sheath is only for the woman with a slim, well-proportioned figure. A popular spring design — and an excellent choice for the woman with good legs and shoulders — is a one-piece combining a bare-topped bodice and short bouffant skirt.

"DO you think black silk organdie trimmed with white would be suitable for a 5 o'clock frock? If so, please suggest a style. I like anything that looks unusual and striking."

Black and white can look very dramatic, and organdie combined with organdie could look extremely unusual. Have the dress full-skirted, the bodice close-fitted, sleeveless, and finished with a huge cape collar made in white organdie.

Finish the waistline with a double satin ribbon belt, one side white and one side black, tied in a bow at centre-front.

"IN my wardrobe I have a close-fitting dark navy sheath dress with a high neckline and small put-in sleeves. It looks rather drab and I would like to renovate it to wear to a spring wedding taking place at 3.30 p.m."

Remove the sleeves and cut the armholes of the dress to fairly roomy proportions. Add new sleeves made of layer upon layer of white lace ruffles. The sleeves should be quite short and slightly puffed up.

DS410.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4988, G.P.O., Sydney.



"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

SAYS LOVELY SUZY PARKER

As one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, Suzy Parker knows how important it is to have a complexion that looks lovely at all times. That's why she uses Lux toilet soap regularly.

Discover for yourself... the caressing lather that makes your

skin feel so smooth... the subtle Lux fragrance that blends so softly with your own perfume... and the natural gentleness of Lux.

Be a little lovelier each day... use mild, creamy Lux toilet soap—it can do as much for you as it does for any Hollywood star.

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4 lovely
pastels
and
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SUZY PARKER, starring in Jerry Wald's production of "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"—a 20th Century Fox release.

PHOOEY

to your husband's

EGO

by VIRGINIA TAYLOR CLOSE

● As a wife, I'd like to ask a few million other wives: Aren't you getting tired of hearing about the male ego, and wouldn't you just love to hear about your own for a change?

YOU can hardly pick up a paper, a magazine, a book, go to a play, movie, or watch TV without being told what some wife has done, is doing, or will do to the ego, the maleness, the very essence of her man. (Or someone else's.)

The titles blaze away at you from every news-stand and kiosk in the country: "How To Hold Your Husband's Love." "Are You a Help to Your Husband's Career?" "Do You Really Understand Your Husband?" "Are You a Companion to Your Husband?"

But do you ever see anything about keeping a wife's love, understanding her, being her companion, or how to hold on to her? Of course not. And you never will.

Because it's still a man's world.

If a husband loses his job, takes to the bottle or a blonde, the wife has been indoctrinated to blame herself, inquiring, "Where did I fail him?"

And all the experts will diagnose whatever's wrong with your male's ego in one word: You.

It's cold comfort to a wife, who may have a list of resentments a mile long, and nowhere to unload them.

As a woman whose mother brought her up to be afraid of thunderstorms, mice, and cooking, I have my feet firmly planted in a Victorian background.

I grew up thoroughly unconfused about who wore the pants (as well as the ego) at our house. And anybody with any doubts about it had only to hear him bellowing about the grocery bill, or the overdone eggs, while mother tried frantically to pacify him.

"Delicate" egos

The ego of the Victorian male was a splendid thing, strong as steel, and quite unambiguous.

But now we have a whole generation of men whose egos, according to the best advice, are limp from attacks—either implied or real—by the aggressive, job-holding, child-bearing, housekeeping female. These egos must be wife-tended as carefully as the most delicate plants in a hothouse or they will wilt and fold.

But what about the egos of the thousands of women who quit jobs to get married, had no wish to be a threat to their husbands, and are now back at their jobs because they're augmenting the family income?

These women have two jobs: one in the office, school, shop, or factory, and the other

when they return home, tired out, to get dinner—and build the male ego.

Their own ego can, to all intents and purposes, go hang.

A typical case is a young woman friend of mine who has worked up a successful career in an advertising agency. At home she has two small children—plus a husband who's in and out of jobs.

Her problem recently was how to tell her husband she'd been given some stock in the company as a reward for good work; and would have to go to a stockholders' dinner in a few days' time. **AND HE'D HAVE TO MIND THE CHILDREN.**

She worried for days about the damage it would do to his ego.

(Personally, I don't think it did any. I think all he did was let the children watch TV with him, while he drank beer. He likes TV and beer.)

Although this brainy wife ought to be perfectly entitled to coddle her own ego, she has to smother it all the time to bolster her husband's.

If she didn't, she'd run a risk that he'd want to "escape from it all."

And whatever "escape" route he took—blonde, brunette, or redhead—he'd be able to rationalise and justify it on the grounds that he needs love and understanding.

Women pander to men's pride

Wives need the wisdom of Solomon to cope with situations like this.

As any wife knows, ego-building is a very delicate science, and the slightest remark such as "When are you ever going to get your hair cut?" or "Why didn't you plant more petunias?" is likely to make her man's precious ego wilt and curl up at the edges.

To his plaintive reply, "Can't I ever do anything right?" many a wife would like to shout "Not!"—but few would be so silly as to do it.

Cake-mix expert

Because his ego would deflate still further.

Since the 'twenties, women have been accused of invading various male domains—the barber's shop, commerce and industry, the professions. They've also copied men's styles of dress.

In what may be a mass retaliation, men have invaded women's ancient fortress, the kitchen.

While some women welcome this, and gambol off to get their hair done, the big majority find the male in the kitchen not only a nuisance to clean up after, but a menace to womanly egos.

Personally, I like my men a little on the nineteenth-century side, smelling of good cigars, good port, and good securities.

I thoroughly disliked walking into a friend's kitchen not long ago and seeing her husband, enveloped in a great apron, beating away at a large bowl of cake-mix.

No spanks from Dad

I'd always thought of him as the fishy, hunt, shooty type, and now when I have them for dinner and he looks interested into my eyes, I have a feeling he's just waiting to swap recipes.

This is bad for MY ego, for I like to think my own sex are the expert cooks.

As to disciplining children, Father usually throws in the towel these days, leaving all the nasty things to be said by Mother.

In the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, the disciplinarian's role was succinctly defined by the mothers of that era: "Just wait till your father gets home, and he'll take care of you!"

This frightening sentence—which hasn't

Thus the modern male deftly sidesteps the discipline issue. And the female emerges as the villain of the piece in the child's eyes, as taking over the male role and chipping yet another hunk out of father's ego.

The question of money is always good for a laugh—or a divorce—in the average marriage.

Again, the wife must walk softly. Most of the wives I know pay the bills, because most of the men I know get a sick shock from looking at bills.

And here is another cunning masculine subtlety:

If a wife once forgets to pay an insurance premium or the rent right on the dot, the husband can point his finger at her forevermore and call her disorganised and inefficient.

At the risk of sounding downright dishonest, I think it's good for a wife to do this occasionally. There's nothing like such an omission for building up the male ego and putting him back on top!

A wife I know is a case in point. Her husband asked her to pay his insurance premium (which he'd always done). He gave her the company's name, address, and all the information (he'd lost the premium notice), and she dutifully sent a cheque.

A week later, they got a notice from another company saying her husband's insurance was about to lapse because of non-payment. She also got back the cheque, with a note saying that that company had never insured a man with her husband's name.

As it turned out, the husband had given her the name of the wrong company. It took her weeks to straighten out the mess. And ever since she's been worried sick about his ego and the deflating effect of his mistake.

If you're a woman who's always trying to boost her husband's ego, the joint bank account is a godsend.

He'll blame you

If it's overdrawn, it's quite possibly because of a cheque your husband wrote (and forgot to enter in the book) the afternoon he bought new golf clubs.

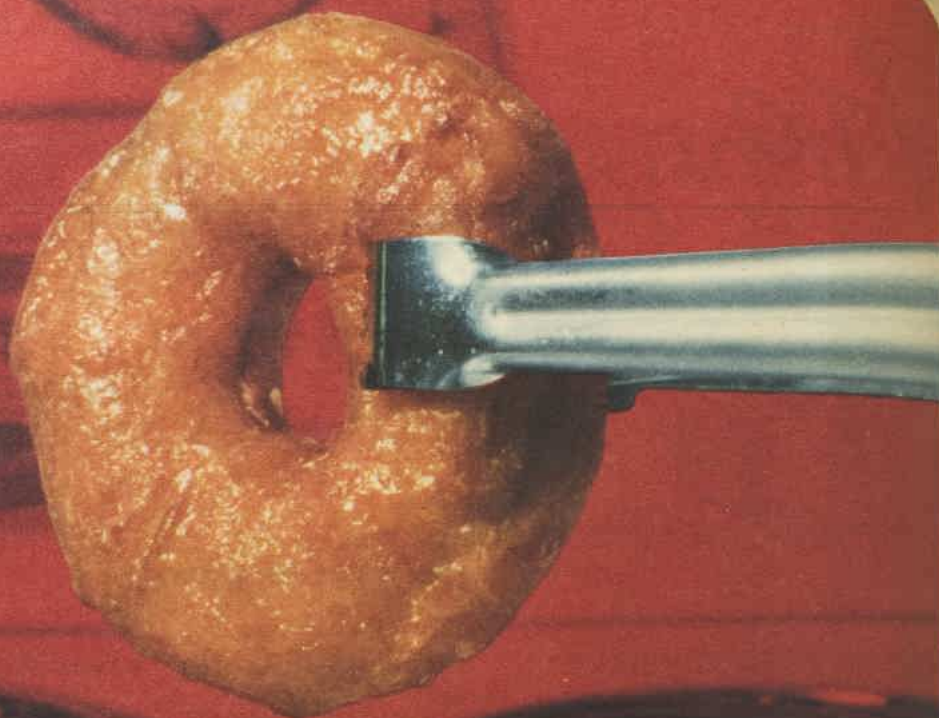
But he will never believe this.

He will blame you. He will go around for years telling you how extravagant you are and muttering, "No wonder I'm broke. Look how you throw the money around."

This is very bad for your ego, but very good for your husband's. And any wife worth her hair tint will let him get away with it.

For it's not worth her while to act any other way, as things are today. That's why I say "Phooey to your husband's ego."

make
them
at
home!



Perfect feather-light doughnuts made with this easy Mother's Choice recipe

Quick—pop them in the pan—but don't go! Mother's Choice livelier rising-action puffs them to golden perfection in no time! Doughnuts never were so flavoursome . . . so full of food-value . . . as they are made with Mother's Choice vitamin-enriched flour and fresh ingredients from your cupboard. Marvellous to munch hot, showered with cinnamon-sugar, topped with jam or party-look trimmings put on when they're cool. Why not try your first lot of doughnuts—tonight!

"Mother's Choice"

SELF-RAISING FLOUR

"In Every Home!"



AMERICAN DOUGHNUTS

- RUB _____ 2 level tablespoons shortening and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar into $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, sifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.
- MIX _____ with 2 beaten eggs and 1 cup milk.
- KNEAD _____ very well and roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick.
- CUT _____ into rounds with a 3" cutter and a 1" cutter for centres (re-roll centres and cut as above).
- FRY _____ in deep hot oil or vegetable shortening (temp. 375° F. or when blue haze rises) until brown, turning once.
- DRAIN _____ on paper and sprinkle with sugar or coat with icing and nuts. Makes 18.



DESIGNING

BUILDING

PLANTING

Rockeries

● Successful rock gardening is an art that demands a good deal of skill and care. It is also one of the most satisfying and challenging hobbies.

WHETHER you plan to build a small corner rockery or an ambitious professional affair with waterfalls, pools, and artificial outcrops of rock there are certain principles which must be followed.

It is not enough merely to dump a load of rocks on the site and fill up the spaces with soil and a few succulents. The result will look bare and artificial.

A rockery is a special type of perennial garden where dwarf, herbaceous perennials, and low, woody plants predominate, with bulbs and annuals skilfully introduced for additional color and variety.

The best site is a natural bank—a steeply sloping garden is ideal—but a natural-looking rockery can be built on the flattest land provided the gardener has some artistic sense and chooses plants carefully.

The great advantage of rockeries in small gardens is that they accommodate a

wide variety of plants in a relatively small space.

This is the time of year — when the weather is cool—to do the heavy work, carrying and splitting the rock, and setting it in concrete or soil.

Weathered sandstone and limestone are the best materials. They are porous, frequently soft and easy to shape, and look natural. Granite is good, but has an acid reaction in the soil. An all-limestone rockery will prohibit the planting of such lime-haters as ericas and dwarf azaleas.

Concrete is not always a good substitute. It must be treated skilfully, stained with waterproof chemicals, or allowed to weather well, and, invariably, set in home-made moulds. It may be cheaper, but it never has the natural appearance of rock.

Paddocks, creek sides, bush slopes, old buildings and walls are good sources of well-weathered stones.

If you can find them, choose boulders already carrying lichens or mosses. Place

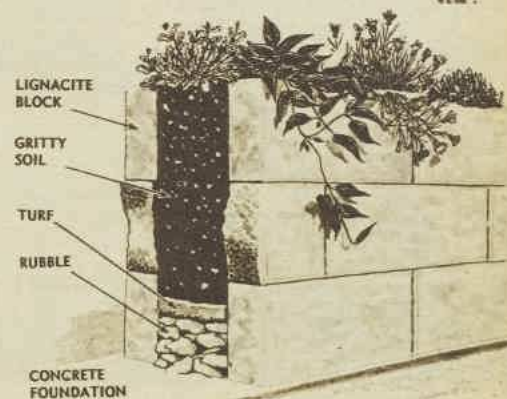
the weathered side upwards, and they will add charm and natural beauty to your garden.

Rockery stones should be large and reasonably heavy. Plant growth and rain will dislodge small rocks too easily. Even a little movement may leave a gap through which air can dry and kill adjacent roots.

Dig the site thoroughly before placing the rocks in position. Any spots which may become waterlogged must be drained or the plants will rot. Clinkers, pebbles, or rubble should be spread to a depth of several inches over the site.

Start construction at the bottom of the bank, using stones of different sizes. Bury all rocks to at least a third of their depth, setting them at a uniform angle to simulate the strata of a natural outcrop. Rock strata, or grain, should run in one direction.

Ram soil tightly around the rocks once they are placed in position, and allow sufficient space between each rock for all



● Diagram shows the construction of a concrete-slab wall which could border a small rockery. A handyman could build a wall like this.

the plants you intend to set out. This requires careful planning. A lot of time and money will be saved by studying nursery catalogues and talking to local nurserymen before beginning the rockery.

Crevices and fissures between the rocks—in which you will place your plants—should be from 12 to 18 in. deep. Drop a few inches of cinders or clinkers into each pocket for drainage.

The importance of good drainage cannot be over-emphasised. Even a collection of rocks, unless well-drained, can become the graveyard of a lot of expensive plants unless the water can get away freely.

Most gardeners use whatever soil is already in their garden for rockeries. A better result, however, will be achieved by incorporating plenty of coarse sand, manure, compost, leafmould, and other decayed vegetable matter.

Any soil added to a rockery should be low in clay content. Decayed turf is good material to mix with the soil, and so are the rakings from beneath a woodpile, which usually consist of decayed bark and timber.

Rockeries can be built in full sunlight or deep shade. The most colorful, of course, are those in full sunlight, where there is hardly a limit to the variety of plants that can be made to flourish.

After doing well with ordinary garden plants, the rockery gardener might like to experiment with some of the more difficult species, such as alpine.

A word of warning here: alpine, such as gentians, creeping thymes, and Phlox subulata, are scarce and expensive in Australia. They are very fussy about soil and conditions. Learn all you can about them before spending much money.

● PAGE 34: A PLANTING LIST FOR THE ROCKERY.



● This semi-formal rock garden contains hundreds of plants, including the popular sedums, alyssum, dianthus, Irish stylosa, crassula, and thrift.



● Rock lilies (*Dendrobium speciosum*), one of the loveliest N.S.W. epiphytal orchids, do particularly well in rockeries. They grow naturally on the shady side of trees and on rocks in very shady gullies. They need plenty of good fibrous soil.

● Mixed rockery display contains mesembryantheums, gold, pink, red, and yellow, nierembergias, hybrid lantanas, and mixed verbenas. Other plants include silene maritima, a spreading plant which has white flowers, and crimson erinus.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Teenagers'

WEEKLY

August 3, 1960



NEW HAIRDOS FOR SPRING... page 6

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

plant. it grows profusely and covers ugly walls as well as being highly decorative

● Clottiphyllums need

LETTERS

Mum, Dad as parents — not pals

MOST teenagers grumble because their parents don't like rock-n-roll or slang. Just think what it would be like if things went to the other extreme. Mothers in matador pants jiving around the house with a broom, and fathers in jeans saying, "Crazy, man," at every opportunity. This would be far worse than disapproval, for while we want our parents to enjoy the things we enjoy, no one wants them to change into teenage pals.—Betty Wells, Southport, Qld.

First-date kisses

WHY is it that most boys want to kiss a girl after their first night out together? A kiss which was once a sign of deep affection between a girl and boy is rapidly becoming a cheap reward for a night's entertainment.—"Entertainer," Mildura, Vic.

Charity

WHY should we help to pay to keep the refugees housed and clothed when there are plenty of people in Australia who are in need? I think that when Australia has housed and clothed all her people, then we should give something towards the refugees; until then "charity begins at home."—Patricia Matheu, Junee, N.S.W.

Science stupid?

I HAVE been wondering why girls have to do science as a high-school subject. I'm not denying that it's interesting, but I think it's quite unnecessary. I can't see how the knowledge of how to dissect a sheep's eye and the formula for barium sulphate can help us when we're grown up and rearing a family. Of course, it's all right for those who intend to be a chemist or a nurse.—Carol Lord, King Island, Tas.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Go bush, girls

GIRLS who want an interesting job, which will enable them to see the inland of Australia, should try governessing. As a governess in the north of South Australia, I have met some wonderful people and been to places I would probably never have seen otherwise.—Leigh Creek, Woomera, Andamooka Opal Fields, Broken Hill, to mention a few. The work is not hard and most enjoyable. I will never regret "going bush."—Coral Sandercock, Saddleworth, S.A.

Moulting season

I RECENTLY went to a ball and had my dinner-suit dry-cleaned beforehand. However, half-way through the evening you would not have thought so—why? I had accumulated mohair, fur, and sundry other bits of woolly scraps. I know it's cold, and girls like to wear stoles to keep warm, but why can't they buy ones that don't come to bits all over their partners? Just because hens moult it's no reason for the local chicks to follow suit on our suits.—"Hambone," North Star, N.S.W.

Little things . . .

WHY don't boys give girls a few more compliments? Don't they realise what a compliment does to a girl's morale? I always make a special effort to look nice when going out with a boy, but nothing is ever said unless it is to criticise my hat. Sometimes, if I am lucky, he will tell me a few weeks later that I looked all right, although he couldn't actually remember what I wore. A compliment need not be flowery; just a few plain, simple words, but those words certainly make a girl feel special.—"Miss Morale," Karoonda, S.A.

Busy, busy, busy

ARE there any other teenagers who, like me, feel they do not have enough time to do everything they would like to? I am in form IV at school and am an active Girl Guide and Sunday School teacher. I play the piano at Sunday School, which means lots of practice. I make some of my own clothes and knit. I love reading and listening to the wireless and writing letters. I have to travel 20 miles to school each day. I am the eldest of five children and have my fair share of housework. Is it any wonder I'm short of time?—Robyn Fleming, Minyip, Vic.



ROBYN FLEMING

Love trouble

WE are two schoolgirls who are always falling in and out of love. We assume other teenagers have the same trouble. Don't you think some teenagers need advice from experienced people in this matter, as many parents are not at all helpful? Our suggestion is that in each school there should be a specially trained person to advise the pupils about love and marriage generally.—"Teena and Pipsy," Upwey, Vic.

Etiquette check

IN the "Who Goes First" article on etiquette (T.W., 6/7/60) you made no mention of who goes first down a flight of stairs. The point is important, as most young men do not know.—(Mrs.) G. Hughes, Strathfield, N.S.W.
(Normally, neither would go first. They should walk side by side, with the boy holding the girl's arm. If the stairs are narrow and steep, he should do whatever is most helpful for the girl's safety.—Ed.)

Pocket money

I THINK that girls 12 years and over should get at least 8/- to 10/- a week pocket money. I get £1 a week (I am an only child) with the arrangement that I pay for everything—fares, sweets, outings, etc. I have a 13-year-old girl-friend who does not get any pocket money, and she is one of two children. Every time she wants anything she has to go to her parents.—L.J., Turramurra, Sydney.

Who won the war?

WAR films are unfair. I have seen many war pictures, good ones and bad ones. In almost every one of them, the Americans are the heroes. The actions of the Australians, British, Russians, and Germans are not even mentioned.—Herwig Waldhuber, Wodonga, Vic.

Problem mother

CAN teenagers help me? My mother snores at night and keeps us all awake. Any suggestions?—"Snorer," Millmerran, Qld.

Lost weekends

I AM almost 13, and I suppose many other girls of my age have the same problem. I am not interested in dolls or games, and am not allowed to go out with boys. Apart from school being mixed, I have no group connections with boys or girls at all. I spend most of the weekend sitting around. I would like some suggestions on what to do during the weekends.—"Bored," Elizabeth, S.A.

Diet danger

FOR teenagers, dieting is a foolish and dangerous method of losing weight and an open invitation to diseases such as tuberculosis. A growing person needs the essential vitamins, proteins, and decent food in preparation for a long and healthy life. Weight can be taken off if you keep away from fatty foods and unnecessary eating between meals.—Eril Barton, Brighton, Vic.

Is 18 too late for a date?

● What is the right age for a girl to start dating? Linley Woods' family (T.W., 22/6/60) agree that she can go out with boys when she is 18—if she is sensible enough. Readers do not agree with her family.

LINLEY'S parents should stop and think back to when they were teenagers. I think we should be able to go out with a mixed group of boys and girls at the age of 13 or 14. When about 15 or 16, provided the girl's parents approve of the boy, she should be allowed dates. As for being sensible enough, most girls are sensible at 13 or 14.—Carol Cuneen, Gosford, N.S.W.

LINLEY'S parents are being hard on her. My girl-friend and I are both nearly 16 and our mothers have no objection to us going out with boys as long as we get home at a reasonable time, so I can't see why her parents don't let her go out with boys occasionally.—"Parents Wrong," Dandenong, Vic.

IT is wrong for a mother to refuse to allow her daughter to go out with boys until she is 18. At 18 a girl will be a year or more behind her friends in the regard to boy-girl relationships and therefore would probably drift apart from others in her own age group. Not being able to mix with her friends could induce

any teenager to dispute her parents' wishes and bad feeling would undoubtedly be the result.—Jacquelyn Curl, Hampton, Vic.

IS Linley Woods' mother serious? How is this girl expected to get to know her feelings for boys if she is not allowed to go out with them? This lack of consideration on the part of parents encourages teenage marriages, for girls who have not been out with different boys think that the first time they feel an attraction towards a boy and go out with him, it is true love. I think 15½ is an ideal age to go out with boys who are about the same age, and that you should be able to go out with a mixed group at 14½.—Christine Norris, Bexley, N.S.W.

THE parents and brother of Linley Woods are harsh saying that she could not date boys occasionally after her 16th birthday. I think that it would be interesting to know when her brother and even her parents started dating.—John Ware, Korumburra, Vic.

IF Linley shows her mother that she is sensible enough, I think she should be allowed to go out with boys even before she is 18. Why doesn't she join some sort of club (mixed) and, after her mother has met some of the members, she will probably change her mind?—"18," Inglewood, W.A.

A GIRL should be allowed to date at 16. If Linley is at school, then she should date only occasionally at weekends or in groups, but if she is not I think she should be allowed to date more often. I know I was.—D. Thorne, Nowra North, N.S.W.



JOHN WARE

VOTE FOR A PIN-UP

● Whose pin-up would you most like to see in Teenagers' Weekly?

YOU can help choose our pin-ups by filling in the coupon below and posting it to Pin-Up Poll, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

We will select our pin-ups from those stars (of records, films, radio, television, sport, or whatever) who poll the greatest number of votes.

I VOTE FOR

as a pin-up in Teenagers' Weekly.

NAME

ADDRESS

State

the

If you experiment with the advice in this beau-catching alphabet you'll soon have all the dates you want.

A is for available

Moping home alone won't net you any dating profits. You have to be alert, aware, around—especially around—where boys can see you and get to know you. That means cheering at the football ground, swimming at the local pool, going to that social unescorted.

B is for brave

For it's the brave who deserve the dates. It may take all your courage to walk into a school dance alone, and all your initiative to open up with small talk to a boy you hardly know. You are not alone in feeling alone—everybody appreciates a show of friendliness. Keep in mind that boys are generally more shy than girls and welcome help. After the first moments of awkwardness, you may have begun a friendship.

C is for church

Or temple, or synagogue, whatever the case may be, and the perfect meeting-place for boys. At your church youth group are boys from your own background and from good families. Also, just think of how pretty you look in your Sunday bonnet!

D is for dressing

Just right—not over—not under. Tight sweaters and jeans that show every wriggle catch a boy's eyes—but just once—and for the wrong reason! Theatrical make-up and dramatic styling frighten him off. If you're a mouse in a dreary dress, he won't notice you. Dress neatly and prettily and correctly for the occasion to rate that second glance.

E is for expenses

These come out of your date's pocket. Plunder him so that he's stone-broke the rest of the week, and you won't hear from him the rest of the year. Let him suggest the restaurant, theatre, or other amusement for the evening. When eating, ask his suggestion for what you should order. But don't go to extremes of humility. To strike a moderate note, let him understand that you're the kind of girl who also enjoys peanuts and a walk in the park.

F is for friendships

The girl with all the dates she wants is the girl who doesn't make boys synonymous with beaux but with friends. She knows that boys are people, too. She doesn't start sharpening a romantic axe at sight of a male. She can have friendships with boys that don't hinge on going "out" but on going "together"—to the library, to school, sharing an interest. Sometimes—most times—these relationships flower into dating and romance. Other times they remain equally satisfying as friendships—often more lasting.

G is for good grooming

This takes top priority in attracting dates. Here are some things boys love: shiny, clean-smelling hair, pink-polished nails that are neither nibbled down nor long claws, a complexion that isn't plastered with make-up, smooth hands, clean necks.

H is for helping

Dick's number-one interest is his car. Saturday mornings is car-washing time. You offer to help wash-and-shine. Next step: he offers to give you a ride. "It's a date!"

I is for interests

Whatever they are, they'll lead you a straight path to boy-friends, provided you pursue them (the interests, not the boys!). Like to act? Juliet has to have a Romeo. There are many friends awaiting you in dramatic groups. (If you can't act, you can paint sets, make costumes, draw posters!) Have you got a hobby? Get to know your fellow-hobbyists—they always have a club. Which brings us to . . .

J is for joining

You've just got to belong in order to belong! There are school clubs, social and sports clubs, church groups, painting courses, and photography classes. In all these activities you'll be working side by side with boys, sharing an interest or a cause . . . and soon, a date.

K is for king

This is what any boy will feel like when he's with you. Because you'll practise that great secret of success with the opposite sex: focus on him! You won't keep looking about you at the movies for other boys you know; you won't talk about other dates you've had or will have.

L is for laughter

It will always be on your lips, in your eyes, your voice. It will flow about you and between you and your date. Not as a loud guffaw, a silly giggle, or a constant irritant. But just as a smile sometimes, an impulsive, open-hearted laugh another time. It will smooth the awkward moment when he steps on your open-toed sandal. It will make special jokes between you—and special memories. It's the necessary ingredient to attract a date as well as to keep a date. In a word, it's good humor. Can any boy resist it?

M is for manners

And if you have been reading our "Points of Etiquette" series (this week on page 15), your manners will be shining with polish.

N is for no

And to be popular you may have to say it more often than yes. You will have to say it to the boys with bad reputations, to the boys who are so possessive (and insecure) they think they own you, to the boys who bore you (yes, let's face it, just dating for the sake of dating wastes time and deprives you of chances to meet other boys), to boys who are obviously your girl-friends' boy-friends, to boys whose favorite taunt is "chicken" when you don't want to speed, neck, drink, or smoke.

O is for open mind

That means you give a guy a fighting chance. You don't ignore him or refuse a date with him because he wears

glasses, is shorter than you, has a few pimples on his face, blushes easily.

Surfaces can deceive. Of course, you may still not like him—but you may be delightfully surprised.

P is for parties

Parties are what girls like to give. Parties are where girls can quite freely invite the boys of their choice. Parties are where girls can dress up, show off their dancing, their smiling—and, above all, their cooking. Parties are where dates are made.

Q is for questions

Here are a few examples: "Are you going to University, Tom?" "What do you think of Elvis Presley, Dick?" "Do you like walking in the rain, Harry?" The question hardly matters. What does matter is that you ask it so that Tom, Dick, or Harry can answer. It's a way to get him to talk without straining for a subject. It's a way, too, to get to know something about your date.

R is for respect

This is something we all owe to each other. Where boys are concerned, there are special areas to tread lightly and respect heavily. One: his independence. Don't tell him what to do, when or where to do it. Two: his pride. Make him feel like a male. Let him open the door for you, serve you, show off before you, feel you depend on him. Three: his brains. Forget about flattery and trickery. A boy who's intelligent enough for you to find attractive is intelligent enough to see through deceit. Four: his mood. When a boy feels you understand him he'll be on your phone often.

S is for school

That's a place you go to primarily for an academic education—secondarily, for an education in living. The second will occur only if you do "live" at school. High school is an ideal place for girls to make friends with other girls—and later with their brothers and cousins; to develop interests they can share with boys of the neighborhood.

T is for telephone

Don't hesitate to use it if you have a reason to call Tom or want to invite Jim over for a lemonade. A telephone is a medium of communication, and communication is what you're trying for with boys. There's nothing wrong with "I've got two tickets to a concert. I was wondering if you'd like to go with me?"

U is for useless

There comes a time in every girl's life when she must "give up" a certain boy. If you want to be in the swim of dates, don't keep day-dreaming about someone who doesn't know you're alive, or knows and doesn't care. And don't keep on dating a steady if you've lost interest in him. File him under "useless" and move on to more productive dreaming and doing.

V is for volunteer

Teenagers who help disabled children, the Red Cross or a local charity, may work hard, but have the reward of worthwhile service and the added bonus of meeting boys who obviously have a heart.

W is for warmth

Show it. Give it. It will make you and the recipient happier. Everyone craves affection. Hold a boy's hand. Don't flinch if he puts an arm around your shoulder. Give him an occasional you-know-what on the cheek when you're saying goodnight. Knit him a scarf. Send him a birthday card. Say right out, "I like you, John." Mother him a little—buttoning his overcoat in winter, anointing him with suntan lotion in summer. Put your arm through his in a crowd or walking down the street.

X marks the spot

And don't ever put a boy on it. If he mentions a party he's going to, don't ever say, "Take me!" If you should meet him at the milk bar, make an attempt to pay for your own ice-cream. Never take a boy for granted.

Y is for you

Of course, you will be interested in all the things that interest your beaux, but don't drown your own interests in his. Keep your own ideas, your own values. Just as you like a boy who has a definite personality, a strength of character and opinion, so do boys like corresponding vividness and definition in a girl. So be yourself to the hilt!

Z is for zest

The zest for life is what you'll feel when you move out and start to do things . . . when you find hidden sources of friendliness, compassion, love, and laughter in yourself . . . when you begin to see boys as people, friends, personalities who can enrich and enliven you . . . when you realise that having dates depends on YOU!

for getting Dates...

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

Johnny's got a lot to live for

● Johnny O'Keefe stretched his scarred face into a smile, settled himself comfortably on his pillows, and said, "I've got a lot out of this car smash."

SIXTY-FOUR stitches in his head, 26 in his hands, four teeth knocked out of his lower jaw, a bodyful of bruises, the prospect of plastic surgery, and a wrecked car certainly sounded a lot to me.

But this wasn't what Johnny meant.

The rock-'n-roll singing star was serious, even solemn, as he groped for the words.

"It's a really gratifying experience... to smash yourself up... and then find out... how nice everyone is," he said.

"Everybody has been just wonderful to me. And I'm terribly grateful."

By now he was grinning wryly. "I've had such a lot of kindness from people I've known a long time, and have always thought pretty phony. Now I find they're anything but."

"And I'm told that about 13,000 letters have arrived for me, from fans and people all

over Australia, wishing me well. Isn't that terrific? People are so kind.

"But I'll never be able to write 13,000 letters back. Or afford it. Say, would Teenagers' Weekly thank them for me?"

"You know, I've never been so appreciative of everything. Not only of just being alive. Now I feel a lot happier, and a whole lot luckier."

"Isn't that nice?"

Johnny stopped as the door opened and a nurse appeared with a vase of flowers—sent by a young fan.

"Look at this, will you!" said the 25-year-old teenage idol. "She's a friend of one of the nurses, and I signed my autograph for her yesterday. Today she sends me flowers. Isn't that nice?"

He teased the nurse as she arranged the flowers and plumped up his pillows—behaving the way his public expects him to behave, even in hospital.

Then, as the door clicked

shut behind her, the cheeky grin disappeared, the teasing note disappeared from his voice, and Johnny, the raucous Wild One, turned into a bit of a philosopher.

"I was never really happy before," he said. "Always too much of a pusher. Felt that if I stopped for five minutes I'd be old-fashioned."

"I'm still pretty much of a pusher, but lying here I've realised that if you just wait, things will happen for the best."

"And now I even feel like singing again."

"Ever since I got back from America—I was there in February and March—I've worked

night after night, and singing really was an effort. But now I really feel like it."

"For the first three or four years I was singing I seemed to have a permanent cough, and every time I made a recording I had a cold."

"I was always scared to let myself go. I've got a terrifically loud voice. I could fill the Stadium with a big band, and no microphone, but I've always been afraid to let myself go in case I hurt something in my throat."

"But now I feel really relaxed and rearing to go."

"And it's the first time I've felt this way since I came home from the States."

"I felt kind of let-down then. Sort of felt my fans were a bit disappointed in me. I think they expected me to be bigger than Elvis overnight."

"They just don't realise what hard work it all is. It took me three years to get anywhere, working every day and night of the week."

Booed at first show

"And Australia is the hardest place in the world to succeed. In my very first Big Show I was booed—because I was an Australian, not an American."

"Even now that Australians are a big success as singers, the kids in Melbourne and Brisbane are impressed because you come from Sydney. But the kids in Sydney are still the sharpest."

"That's the only thing that's worrying me about being in hospital—I'm not meeting and talking to the kids all the time. I hope I don't lose track of them."

"During my TV show I talk to them all the time, finding out what they're interested in, what they think about."

HAPPY FAMILY: Johnny O'Keefe, recovering from his car crash, with his wife, Marianne, and 11-month-old son, John.

Johnny is planning to go back to the States later this year to make some records and appear on television shows.

When he was there last time he made nine recordings—one released here recently was "Don't You Know?"—"Come On and Take My Hand."

Film plans

And the big plan for the future? Johnny would like to have a screen test.

"I reckon I'd be a pretty good actor," he said, "and it'd be a challenge. Acting is about the only thing I haven't had a go at."

"And as soon as I'm up and about again I've got an idea I'm going to talk over with some of my mates in the movie business."

"I'm going to try to talk one of the movie companies into making a film on one of my new records—me acting out the song on the screen."

"I think it's a pretty good idea. Anyway, we'll see what happens."

The door opened and in came Johnny's wife, Marianne, and John, jun., aged 11 months.

The Wild One, the philosopher, the ambitious career man were all gone. Instead Johnny, the proudest Daddio of them all, reached out to hug his son.

He sat back again in bed, looked happily at his wife and baby, and said, "I've certainly got a lot to live for, haven't I?"



FLOWERS from a fan delivered to the singer by his nurse, Katy Zierold. Despite his injured right hand, Johnny had signed his autograph for the girl the day before.

DIANA RETURNS AS A STAR



THE DIAMONDS, sparkling vocal group who have already twice visited Australia, first with Stan Freberg in 1956, and last January with Crash Craddock. From Rt: Evan Fisher, Mike Douglas, Dave Sommerville, and John Felton.

● Melbourne singer Diana Trask makes a triumphant return from America with "The Pat Boone Show," whose other stars are Dick Caruso and The Diamonds. Diana has been on Mitch Miller's TV show, and is booked for Jack Benny's show when she goes back. She has had movie offers from Columbia and M.G.M. Diana won't be here in time for the Perth show, but will appear with the others in Adelaide (July 27), Melbourne (July 28), Brisbane (July 29), and Sydney (July 30).



PAT BOONE, and his all-girl family. From left: Pat's wife, Shirley, Debby (3), Lindy (4), Cherry (5), and Laury, the baby, who is two. Pat's last single record was a beaty "I'm Walking The Floor Over You."



DICK CARUSO, the blue-eyed, black-haired 18-year-old singer who had such a success in last March's "Super Show" with "Pretty-Eyed Baby." His new one, "Two Long Years," has been quick to make the hit charts in America.



DIANA TRASK, 19-year-old Melbourne discovery of Frank Sinatra, who is fast establishing herself as a top singer in the United States. Diana's new single, "Turn To Me"—"Long Ago Last Summer," is tipped as a winner.

BOB CAP CROP for

Spring 1960

By Carolyn Earle

● Smart girls everywhere will go for the new Bob Cap crop this spring.

Designed by topflight stylist Michel of New York and Paris, this sleek and jaunty hairdo is the first really clear-cut change in hairstyling in more than a year.

Consequently, it is big hair news.



THE Bob Cap crop — short, rounded, and very feminine — brings head-hugging effects right back into fashion and manages to retain the popular egg-head look in hair that's all that matters these days.

A wonderfully versatile "do" for warm days ahead, the Bob Cap can be worn in a dozen-and-one different ways and changed, at will to suit the mood and the occasion.

For instance, the basic crop is quite short, but there's no hard-and-fast rule that the hair must be a certain length, so just please yourself about that. Then again, bandeau-bangs are a feature of this new style. You don't like bangs? All right, forget about them, and no harm done.

All this gives a girl—and her hairstylist—lots and lots of leeway with setting and styling, and that's always a boon.

Two different versions of the Bob Cap crop are pictured here. Both of them feature bandeau-bangs.

The bewitching style shown head-on (above) has a slightly lifted crown, a crescent of smooth half-moon bangs, and bouncing tendrils of hair touching each cheek.

In the other, more extreme, style (left) short hair sweeps down from the crown to cover the forehead in full bangs, while egg-shaped fullness caps the back of the head.

The secret of this whole new hair trend is artful shaping of the hair. The head-hugging effect is achieved by cutting underneath layers of hair into the nape of the neck. The top layer of hair, left one length from crown to nape, provides the desired egg-shape curve.

...AND A GLAMOR SET FOR LONG HAIR

OUR COVER GIRL'S romantic hairdo is lovely for spring and for slightly longer locks. It is easy to set and style at home. Here's how:

SETTING: Comb off panel of top hair and set in big rollers from front hairline over crown and halfway down back of the head as shown in sketch at far right. Next, arrange sides and lower back hair in rows of flat, sculpture curls to meet at centre back of head, as sketched at right.

COMB OUT: Brush top, side, and back hair to blend well up on the crown, and secure with a rubber band or bobby-pins, leaving ends loose. Take care not to scrape the hair back, but allow it to relax gently into a full line. Flip hair-ends into a crown of soft curls and arrange one thick strand in a bewitching spiral curl on the side. Finish with a bow.



FRONT VIEW

BACK VIEW



LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● It's good to see a suite from eminent Australian composer John Antill's "Corroboree" ballet score among the first batch of Top Rank quality-classical LP releases.

SIR EUGENE GOOSENS, who as director of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra conducted the 1946 world premiere, here conducts the London Symphony Orchestra.

Vivid, monotonous, and eerie by turns, it is a major Australian work, well worth your attention.

Antill uses normal wind and string sections, plus a brilliantly improvised percussion section, to recreate the ritual rhythms of the corroboree.

Another modern composer, **Alberto Ginastera** of Argentina, is heard on side two with a suite from his "Panambi" ballet music, based on a South American Indian legend.

Local talent: People are getting to know **Ted Hamilton** as a singer who's knocking at the door. His latest disc, featuring two local compositions, "Ding Dong Bell" and "Kit, Kit, Kitten," is his most promising to date.



Annette



John Antill

Ted fits in well with the smooth, senior-teen treatment given these bright little numbers by the Bob Gibson Orchestra (H.M.V. 45).

NEW singing personality on the local scene is Adam, a 19-year-old from Scotland who has come to try his luck in Sydney.

After some success in Britain as a rock singer, Adam found it hard to break into the game in Australia. He had no luck in Adelaide, and little in Sydney until Johnny O'Keefe gave him a chance on "Six O'Clock Rock."

His first record, "Princess," has been released as a Teen 45. It's dreamy and romantic in the Frankie Avalon style. The flip, "Made To Be Loved," makes it good value. With Johnny Devlin's Devils.

Pops: Popular **Floyd Robinson** steps into the role of teacher, and gives a lesson to "Boys And Girls" on his latest R.C.A. 45. Flipside, "Sonja," is something of a surprise, with Floyd dropping his big beat and going slow and tender. He wrote this one himself.

THERE'S no doubt about it ex-Mouseketeer **Annette** is really growing up. She makes "Train Of Love" — written by her boy-friend Paul Anka — a sizzler.

Girls who think they're having romance troubles should cheer up when, with "Tell Me Who's The Girl" on the flip, Annette shows that it can happen to other people, too.

FOR a jazz-influenced set of party pops, try "Mmm Nicel" (R.C.A. LP). Youngish Californian musician **Bob Thompson** uses sparkling arrangements, orchestra and chorus, to deck out in frisky new trappings some of the better standards such as

"Younger Than Springtime," "Ain't We Got Fun," and three Thompson originals.

COLLECTORS of **Everly Brothers** records must have a whole heap by now. But they'll certainly want to add "When Will I Be Loved?" (London 45). On the turn-over the Everlys go for a change of pace with a bright "Be Bop A-lula."

WHO would have thought it! A bunch of high-school kids (Joiner, Arkansas, Junior High School Band) take a tired old march and turn it into a best-seller, "National City" (London 45). The same bright bunch do "Big Ben" on the reverse, but like most flips it isn't specially interesting.

Classical: Full of lyricism and romantic beauty, **Shostakovich's** Symphony No. 5 represents the composer's 1937 attempt to refute Soviet accusations of earlier freakishness and lack of melody.

Leopold Stokowski conducts the Stadium Symphony of New York in this, the most orthodox of the experimental Russian composer's major works. Top Rank LP.

MAESTRO of the champagne light-classical touch, **Mishel Piastra**, with his U.S. Symphony of The Air, re-creates a world of lilting waltzes and bouncing polkas for "Vienna Remembered" (Festival stereo or monaural LP): "Danube Waves," "Love's Dream After The Ball," "Tic-Tac Polka," etc.

Jazz: Some time ago there was a breezy little EP from **The Left Bank Bearcats**. The same group of young French jazz enthusiasts now get together on a W and G LP that uses the group-name as title.

Livening up a selection of by-no-means unlively basics are such fresh names as "Shakin' with B.B.," "Stay Out Of The Bathtub, Honey," and "Papa's Making Gin." Monaural or stereo.

REBELLING against some of the treatment given Dixieland music, **"The Dixie Rebels"** make out a very good case on a Variety Series LP for the classic Dixie tunes being played as they claim they were meant to be. Certainly they breathe a vigorous life into such pieces as "Saint James Infirmary," "Fidgety Feet," "Tin Roof Blues."



ADAM, who migrated from Scotland last year, proudly holds a copy of his first record. Following the single-name gimmick of Fabian, he sings at teenage clubs and has been on TV.

WORTH HEARING

RAVEL:
Piano Concerto

RAVEL is best known for his noisy and colorful "Bolero," but that represents only one side of him. This most French of modern French composers was a neat, fastidious little man who wrote exquisitely exact and polished music.

He was also, like so many French composers, interested in exotic colors and unusual effects — hence "Bolero," and the suggestions of jazz in the scoring of this delightful concerto for piano and orchestra.

Ravel said of this work that he wanted to write a concerto "for" the piano, not against it; in other words, the soloist's part is not an impassioned struggle, but a fluent and sparkling demonstration of the sort of things the piano can do well.

(Ravel, incidentally, wrote another piano concerto for left hand alone.)

The two-hand concerto is recorded by Arturo Michelangeli and the Philharmonia Orchestra under Ettore Gracis. (The reverse side carries the fourth Rachmaninoff piano concerto.) (H.M.V.) — Martin Long

EP pickings: Worthwhile pickings from recent EPs include the **Melachrino Orchestra's** "Greensleeves" (Clair de Lune) (H.M.V.), the **Joe Wilder Quartet** in "Jazz From Peter Gunn" (Coronet), **Ricky Nelson** with "Ricky Sings Spirituals" (London), "Parisian Pops" with **Jacky Noguez** (Pye), four from **Nat "King" Cole** on Capitol's "Midnight Flyer," and a programme of old-time dance music on Parlophone's "Olde Tyme Dances."

Movie music: With "Warsaw Concerto," "The Dream of Olwen," the "Moulin Rouge" song, "Around the World," "Gigi," and "Cornish Rhapsody" among the tracks, "Music From Million Dollar Movies," played by the **Boston Pops Orchestra** under **Arthur Fiedler**, is outstanding among the many LPs of movie music. (R.C.A. LP, stereo or monaural.)

12 new pops — 2/6 each

THE new "Tops in Pops" 12in. LP disc, to be released next week by the Popular Record Club, contains these tunes: "Because They're Young," "Muleskinner Blues," "Love You So," "Alley Oop," "I'm Sorry," "That's All You Gotta Do," "Country Boy," "Where or When?," "Lady Luck," "Wild One," "Midnight Special," "String Along." The disc costs 30/-, but it costs nothing to join, so fill in this coupon and send to Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

I wish to join the Popular Record Club and register my name to be advised of future monthly releases.

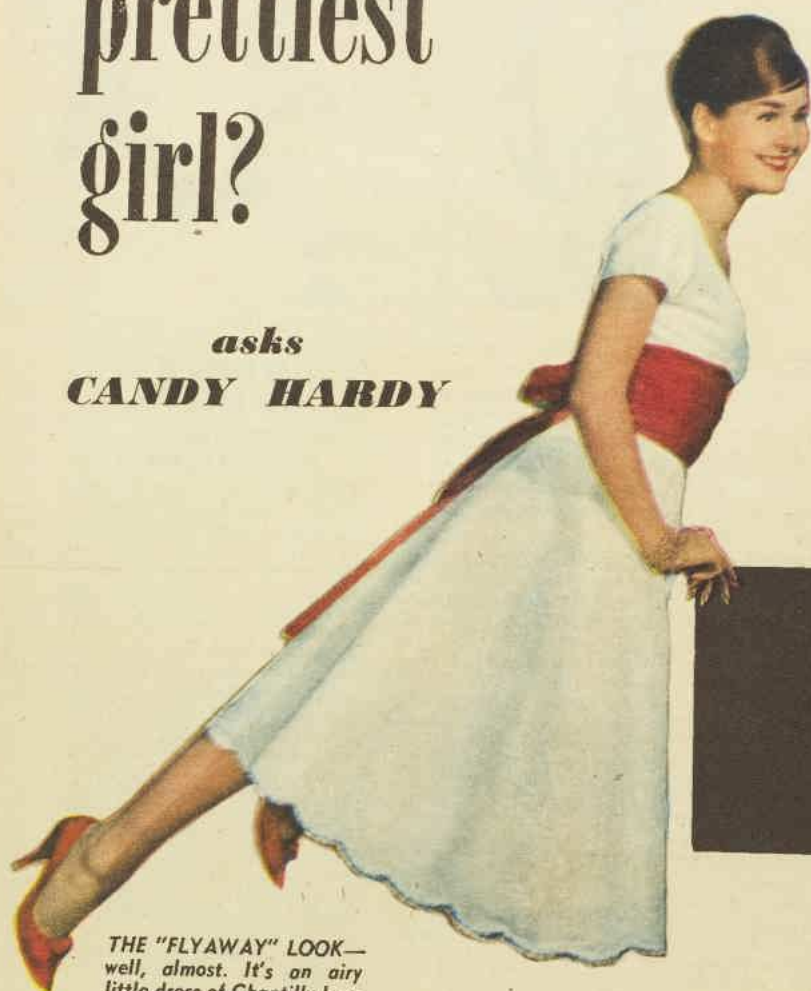
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State

Who was the prettiest girl?

asks
CANDY HARDY



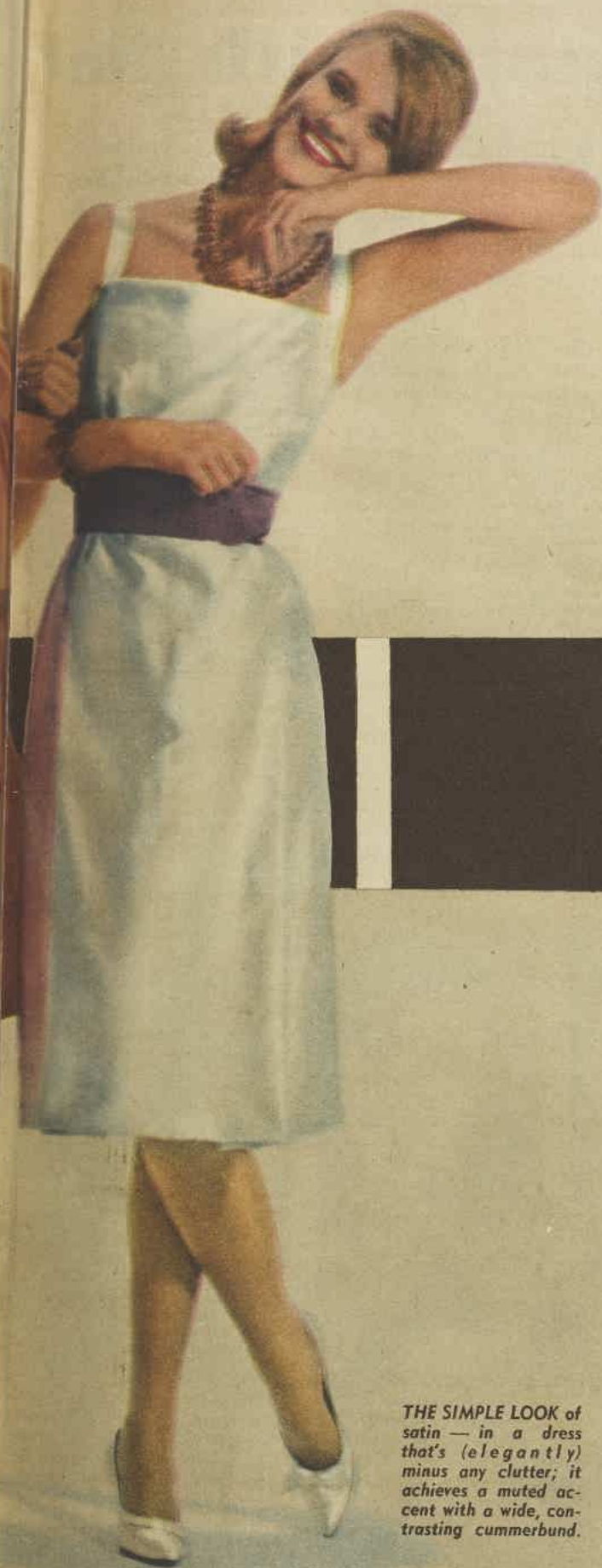
THE "FLYAWAY" LOOK—well, almost. It's on airy little dress of Chantilly lace.

Dress by Henry Haskin, Melbourne.

● Well, who was she — the prettiest, most popular girl at the party? The answer's easy: she was the girl who looked as though she was enjoying herself, the girl who was dressed for the "special occasion" that a party is. And here are five special party dresses, chosen so that next time someone asks that question the answer will be (a prettier) YOU.



THE RICH LOOK of satin — and here, too, a "rich" design. The dress is triple-skirted; the long-waisted and gently fitting top is trimmed with bows.



THE SIMPLE LOOK of satin — in a dress that's (elegantly) minus any clutter; it achieves a muted accent with a wide, contrasting cummerbund.

THE FRAGILE LOOK — in a dress of delicate lace. It's a dress that will go out (beautifully) on a formal date. The lace is fresh and frothy; that skirt is built on a frou-frou of tulle petticoats.



THE DEMURE LOOK — with rosebuds, rosebuds everywhere. The top's buttoned from a scoop neckline, and the pleated "milkmaid" sleeves match the swirling permanently pleated skirt. The dress material is a practical mixture of cotton and terylene.

From BRIAN GIBSON, in London

At 14 she stars with Sal

● Jill Haworth was huddled over a problem in her chilly Sussex schoolroom when she heard the big news — she was to leave immediately for the sunshine of Israel to play a starring role opposite Sal Mineo in "Exodus."



JILL HAWORTH, the English schoolgirl who was chosen for a starring role in "Exodus." Soon after arriving in Israel she became firm friends with Sal Mineo, who, at right, is explaining his ideas about a scene they play together.

"I JUST can't believe it," was all she could say as her classmates fluttered round her desk with congratulations.

But her blue eyes sparkled as she gathered up her books and—with golden pony-tail flying—dashed for home to do her packing.

Jill is only 14—but she is not the first almost unknown girl picked by Hollywood producer-director Otto Preminger to play a leading role in a big film.

Remember Maggie MacNamara in "The Moon is Blue," Jean Seberg in "Saint Joan"?

"Exodus," based on the best-seller by Leon Uris, tells how thousands of Jewish men, women, and children escaped from the horror camps of Europe, broke through a British blockade, and founded the modern State of Israel.

The character of Karen, the young Jewish girl around whom much of the story revolves, combines charm, innocence, and understanding with the rare unquenchable spirit of youth surrounded by violence and suffering.

Preminger worried about the part, because the odds against finding an

actress able to express the various facets of the role were high.

But he kept searching, and it was only after testing many actresses in America, Germany, and Britain that he found Jill.

As soon as he saw her test on the screen he knew he had found his Karen.

A few days later Jill was flown to Israel with her mother to join Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Ralph Richardson, Hugh Griffiths, Peter Lawford, Lee J. Cobb, and Sal Mineo on location.

Since then her almost constant companion has been Sal.

Not new to films

Although only 14 and relatively unknown, Jill is not new to film-making. She has been studying dancing and acting since the age of 11, and has had small parts in "Great Expectations," "Carry On Teacher," "Idle On Parade," and the yet-to-be-released "Brides of Dracula."

When not filming or studying, Jill is a quiet, tense little girl who loves to play tennis and netball. She has a gay sense of humor, and her face lights up immediately she is amused.

Her trip to Israel and weeks of shooting under the hot sun came as a wonderful tonic after a cold British winter, for she had never been abroad apart from a short trip to France a few years ago.

On location Jill has gone through her scenes with the minimum of fuss, and perfectionist Preminger calls her a "natural" when it comes to facing the giant Panavision 70 camera.

But she broke into tears once. At the end of the picture Karen is killed by a frightened Arab refugee. As the camera whirled in front of Paul Newman, who was speaking the final words over the coffin, Jill was silently weeping in the background.

"I always cry when I see funerals," she said softly, "and it was doubly sad to think that I was in the grave."

"Exodus" is certain to establish Jill Haworth as one of the foremost young actresses in the film world, and Jill herself is hoping that it may lead to a film with either of her favorite actors—Sir Alec Guinness and Sir Laurence Olivier.

● **OUR PIN-UP:** Sal Mineo, at 21, is becoming one of the most versatile young actors. Before going to Israel for "Exodus" he played the role of an Indian brave, White Bull, in Walt Disney's "Tonka," which M.G.M. will release in Australia soon.



How to get glamour hairsets for 4d.



1. Get concentrated Curlypet at your nearest Chemist's.
2. Dissolve your Curlypet in a pint of warm water. This gives you fifteen hairsets.
3. Comb Curlypet quickset through your hair. Set in your chosen style. Curls and waves stay softly set. Your hair comes vibrantly alive, subtly fragrant, its beautiful best. Remember! YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER HAIRSET THAN CURLYPET... AT ANY PRICE!



15 sets for 4'10

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet



SAL MINEO

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 3, 1960

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 13

plant. It grows profusely and covers ugly walls as well as being highly decorative.

● Clottiphyllums need

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Silent girl

"I AM in love with a girl who I think has a soft spot for me, but will not admit it. I have done everything I think possible to get this girl, but I have had no luck so far. Do you think I should keep trying, and if so could you please give me some suggestions?"

"In a Jam," N.S.W.

Of course you should keep on trying. Looking at a girl or speaking to her in the street and hiding the ache in your heart doesn't tell a girl that you would like to see more of her, that you like her. Seeking out her company does.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

GREY, wet days are hard to put up with, and a pretty girl who looks cheerful in the rain is like a sudden burst of sunshine.

How is your rainwear? Ghastly, I bet. Unloved clothing always is, and that "anything goes" about your wet-weather clothes is the last thing to help you get glamorous dates.

Work towards some wet-weather clothes-magic. Thick white plastic looks divinely impractical, and is exactly the opposite. It looks chic and keeps you dry, and lights up the color of your eyes. You can buy it ready made as a raincoat or make one yourself from a simple pattern.

Team it with an umbrella in a color that's a shock — brilliant sky-blue, acid-yellow, royal-purple, or shocking-pink. Dye gloves to match your umbrella if you can't buy them in the same color, and get rid of those down-at-heel wet-weather shoes.

Replace them with your good ones, encase your pretty feet in aspic (those plastic boots), and you'll be a sight for sore eyes.

And don't forget the pretty smile that goes with it — or the pleased "I'd love to" when you're asked to the flicks.

I think your best bet is to ask her to the pictures, to a dance, or to some organised outing like a picnic—a picnic with some others, but not a picnic just for the two of you. Ask her out two or three times, and if she refuses you every time then you'll know she doesn't feel the way you do about her, and you can try to find someone else.

Nasty gossip

"I HAVE been going with a boy of 21 for about three months. I am 19. I was introduced to this boy by the boy I work with. Now the boy I work with has broken with his girl-friend and he is trying to break my friendship up by saying untrue things to me about my boy-friend. I would not like the two boys to be bad friends, because they have been friends for more than two years, but how can I stop this boy I work with from saying unkind things about my boy-friend?"

"Troubled," Qld.

I would take any steps at all to stop this boy's gossip. Telling your boy-friend is the first step you should take.

The boy you work with would be a poor sort of friend to have in any circumstances when he indulges in this mean and nasty talk.

Speak to this boy firmly and tell him you've spoken to your boy-friend, and unless he stops his malicious gossip you will get your parents to see him about it.

No longer steady

"I HAVE been going with my boy-friend for 12 months now, and I have decided not to go steady with him any longer. The main reason is that I am only 16 and he is 17. Also, it is affecting my studies. When I told him this he got very upset and said, 'What will people say?' I replied that I lived my life for myself and did not care about local gossipers. Then he said, 'What about our plans for the future?' (We had planned to marry.) My reply was that we were too young to be thinking about marriage, and that it would be better to go out with different people instead of each other every Saturday night. He is very much against this and still wants to go steady. I have also been taken for granted too often and this I do not like."

"Too Young," N.S.W.

I wonder what is the real truth behind your letter? I have the feeling that being taken for granted might be what has decided you to stop going steady.

Whatever it is, I think you are doing the right thing. I am dead against going steady. I think it narrows the world for both girls and boys in the dreariest way, and makes serious, uninteresting old folk of them while they are still in their teens.

Their small circle of friends makes them uninteresting, because they have never given themselves a chance to get

to know all the fascinating types that make up the world.

I think teen-time is for growing up, learning your job or career, and having fun and a gay social life without thought of the responsibilities of marriage. A social life with the opposite sex doesn't (or shouldn't) begin until you are 16, anyway, so you have little enough time to be carefree and happy before the twenties set in.

As it is at present, the late school years seem to be devoted by boys and girls to getting a steady, so that at about 16 life begins to be real and earnest, with plans for buying blocks of land or saving for the furniture.

It is not right. Stop going steady, go out with other people, and have fun. You have plenty of time to settle down to domesticity later on. As for what your steady says about what other people think—it couldn't matter less. He's just trying to make a drama out of nothing.

Name meanings

"WHAT is the meaning of Florence, Edith, Gwendolyn, Chris (a boy's name), Linda, Daisy, and Myra?" M.F., Vic.

Florence means flourishing; Edith, tall, stately; Gwendolyn, intellectual, with understanding; Chris, whimsical, humorous; Linda, beautiful; Daisy, gay, cheerful; Myra, weeping.

Right to write?

"I WOULD very much like an answer to a problem that is worrying me. I am nearly 14. Recently I went to a party, and there I met a nice boy. He seemed to like me, as he asked me to dance with him many times, and he also asked me to be his partner for some of the games. I know I am too young to go out with a boy, but I would very much like to write to him and ask him about himself and his hobbies. He doesn't live near me, so I haven't seen him since. Do you think it would be forward if I wrote a letter to him?"

"Wondering," Qld.

It would be both forward and foolish. You're far, far too young to be planning a campaign to get yourself a boy, which is what you are doing, no matter what you say.

Hasty judgment

"I AM 19, and about six months ago met a girl of the same age whom I rang frequently and took out several times. Three months ago, when she was getting over a bout of flu, I had arranged to see her one afternoon. When I called, there appeared to be nobody there. I phoned several times during the afternoon, but, believing that I had been stood up, decided to end it there and then. Two weeks later we bumped into each other and she asked me why I didn't turn up. She said that she had been taking tablets, was asleep, and couldn't have heard the phone. (I had been told previously about the tablets.) I guess I had judged and convicted her two weeks before, and just wasn't convinced. Do you think I was wrong? If so, should I ring again? I didn't want to at the time, but now I'm not so sure."

"Uncertain," W.A.

You want me to make up your mind for you? Well, I think you've already done this. You certainly acted hastily in the first place — your girl-friend's story seems true to me. I think it was quite rude of you not to ring her family the next day to see how she



Kiss shy

"I HAVE written to ask your advice on a matter. I am very shy and I have a girl-friend who is also shy. I have been going with her for over six months now but haven't enough courage to kiss her. Could you tell me a way to approach her, when to and where to kiss her?" "Yag," S.A.

No. Kisses can't be stage-managed. You'll know where, when, and how when the right moment comes. You won't know it has come until you're in the middle of the kiss, which makes for the best kisses possible.

was. She might have become very sick for all you knew.

If you want to ring her up, and I think you do, why not? Obviously you like her and think about her a lot.

Career worry

"I AM leaving school at the end of this year, when I am 17, and I am worried about my future. I took a commercial course at school, but I have always wanted to be a model. The problem is that I do not know how to go about being one. I have a very good figure, I am told, also I am pretty."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Modelling as a career is a very chancy business. Very few girls make a living out of it; the only ones who can are the top, sought-after girls.

A pretty face and good figure are only part of what you need for modelling. More important is to be photogenic, to have that particular type of bone formation and face shape that looks good from all angles; to be able to wear clothes and cosmetics well, and to pose without apparent effort exactly the way the photographer wants you to. Sometimes girls who seem to have everything required to be the model of the moment get in front of the camera and say in a panic: "What'll I do with my hands?"

I think that at the beginning a girl should consider modelling as an extra job—the jam on the bread and butter. And a good way to start is to take a course in deportment at a modelling school. There are reputable schools in all capital cities where a girl can learn to make the most of herself.

Get yourself a commercial job and save up for a night course at a model school. Even if you can't make your living as a model a course will make you more attractive and more likely to succeed at whatever you do.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

TEENAGE COMPOSERS OF NOTE

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

● Young Australian musicians Robert Cuckson and Malcolm Catt never strike a jarring note—they're as modest as they're musical. And besides making names as pianists, their compositions are getting plenty of playing.

ROBERT—small, dark, and intense behind his glasses—is only 17, and Malcolm—fair-haired, blue-eyed, and 5ft. 10in.—is 15.

Both are outstanding students at the Conservatorium of Music in Sydney.

Robert was one of the eight finalists in the recent A.B.C. Commonwealth Concerto Competition.

The critics described him as sensationally gifted, and agreed that his playing of the third Bartok Concerto showed remarkable understanding and astonishing maturity.

Even away from the keyboard this bookish-looking boy seems far older than his 17 years.

He did the Leaving Certificate last year at Penrith High School, matriculating with first-class honors in Mathematics I and Chemistry.

Now his full-time occupation is music. "Diploma class, second year, is my status," he said with a grin.

He spends one full day a week at the Conservatorium. The rest are taken up with study, practice, composing, and rehearsing for such things as the concerto competition.

And although he is an accomplished pianist, he is learning to play the viola, too.

"A composer has a great advantage if he can play more than one instrument," he said.

For recreation Robert plays golf. "Can't tell you my handicap yet," he said, "because I haven't been playing long enough."

And he likes reading—"poetry, scientific books, books on the statistics of the weather, the history of engines. Anything. And I'm just as likely to go for the one with the yellow cover as anything else."

Robert's first triumph came last year when the visiting Czech Wind Quartet performed one of his compositions.

"Its title is 'My Friend Billy,'" he said. "I gave it that name after my friend Billy Dol-esko, a Hungarian boy I've known for years. He plays the trumpet."

Then came a concert with the Bartok Society in Sydney. Oboist Ian Wilson, who played with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, performed Robert's ballet music arranged for oboe and piano, with Robert at the piano.

At the same concert Robert Pikler played Robert's viola sonata.

Soon after this the Sydney Sinfonietta recorded his wind quintet.

Festival success

Robert's major triumph came this year when the world-famous Janacek Quartet, which toured Australia for Musica Viva, played his "Adagio for Strings" at the Adelaide Arts Festival.

They thought the work so good that they played it again in Sydney.

"Now I'm in the process of writing a sonata for two pianos," Robert said.

"It's a three-movement piece, the biggest thing I've attempted so far—both in volume of noise and in length."

"I hope it will have other attributes, too," he added with a smile.

Robert started to compose music as soon as he began piano lessons when he was only nine.

"When I was playing 'Baa Baa Black Sheep' I was making up tunes of the same kind," he said.

"I guess my attitude right from the start was, 'If they can do it, so can I.'"

While Robert was in Adelaide to hear the world premiere of his "Adagio" he also attended the seminar of composers at the Festival.

He laughed as he recalled the session addressed by U.S. jazz man Dave Brubeck. "They were all having a go at him, and someone got up and asked, 'Mr. Brubeck, what do you think of modern music?'"

"Brubeck looked very serious and said, 'Oh, we modern musicians, we're all losing our audience. Not me, though, I'm not that good.'"

"It was very funny, but it's so true. Nowadays at concerts, except with great personalities, there's no feeling of close contact with the audience, no directness and sincerity of feeling reaching out to the audience above the technique and organisation of the work."

"All really great composers give us perspective in their music. From listening to their music you get an appreciation of their experience."

Malcolm Catt is two years behind Robert, but he started taking lessons at the Conservatorium when he was seven.

He's in fourth year at Home-

bush High School, and once a week he has an hour-long piano lesson at the Conservatorium and a two-hour harmony class.

Last September he was soloist with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra at a Schools' Concert, playing the last two movements of Haydn's D Major Concerto for piano and orchestra.

A musical family

He denies that he was nervous at his first big performance. "It was pretty terrific, really," he said.

Music plays a large part in Malcolm's family's life. His father, Mr. Frank Catt, lectures in music at Balmain Teachers' College, both Malcolm and his sister Margaret, 13, won scholarships for free tuition at the Con. this year, and his two younger brothers—David, 11, and Peter, 9—learn the piano, too.

"We've got two pianos at home and we need them both," said Malcolm.

"I practise first thing every morning for about an hour—it's a habit now, just like cleaning my teeth. I don't mind it a bit."

"In the evenings I don't have any time to practise—too much homework."

Besides his solo performance with the Sydney Symphony, Malcolm has also played with the Rockdale Orchestra, and, with some other young musicians, gave a recital in Forbes which included some of his own compositions.

"I haven't tried writing any really modern music yet," he said. "Most of it is classical, such as sonatas. I've written

one for violin and piano and two for piano.

Robert composed his first piece when he was nine.

"I was listening to the A.B.C. Children's Hour and they were having this competition," he said. "So I wrote a little song called 'The Postman'—and it won first prize."

"I've had quite a few wins in these competitions—mostly little songs describing something or other."

"I usually compose in the school holidays, when I have plenty of time."

Malcolm plays tennis, squash, and is "a bit of a runner," too.

And he enjoys going to church dances. "Oh, yes, I like rock-'n-roll," he said. "Sometimes play a bit of it—pick it up from the radio."

When I asked them to list their favorite composers, Malcolm named Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; Robert voted for Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert's piano music.

That seemed to be in tune, but when I asked them their plans for the future they sounded a bit off key.

"I'm going to do Science next year at the University," said Robert.

"And I'm going to do Medicine, I hope," said Malcolm.

But they explained.

"You can't live with music only," said Robert.

"Science will be fascinating, and it will help to broaden my mind and give me new ideas which, in turn, I'll express in music."

And Malcolm: "Being a full-time musician is a pretty unsettled life. Of course, I hope to keep on playing and composing when I'm a doctor."



● Malcolm Catt (left) and Robert Cuckson enjoy playing a piece for four hands.

TEENA by Linda Terry



A GUY guys

GIRLS IN DISGUISE

● Girls hate themselves! There can be no doubt about that. And proof of the truth of this proposition is provided by the girls themselves.

BECAUSE she obviously can't stand her natural appearance, every lass lives a lie, physically speaking. She reckons that although Father MIGHT Know Best, Mother (Nature) doesn't . . .!

On with the show, from head to toe . . .

Now, obviously, humans are meant to walk flat on their feet. On the level, they are!

Men string along with this (or, in other words, their insteps are in step). But girls?

Oh, no. 'Pon my sole, they insist on staggering along on shoes like stilts.

Next, on a slightly higher plane, girls aren't satisfied with the skin that Nature gives them to cover their legs.

And for sheer foolishness, just listen to a nylon hose-Anna saying she doesn't give a denier about the cost of climbing the ladder to full-fashioned success.

Nature's work, too, on girls' middles is a waist of time.

And, similarly, girls aren't hip to the Old Lady's shape for that part of the body beautiful.

The way lasses have a whale-(bone) of a time as they squeeze to please is just another foundation for my case against them.

Of corsets true!

Haven't you heard the old saying, "Fools step-in where angels dare to spread!"?

And I'll even go out on a limb, literally, and say that Venus de Milo must be the happiest girl a guy ever put on a pedestal!

Why? Because she's got no arms!

Yes, lasses hate "shouldering arms" more than any National Serviceman ever did.

You only have to consider how hard they work at disguising their hands to see that what I say is true.

They hit their nails on the head by disguising them as fire-engines

Whenever possible they make sure a wrist is missed by wearing gloves.

They also believe in the sleeve because bare muscles are like bustles — behind (the times)!

The face, however, is the place where girls really give Mum Nature's jazz the razz.

Natural complexions, skin-deep though their beauty is supposed to be, get a second (at least) skin of cream and powder.

Lips are on the nose, and have to be re-shaped and colored again. And even the standard eyes don't have it!

The unplucked eyebrow isn't highbrow and the lash takes a bash.

Eyelids aren't in the pink until they've been painted blue!

To top it all off, of course, there is hair. Girls are always frowning on their crowning glory.

Nature makes hair grow long. So lasses lop it short.

The Old Lady makes it grow a certain way, but do girls accept this?

No. They pay ridiculous sums to strange men with unlikely names to do it differently!

Natural blondes become black, and ravin' raven-heads are free with being White before they're 21!

Girls who can't make up their minds about one color compromise by having colored patches in their thatches.

And, of course, when all this has been done, girls still can't apparently like the idea of having hair—because they hide it under crazy hats!

That about covers it (up).

The moral is — disguise will never trick the guys.

If girls would only stop this grooming, maybe they'd end up with the best man.

— Robin Adair

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

IDEAL GUEST

● *When a girl stays with a friend there are many ways — above the call of normal good behaviour — in which she can win the reputation of being an ideal guest . . .*

FIRSTLY, don't be one of those visitors who are always having to borrow things from members of the family you're going to stay with. Always take your own toilet articles such as toothpaste, soap.

EXTRA WORK, always created when there's a guest staying in the house, won't be noticed if you hop in and cheerfully do your share each day. But don't overdo it, or you may embarrass your hostess. Be a helper — not an organiser.

CONSULTING your hostess before accepting any invitations that may come your way while staying with her is polite and saves confusion. She may have something planned and not yet have told you.



FRIENDLY passing on of snippets of news from letters you receive while staying in someone else's house is so much nicer than being cagy and secretive about your mail. It is better manners, as well.

BRINGING HOME some small gift, such as flowers, candy, or a magazine for your girl-friend's mother, sometime during your stay is a gesture she is sure to appreciate.

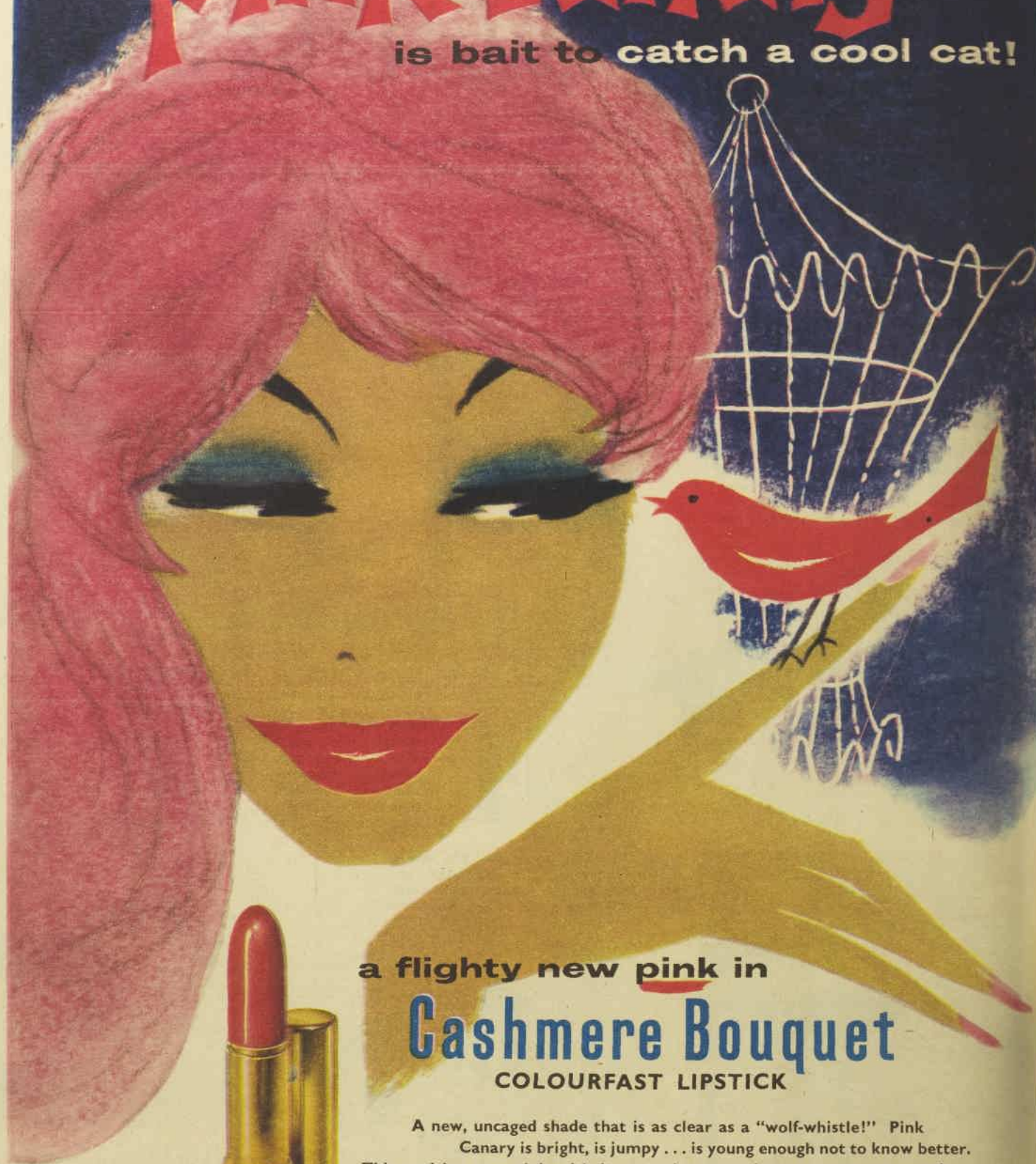


LETTER OF THANKS is one of your first duties after you get home. You can either write jointly to the girl and her mother (addressing the letter to the mother, and beginning Dear Mrs. Smith) or to each separately.



pink canary

is bait to catch a cool cat!



a flighty new pink in

Cashmere Bouquet

COLOURFAST LIPSTICK



A new, uncaged shade that is as clear as a "wolf-whistle!" Pink Canary is bright, is jumpy . . . is young enough not to know better. This exciting new pink with its engaging smoothness creams on as only Cashmere Bouquet can . . . needs only a featherlight touch. It's Pinksville!

LIPSTICK **3'6**

COLOR THROUGH THE YEAR



● Phlox and petunias make a brilliant splash of color in the rockery shown above. Alyssum, lilac queen, and gazanias are grown in pockets in the stonework.

ROCKERIES

● Rockeries can supply more color and interest than any other part of the garden. Hardy plants, such as those shown here, will last for years.

Fill rockery bays with loam and allow drainage material at the bottom.



● *Convolvulus mauritanicus*, known as Morocco Glorybird, is the blue rockery plant. It grows profusely and covers ugly walls as well as being highly decorative.



● *Drosanthemums* need similar cultivation to *mesembryantheums*.



● *Orthonna capensis* has yellow flowers, makes a bright rockery display.



● *Glottiphyllums* need rich loamy soil, some lime, and good drainage.



● Jonquils should be planted in well-drained soil. They flower in the spring.



● *Lampranthus peacockiae* likes good deep soil, lime, and sunshine.

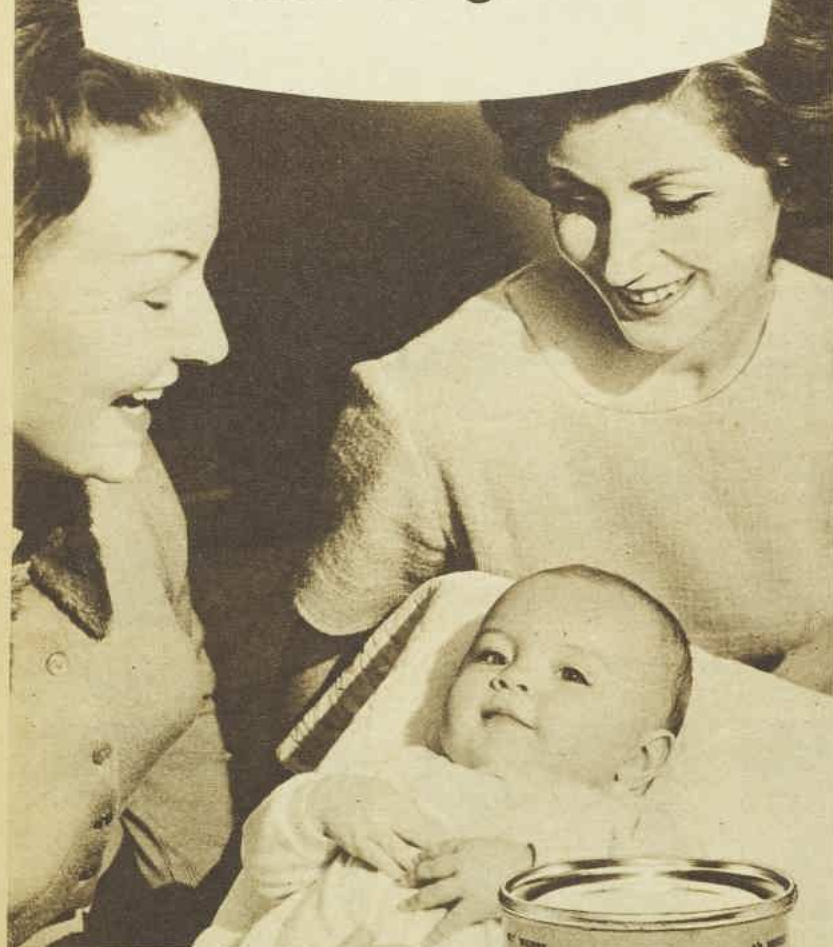


● *Lampranthus variabilis* requires conditions like *mesembryantheums*.

● *Mesembryantheums* (pig face) need deep soil and sunny position.



"I only wish I'd put my other babies on HEINZ sooner — she's so good!"



Who's the good baby? She's one of the 750,000 healthy young Australians who started early on Heinz Strained Foods. This wise mother knows that nourishing Heinz Strained Foods save time-consuming jobs in cooking, and that each variety meets a specific need in the diet of Australian babies. Only Heinz Baby Foods give your baby complete daily menus from over 60 varieties! (30 Strained Foods and 30 Junior Foods for older babies!) Be sure your baby's diet is in keeping with his speedy growth by putting him on Heinz Strained Foods early.



STOCK UP NOW WITH THESE NEW VARIETIES

- Strained Creamed Fish
- Strained Beef and Vegetables
- Strained Creamed Tripe
- Strained Egg and Bacon Breakfast

HEINZ

STRAINED FOODS

57 The sooner the better for baby and you!

ROCKERIES

Planting for variety



● The plants you choose for your rockery will depend on its size and type. Consult a nurseryman when buying. Some creeping or trailing varieties can choke delicate plants, and tall, bushy species can overshadow smaller types if planted too close.

BELOW is a list of rockery plants. There are hundreds of others, including tiny fairy roses, dwarf azaleas, sedums, alpine phlox, pentstemon, geraniums, iris, mesembryanthemum, dianthus, campanulas, and helianthemums. All have many varieties and make beautiful rockery displays.

Ageratum has soft, fluffy blooms that make a fine show. The Fairy Pink and Midget Blue varieties grow only 3 or 4 in. high, but are inclined to spread.

Artemisia (Dusty Miller). *Stelleriana*, a dwarf species of *Artemisia*, with a delightful silvery-grey foliage and yellowish flowers, thrives in a well-drained soil and does well near the sea. Grown chiefly for the chrysanthemum-like foliage. Grows to 9 in.

Alyssum is a hardy plant that will grow in any ordinary soil, but does best in a medium-rich friable loam. There are several excellent varieties, from 3 to 6 in. high.

Ajuga (bugle flower) is a quick-growing, hardy plant. It may be planted as a carpet through which bulbs may be grown.

Androsace (rock jasmine). These are among the choicest alpine. Easy to grow, they need a deep root run and good drainage. The variety *Folia* rosettes has greyish foliage and heads of large pink flowers on 6 in. stems. *Lauginoso*, a lovely variety, produces long, trailing branches with silvery-white leaves and rose-colored flowers produced throughout the year. *Lauginoso leichtlinii* has similar trailing silvery foliage with red centred white flowers. Grows to 3 in.

Bellis (the daisy). *Rob Roy* rosettes of dark shining green foliage from which rise button-like flowers of deep pink about half an inch across on 3 in. stems. Flowers profusely in spring and early summer.

Bellium (daisy). *Minutum*, a very small-foliaged plant with masses of tiny pinkish-white flowers on 2 in. stems, is very hardy.

Convolvulus mauritanicus, a dwarf, trailing plant with silvery-green foliage and pale blue flowers.

Cerastium (snow in summer). Variety *tomentosum* has soft, silvery-foliaged trailing leaves with small white flowers. Very suitable for hanging over rocks.

Cheiranthus (alpine wallflower). The variety *linifolius* is a pretty, trailing plant with attractive single mauve flowers.

Cistus, an easily grown dwarf shrub in full sunlight. *Algarvensis*, a spreading type with bright yellow flowers in spring and early summer, grows about 1 ft. high.

Daphne, a very dwarf evergreen, is very slow-growing and spreading, ideal for cool, moist position. Fragrant rose-pink flowers.

Deutzia gracilis, a deciduous plant, grows about 2 ft. high with masses of white flowers.

Erica autumnalis grows to 2 ft. and produces rose-pink flowers in autumn. They need shade and a lot of water on hot days, but are easily grown. Use only well-decomposed manure as a top-dressing in summer. Manure worked into ground will kill it.

Fuchsia. *Procumbens*, a trailing plant, has

small round leaves and bronze-yellow flowers, followed by berries which turn red in the winter. *Pumila Tom Thumb* is a dwarf, shrubby variety with small foliage. It grows to about 12 in. Pendulous red flowers.

Gardenia. *Florida radicans*, a very dwarf, hardy form for warm position. Perfumed double white flowers. Grows to 12 in.

Omphalodes. *Verna*, the creeping forget-me-not, has deep green foliage and flowers of intense blue. Grows to 6 in.

Oenothera rosea. The growth is prostrate, and the large flesh-pink flowers are most attractive. It is liable to sucker, and should be planted where it can be kept in control.

Santolina chamaecyparissus. A spreading shrub with silvery foliage and yellow blooms in summer. Grows to 3 ft.

Sisyrinchium (satin flower). *Augustifolium*, a little gem of the iris family with bright blue flowers. *Bellum*, violet-blue flowers with a yellow throat. Both grow to 6 in.

Sweet William (*Dianthus barbatus*) is a hardy biennial best sown from seedlings or cuttings. They need richly manured soil, full sunlight, and plenty of water in hot weather. Many single and double varieties are sold.

Spiraea haccuetii, a minute deciduous shrub, bears sprays of feathery white flowers and grows to 6 in.

Stachys lanata (lamb's tongue). A low-growing (6 in.) plant with grey-white, woolly leaves and purplish-pink flowers.

Statice (sea lavender). They have attractive leathery foliage and trusses of graceful flowers. The variety *incana* has pale pink flowers on 6 in. stems. *Minima*, a neat alpine species, forms mounds of deep green foliage smothered with deep lavender flowers.

The Verbena, family is one of the most attractive for rockeries. Varieties are *alba* (white), brilliant (red), *chamaedryoides* (brilliant scarlet, prostrate), foxhunter (red with white eye), mauve queen (light mauve), purple king (deep purple flowers). These need a well-drained, dry position.

Veronica are another popular choice for rockery growing. Varieties of this dwarf, shrubby, and trailing plant include: *Bidwilli* (tiny bright leaves and dainty white flowers, 4 in.); *catarractae* (rapid growing with shining green foliage and terminal sprays of white flowers, 9 in.)

Lyallii (evergreen, with small round leaves and sprays of pale mauve flowers, 6 in.); *prostrata* (very dwarf, rich blue flowers); *prostrata* Mrs. Holt (creeper, pink flowers); *royal blue* (amethyst-blue flowers, 4 in.).

Viola. Alpine forms grow from 3-6 in. in cool positions. Water well in summer.

Vittadinia. The variety *triloba* has small, white, daisy-like flowers which turn deep pink with age. A trailing plant, it is suitable for dry sunny banks. Grows to 18 in.

The Thymus family are suitable in their prostrate forms for rockeries and slopes.

Tunica saxifraga, a grassy-leaved plant which thrives in an open, sunny position. The starry pink flowers are borne on graceful stems. Likes lime.

Zephyranthes, an autumn crocus, flowers in late summer. *Candida*, white, grows to 12 in.; *rosea*, pink, grows to 12 in.



FROSTED DREAM CAKE is pretty to the eye, appealing to the appetite. Recipe for this and other unusual cakes, below.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE

● A delicately colored cake, filled and coated with a soft, feathery frosting, makes a pretty picture on the table for a special party.

WE give here a selection of unusual cakes which will take a little extra trouble and time to produce, but will prove most worthwhile when you hear the sighs of appreciation from family and friends.

All spoon measurements are level, and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

FROSTED DREAM CAKE

One and a half cups plain flour, 1 cup castor sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 3oz. paraffin oil (bought from a chemist), 4 egg-yolks, $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 6 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, pink food coloring.

Mix sifted flour, baking powder, and salt with sugar. Make a well in the centre, add oil, unbeaten egg-yolks, cold water, and vanilla. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold in egg-yolk mixture. Pour into 2 ungreased 8in. sandwich-tins. Place a skewer into bottle of food coloring, remove, and run through cake batter until a marbled pattern is produced. Bake cakes in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Do not test with a skewer. Invert tins on a cake-cooler and allow to become cold. Loosen edges and turn out. Fill and cover with the following frosting and decorate with fresh flowers:

Heavenly Frosting: One cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 2 extra tablespoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, green food coloring, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Combine the 1 cup sugar and water in top of double boiler and stir until dissolved. Place over direct heat and boil without stirring until a little dropped into cold water can be moulded into a soft ball with the fingers. If a sweets-making thermometer is available, boil to 240deg. F. Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt, gradually add the 2 tablespoons of sugar, and beat until thick and smooth. Add the boiling syrup a little at a time while still beating constantly. Add cream of tartar, beat over boiling water until mixture stands in peaks. Color pale green, flavor with vanilla and lemon juice, spread over cake and allow to set.

SPICED DATE CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 4 eggs, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, few drops pink coloring, 12 dates, 2oz. chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon treacle.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt, making a soft mixture. Divide mixture into three parts. Place one-third over base of a greased 8in. cake-tin, color another third pale pink, spread over mixture in tin. Split dates, fill with finely chopped walnuts. Arrange over cake mixture in tin. Add spices and treacle to remaining third, mix well, spread over dates. Bake in a hot oven 10 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, and bake further 1 hour. When cooked, cool on cake-cooler. Ice with lemon-flavored icing and sprinkle with extra chopped walnuts.

LIQUEUR CAKE

Four eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons cornflour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 teaspoons butter, 2 tablespoons milk.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and dry. Slowly add sugar and beat until all is dissolved and mixture is a stiff meringue consistency. Add egg-yolks, vanilla, and salt, and beat until well blended. Fold in sifted flour and cornflour, lastly add hot milk in which butter has been melted. Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler and allow to stand overnight. Next day split one layer of sponge in halves and set aside while preparing the filling.

Filling: One cup plain sweet biscuit-crums, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped raisins, 2 teaspoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 tablespoon chopped moist peel, apricot jam, sherry.

Crumble the second layer of sponge into a basin, add biscuit-crums, walnuts, chopped raisins, cocoa, and cinnamon (well mixed together), peel, and sufficient sherry to make a moist mixture; work well together. Spread the split cake with apricot jam, then press the filling over one half, using all the filling to make a thick layer. Place remaining piece of sponge on top.

Chocolate Cream Topping: Three tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 cup icing sugar, 2 teaspoons cocoa, sherry.

Beat butter until soft, add sifted icing sugar a little at a time, then work in cocoa and add sufficient sherry to make a soft and fluffy topping. Spread over the filled cake, store in an airtight tin 24 hours before cutting.

DE LUXE CHOCOLATE CAKE

Three egg-yolks, 1 cup thick sour cream, scant $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2oz. cooking chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Beat egg-yolks with cream; gradually add sugar and beat until thick. Melt chocolate in hot water over low heat; cool slightly, add to egg mixture with vanilla. Add sifted flour, salt, and soda; fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Bake in two lined and greased 7in. sandwich-tins in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. When cooked, remove from tins and allow to cool. Sandwich together with the following:

Chocolate Creme: Two dessertspoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. grated chocolate or 2 tablespoons cocoa, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, extra 4oz. cooking chocolate, almonds, and cherries.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk and sugar, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add grated chocolate or cocoa (blended smoothly with a little extra milk). Beat until smooth and well mixed. Add vanilla and salt, allow to become cold before using. Then sandwich cakes together. Melt extra chocolate in a heatproof basin over hot water. Spread quickly over top of cake and decorate with halved almonds and cherries.

Cauliflower supper dish

● A Victorian reader wins this week's prize of £5 for an unusual meat and vegetable dish topped with butter sauce.

THIS prizewinning dish — Veal and Cauliflower Bake — could be baked in one dish or arranged in small individual ramekins. It makes an ideal supper dish or TV snack.

A recipe for Wholemeal Date Slices wins our consolation prize.

This is nourishing for chil-

dren's lunches, or could be served as dessert topped with custard.

All spoon measurements are level.

VEAL AND CAULIFLOWER BAKE

Four thin veal fillets, seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons butter or oil, 4 slices ham (roughly chopped), 1 sliced banana, ½ lb. sliced mushrooms (sauteed

lightly in extra butter), 1 cauliflower (broken into florets and cooked until nearly tender), extra 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Coat veal slices with seasoned flour and cook in butter

or oil until tender; drain. Place in base of a greased casserole dish and arrange pieces of ham, banana slices, mushroom slices, and cauliflower on top.

Make Sauce: Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour, and cook 1 minute without browning. Stir in milk and cook over heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Season with salt, pepper, and lemon juice and simmer gently 3 minutes.

Pour sauce over cauliflower and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until cauliflower is tender and sauce golden brown. Just before serving, sprinkle with parsley.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Amos, 9 Carlyle St., Hawthorn, Vic.

WHOLEMEAL DATE SLICES

Filling: Half pound stoned dates, ½ cup water, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon spice.

Biscuit Base: One and a half cups wholemeal self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter or, substitute, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ cup water.

FAMILY DISH

● Home-preserved or tinned peaches, served hot with a spicy, crunchy topping, make a delicious winter dessert, which is this week's family dish.

It costs approximately 5/-, and serves 5 or 6, according to size of peaches and number in tin or jar.

SPICY BAKED PEACHES

One large tin or jar peach halves, ½ cup syrup from peaches, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ cup crushed cornflakes, 1 tablespoon finely chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon good shortening.

Cut a small piece from the rounded side of each peach half so that it stands securely upright. Arrange peach halves in shallow ovenware dish. Mix peach syrup, lemon juice, sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg. Pour over peaches. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. Remove peaches, increase oven heat. Mix cornflakes, nuts, and lemon rind with melted shortening, sprinkle over peach halves. Return to hot oven, bake 10 minutes. Serve hot with cream, custard, or ice-cream.

Cake Mixture: Three ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 cup wholemeal self-raising flour.

Place all filling ingredients in small saucepan and cook over gentle heat until thickened. Leave to cool.

Make Biscuit Base: Rub butter or substitute into flour and salt mixture. Add sugar and mix to a firm dough with water. Press into base of a greased lamington tin. Spread prepared date filling over.

Prepare Cake Mixture: Cream butter or substitute with brown sugar until fluffy,

add egg, and beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Spread over date filling. Bake in a moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes or until cooked through. Allow to cool in tin. Ice with the following:

Lemon Icing: One cup sifted icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, about 1 tablespoon boiling water, walnuts.

Mix icing-sugar, lemon juice, and enough boiling water to make a smooth-spreading consistency. Spread over cake, sprinkle with chopped walnuts. Serve, cut into squares.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Notley, 151 Penshurst St., Willoughby, N.S.W.



VEAL SLICES, sauteed mushrooms, chopped ham, banana, and cauliflower pieces form this interesting luncheon or supper dish, topped with sauce and sprinkled with grated cheese and chopped parsley.

The unforgettable subtle perfume of . . .

'Remember'

An unforgettable new perfume.

Subtle, sensuous, sophisticated as dry champagne.



Remember Perfume 19/6 to 135/-

Handbag Phial 6/6

Remember Skin Perfume 6/9 and 10/6



. . . You're elusive, tantalising, loved. You're

the girl with the never-to-be-forgotten perfume,

the silken skin, the girl who uses heavenly

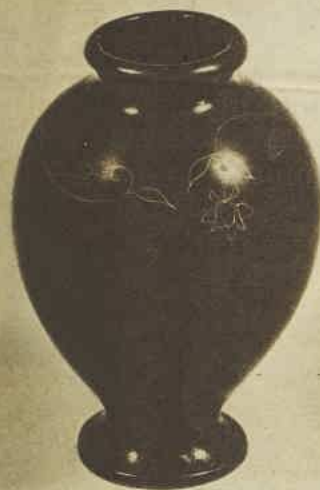
Remember perfume every day in this new way . . .

- Luxury soap, fragrant right through with costly Remember, to perfume and caress your skin . . . 4/3
- That heavenly perfume, in the silkiest, softest talc in the world . . . deodorant too . . . 6/3
- Perfume in your bath, six double cubes of enchanting Remember fragrance . . . 9/6

Goya

3 RUE SCRIBE - PARIS

Collectors' Corner



• Japanese vase.

• Readers' questions about their antiques are answered by Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, a Sydney expert.

SEND a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of markings, one question only, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Collectors' Corner," G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W.

Question—

"We have a black vase about 5 1/2 in. high with a fine line drawing of flowers round the top of it. It was given to my grandmother. Could you please tell me how old it is and where it was made?"

D.W., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

Answer—

It is 19th-century Japanese, and was probably made between 1850 and 1890. The pattern is finely inlaid silver and the vase is brass with a bronze surface.

MOTORING

• The oldest automobile manufacturer in the world, Daimler-Benz, can always be relied upon to give something out of the box.

THEIR cars — Mercedes-Benz—range in price from expensive to very expensive, and many people think they are the ultimate in engineering design.

But, like all good things, the Mercedes does not date in the frightening manner of some of the modern vehicles.

The "190" I drove had been used hard as a city and country demonstrator over 10,000 miles. Yet it felt better than the majority of brand-new cars.

After a while behind the wheel I felt complete confidence in the car. It exudes reliability and dependability.

The road-holding is wonderful, the steering quick and exact, the brakes powerful, the lights among the best I have seen. And the driver has a fully synchromesh four-speed gearbox which is delightful to use.

Full use can be made of

these features, thanks to the perfect driving position. It puts the driver in full control, and gives well above normal vision.

If you are an experienced motorist you will be surprised at the high performance the "190" can unleash.

It has only a relatively small four-cylinder engine,

By BETTY McKAY

Yet the "190" will outrun most saloons and some sports cars on our roads. Should the road be winding, few cars will keep the Mercedes in sight.

As a family touring car the "190" must rate very highly, for—driven normally—more than 30 m.p.g. is average.

Comfort is first-class, with spacious seating for five, ample baggage room, and a good heating and cooling system.

I drove a couple of hundred miles in the Mercedes, both as a driver and passenger, and

could find only a couple of complaints.

One was the (at times embarrassing) lag in acceleration when overtaking. I understand this is characteristic of the carburation system. But once past this lag the car picks up extremely well.

The position of the hand-brake is remote and makes operation rather fiddly.

The brakes, while most efficient, require high pedal pressures—more noticeable perhaps to a woman than a man.

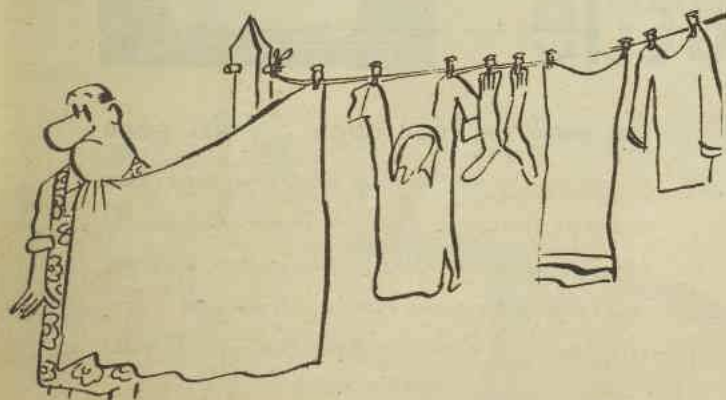
The Mercedes is really a man's car. He will get more out of it than a woman will.

But women will enjoy driving it and, at all times, travelling in it; the Mercedes is unquestionably one of the world's finest passenger cars.

HINT FOR THE WEEK: Always keep the floor of your garage clean. Then you will notice any oil leaks early—probably in time to save costly repairs.

Man in Apron

by Larry



Copyright London "Punch."



NAGGING COUGHS... STOPPED



HE SLEEPS ALL NIGHT LONG

NEW FROM VICKS!

ANTI-CONGESTION MEDICINE STOPS NIGHT COUGHS

...WORKS WHERE OTHERS FAIL!

Not only clears chest congestion but drains hidden nasal and sinus congestion as well. His cough goes . . . he breathes freely . . . he sleeps!



Clears chest congestion to stop coughs.



Drains nasal, sinus areas — he breathes freely.

New, more complete relief. Now, when your child coughs again and again and can't get the sleep he needs, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup.

Unique 3-way anti-congestion action. You see, Improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains a special, medically approved anti-congestant that not only clears chest congestion—it drains nasal and sinus congestion as well. What's more, this unique anti-congestant actually keeps congestion from building up! And with congestion gone . . . his cough is gone . . . he breathes freely . . . sleeps the night through. And you sleep, too!

Plus exclusive deep-penetrating action. Improved Vicks Cough Syrup also contains Cetamium, the amazing deep-penetrating agent that brings soothing medications deep into irritated folds and crevices of throat where other cough syrups never reach!

And Vitamin C. To help your child fight off infection and build his resistance to colds, improved Vicks Cough Syrup contains fresh-fruit Vitamin C!

So don't let a nagging, persistent cough keep your child from getting the sleep he needs. Tonight, give him new Improved Vicks Cough Syrup with Vitamin C!



Now with resistance-building Vitamin C

New IMPROVED Vicks

COUGH SYRUP

with Vitamin C



Prescription strength—for adults!

New Vicks FORMULA 44

Especially formulated to fight harsh, adult coughs! Gives faster, more complete relief.



Model-of-the-year Ann Felton cracks a bottle with husband Neil and son Scott whilst picnicking beside the river in Lane Cove National Park.

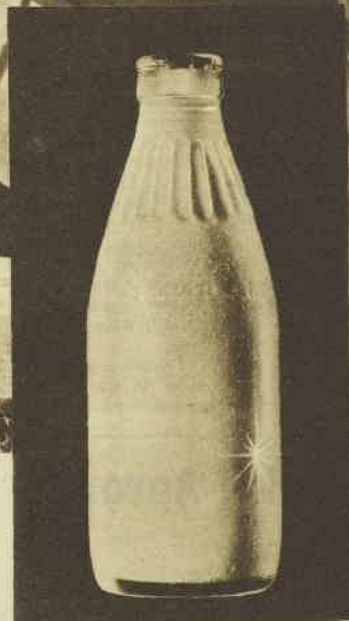
let's crack a bottle

Weather like this ought to be packed into every picnic-basket. Where's that brisk little breeze that set out with them? That big, smiling sun must have shoo-ed it home! That's why it's been warm work finding this springy grass to spread the rug on—and now the whole family needs a refresher!

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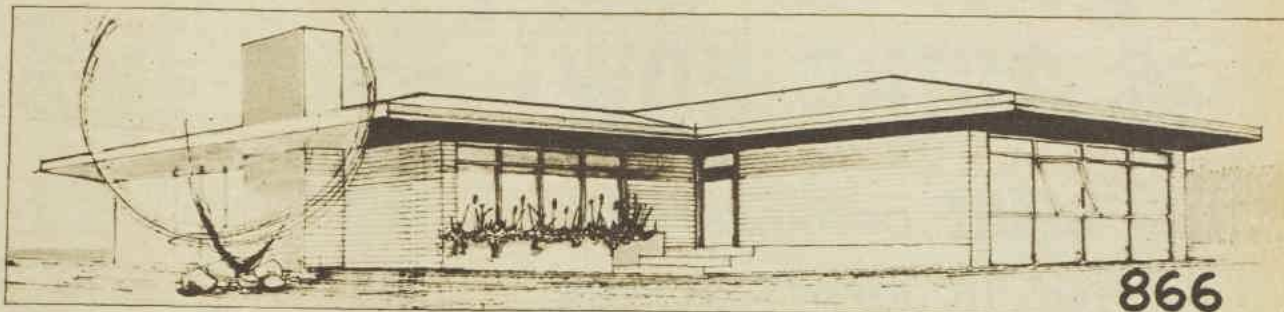
THE house is designed for a small family by architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack, but large outdoor living areas have been included to give an added feeling of spaciousness.

A wide entrance hall links the living area with the bedrooms, and there is plenty of space for linen and coat cupboards.

The living-room can be separated from the dining-room by curtains as shown, or glass sliding-doors can be used.

Alternatively, a small dining alcove built, say, 9ft. by 10ft., and a playroom of 10ft. by 10ft., opening on to the terrace, can be substituted for the single large dining area.

The plan, as illustrated, No. 866 in our



866

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of Plan No. 866 shows the simple lines of the design. Notice how the outdoor living areas are incorporated as an integral part of the plan for family living.

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Plans for individual designs in the book are available through the Centres at £10/10/- complete.

position. They can be placed at any angle on the site, built on stilts, or on the side of a steep hill. Both contemporary and traditional homes are available.

Carports and garages are not always shown on the plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

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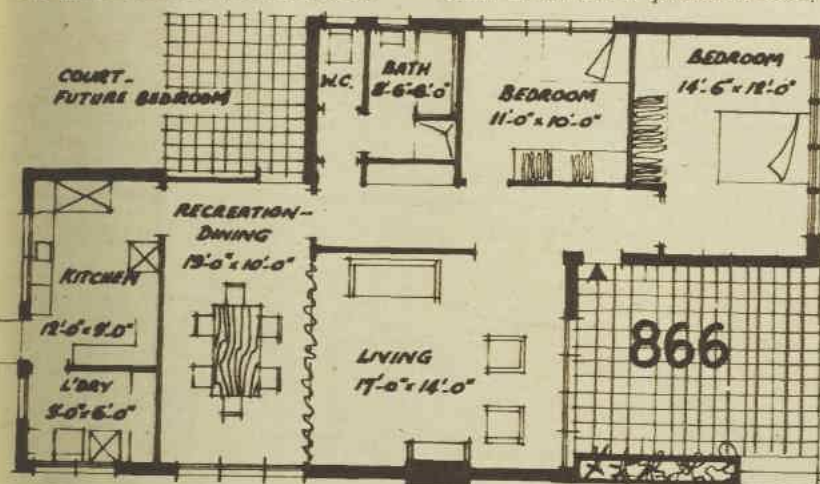
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

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ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street P.O. Box No. 79. (Telephone W0200.)



FLOOR PLAN for design No. 866 shows the living-room opening on to the terrace, and the spacious entrance hall dividing the living and sleeping areas.

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Continuing . . . THE MAN WHO STOPPED THE ORIENT EXPRESS

from page 19

said Henry doubtfully. "Stresa. Stresa."

"Passa-porto," said the man impatiently, and Henry handed his over and Anne reluctantly did the same.

"I suppose it's all right," said Henry, but he looked worried. When the thickset, stern conductor came by, Henry beckoned him in and with many smiles and anxious gestures tried to explain the situation. "Stresa," he said, pointing to himself and Anne. "Stresa. . . Passa-porto?" and he held out empty hands, palms up.

"Ah, sil!" said the conductor, looking faintly surprised, and he went off down the corridor. "I hope he understood," said Henry, peering out at the gloomy twilight. The train was slowing for Stresa, the sign on the little station platform said so. It was all right; the first man had come back with their passports.

But Anne was puzzled by the soiled cover on hers, and she looked inside to find, most horrifyingly, a strange name and a strange woman's picture. "This isn't mine!" she said, her voice loud and hollow.

Henry looked quickly at his, leant to look at hers, took it from her, and called after the retreating man. "It's wrong—my wife has the wrong passport—" And Anne's heart sank because now her immediate future was in Henry's inadequate hands unless she took it into her own—and hers was even more inadequate.

The man stopped and looked back. A porter sidled past him, followed by the arrogant conductor. "Stresa?" said the porter to Henry, reaching for the nearest suitcase.

"No!" cried Henry, pulling the suitcase back. "Please—"

"Stresa," said the conductor, frowning, pointing out of the window.

"But my wife has been given the wrong passport!" Henry protested, displaying the picture and pointing to Anne. The conductor shrugged his shoulders, beckoned to the porter, pointed

to the bags. The passport man took the passport, looked at the picture, looked at Anne, and made a little face. He spoke to the conductor; the conductor looked at his watch, picked up a suitcase, handed it to the porter, who began to walk away with it.

"No, we must have the right passport, first, please—leave those bags alone, please," said Henry with a desperate smile, but the conductor spoke impatiently in Italian, his eyes on his watch, and then he picked up the other suitcases, and the porter went off with them. The fabulous Orient Express was determined to shake itself free of their tiresome little difficulty at once and go on its very important way.

THEIR

luggage now stood on the platform, waiting to be claimed or abandoned. The conductor turned to them in cold triumph.

Henry, his face white, reached up and put his hand on the handle that passengers were forbidden to touch under a heavy penalty.

"I'm going to pull the alarm cord," he said slowly, "unless you bring us the right passport at once."

No one paid any attention.

Either pulling the alarm would accomplish nothing with the train standing still, or pulling it was so enormous a crime that they did not believe he would do it. They were all talking in Italian, explaining, urging, commanding an instant departure to the platform. The conductor looked again at his watch; Anne felt the faint tremor, the tension that comes when a locomotive takes the strain of its load.

And Henry pulled the handle.

There was an instant for wondering what would happen. Then Anne heard a high, piercing, unearthly squeal of agony that went on and on endlessly,

as if something vital in the train had been punctured and its life were escaping; and the conductor, the porter, and the passport man moved simultaneously and futilely to tear Henry away from the handle.

"I'm sorry," he said in his most courteous, apologetic voice, "but I warned you. I warned you."

With that thin, piercing, agonised sound as a continuing obbligato, everyone hurried into angry action. The passport man disappeared and reappeared on the platform with an armful of passports, all colors—dark red, black, purple, and light green—which he began to examine in the circle of light cast by the platform lamp.

Henry got off; Anne followed him; a middle-aged man in the most splendid uniform they had yet seen came up and muttered savagely. The high squeal of escaping life still went eerily on.

With the fresh night air cool against her face and bare arms, Anne turned and looked at the train, the long, heavy, formidable train, the Orient Express that should now have been hurrying along towards the dark hole in the Alps that was the Simplon tunnel, the train that Henry had halted. Astonished passengers stared from every lighted window. All she could feel was an enormous pride and a complete faith in him.

"That's the one, thank you," said Henry. He sounded depressed and shaken. "And I'm sorry I had to delay the train, but—"

"And where are you staying in Stresa?" said the middle-aged official severely. "Where can we find you?"

"At the Simplon Hotel," said Henry. He turned to Anne, dreading the future. "What do you suppose they'll do?"

"Oh, don't worry, darling," she said contentedly. "You'll manage!"

(Copyright)

Continuing . . . THE MATCHMAKERS

from page 25

Just before midnight she came back. It had been the usual kind of evening. Jocelyn was getting a new job. This one, he said, was going to be exactly the right one, with scope for his creative talents. His face was alive and enthusiastic and compelling. She had seen it like that too often.

Enthusiasm for new opportunities, then depression as they weren't what he had hoped, then the stimulation of another change. Some day he was certain he would come into his own. Perhaps he would. Perhaps she should have more confidence and faith in him. Perhaps she should decide that his good humor and wit and laughter compensated for his instability.

But her sisters kept telling her . . .

He didn't ask her to marry him. Nothing really serious was said. No harm had been done by one more night spent in his company. She had been kissed on her own doorstep and, for a moment, the moonlight had seemed very soft, the night entirely still.

In his usual vague way Jocelyn went off with no plans made about meeting again. He would turn up when he felt inclined, but the next time she would be firm. She really would. No more drifting. This was the psychological moment to break with the past.

The house, when she stepped inside, was very quiet. Yet she had a feeling that someone was

listening for her. In a moment whoever it was was going to sigh with relief, say "She's home," and turn over and go to sleep.

How foolish! She was having a flashback to her childhood when her mother had always listened for her. It was the house with the stairs and the several bedrooms that did it.

GEORGE, at least, had heard her come bounding down the stairs with little "B-r-r-p-s" of welcome. She was home. It was wonderful.

She went to the kitchen and heated milk on the gas-ring. This she took up to bed, climbing the stairs with a candle in one hand and the tumbler of milk in the other. The room was as she had left it, with the half-stripped wallpaper and the camp bed made up for the night. The mirror was empty. Only the candle flame showed in it, burning like a yellow crocus.

She undressed and slipped tiredly into bed. The candle blown out, there was the pleasant acrid smell of candle smoke. It seemed familiar and right in this quiet old room.

Quiet . . . She was almost asleep when George leapt from the foot of the bed as if badly startled. By the time she had found the matches and relit the candle, her hand shaking

badly, the cat was peering nervously down the dark stairway.

She had to make herself get out of bed and go to the door. Holding the light high she peered down. She thought she could hear faint busy chatter. Surely she couldn't be for the children, even the grown-ups next door, would be asleep.

A curtain swished distinctly. But there were no curtains in the house!

A skirt, then? Taffeta petticoats? What nonsense!

"George, don't do this kind of thing," she said crossly to the rigid cat. "Come back to bed."

It was a little later on, in the dark, that she heard the voices again.

"She won't do it, she's much too cautious."

"How can she be so silly! Who would want to be cautious? Oh, Theobald, no! You can't come in here. Do I have to tell you again we're not married!"

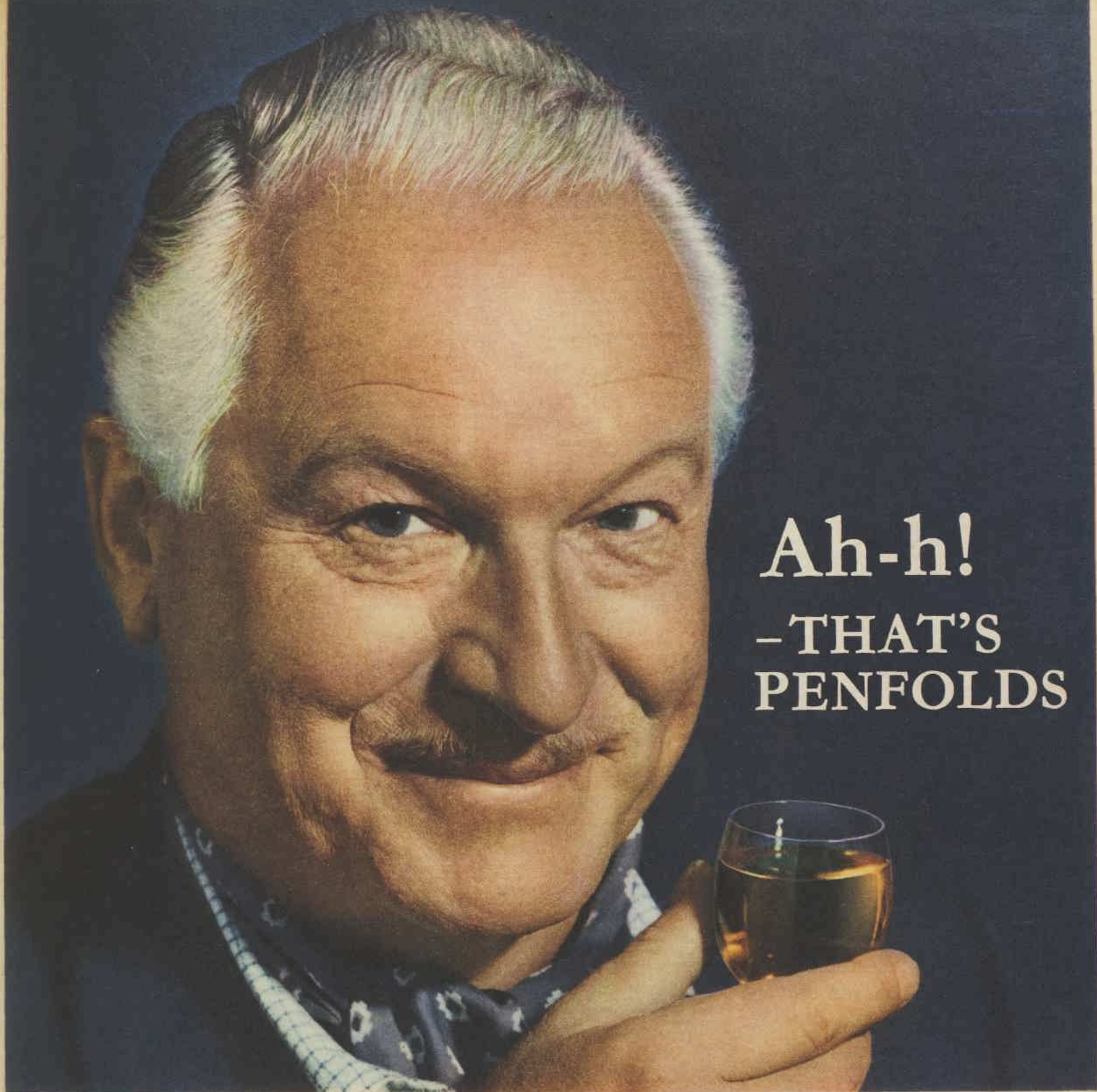
There was a long silence, then a voice, humble, sad, "It isn't my fault, Meg, dearest."

"I know. Time. . . . But to think that she can and she won't!"

"Perhaps she will in the end."

In the morning Linda couldn't decide whether or not she had dreamed that conversation. She thought she must have. For it couldn't have come

To page 42



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-THAT'S
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Continuing . . . THE MATCHMAKERS

from page 40

through the thin dividing wall of the next-door house. The people there were married, surely. She would find out more about them today, whether they had children, whether they were young and high-spirited. Whether they were talking about her already. For she was certain that part of the conversation had been about her.

It was a hot, bright day. She made coffee and got ready for the office where she worked. Already she was reluctant to leave the house. She wanted to go on scraping at the wallpaper, bringing to the light of the twentieth century the faded Victorian and Regency designs. She couldn't get it out of her head that the rooms would come to life as soon as she had left them and only George would be there to watch.

On an impulse on the way to work she stopped and rang the bell of the next-door house. After a long time an old woman in a dressing-gown opened the door. She said, "Good morning?" questioningly and a little querulously.

"I'm your new neighbor," Linda began. (Surely this was the elderly housekeeper or a pensioned nanny belonging to the family.) "I thought I'd tell you in case you wondered about noises. I'll be working at the walls fairly late in the evening."

"That's all right, my dear. You can't hear through the partition. I know, because the last tenants' had children. I never heard a thing."

"Are you sure? Perhaps—" Linda sought for tactful words, "—you don't hear very well?"

"There's nothing wrong with my hearing. It's only my legs that trouble me. And with my husband it's his bronchitis."

"You live here alone?"

"All alone, dear. No chick or child."

HOW then had she heard the voices? Where had they come from?

Linda spent the day in a dream. She scarcely knew what work she did. People had to speak to her twice.

"You getting deaf?" asked Janet.

"No." (Just the opposite, she thought. Her hearing was so acute that she heard sounds which weren't there.)

"Then wake up, for goodness sake. I've spoken to you three times. Were you out all night?"

"No, I was at home."

"You'd better marry him, Linda, and get him out of your system."

"It's not a him. It's a house."

She couldn't wait to get back. She was under a spell. The thrush would be singing in the lilac tree and the house full of the yellow glow of sunset. Everything would suddenly hush as she opened the front door.

The electricians had been, for the power was on. It was very exciting running from room to room to switch on the lights. She would be able to work late now. No more candlelight and illusions.

She intended to go straight up to her room to change into jeans and sweater.

Halfway up the stairs she heard a faint scream.

"Theobald! The water comes out hot!"

The sound seemed to have come from the kitchen. She paused, listening. All the lights were on as she had left them, in her childish pleasure that they worked. As she tiptoed down she could see the glow from the kitchen, also.

Why was she tiptoeing? There was no one there. The room was empty. Only the hot-water tap was turned on

and the water spilling out emitted a faint mist of steam.

She must have turned the tap on when she had tried the lights. She must have. How else could the water be running?

Theobald and Sweet Meg. The names were as clear in her mind as the rose-sprigged wallpaper. Like a signature. Who were they? Why did they keep obtruding into her consciousness?

George had fled upstairs and was sitting crouched on the top landing, his fur bristling.

"George, what is it?" Linda asked urgently.

"It's not the people next door, is it?" she went on, when her heart had stopped thudding. "It's here. And my hot water's running away. We've got to stop it."

But was she speaking of the hot water or the uncanniness?

When she had had a meal she felt prosaic again. The house, with its blazing lights, could not be more middle twentieth century. Who would be surprised that hot water came out of a tap these days?

She mustn't think of the strange happening. She must work steadily at the inexhaustible tasks and tomorrow there was something else she could do, a small investigation that might be significant.

She was so preoccupied that it did not please her when Jocelyn arrived.

"I saw you last night," she said bluntly.

"Can't you bear me again so soon?"

"It just isn't usual." He must bear the suspicion in her tone. But why was he showing her this extra attention?

"I agree. It isn't usual for me to spend evenings chipping away at old wallpaper. But for you I'll do it." Jocelyn grinned at her. "I promised to help. Didn't you expect me to keep a promise?"

She hadn't, of course. She had scarcely paid any attention to his words. Somehow she wished that, all at once, he hadn't become even temporarily dependable.

"Then if you're going to work, let's come upstairs. The older wallpapers are stuck terribly hard, but it's easier now I have plenty of hot water. You can slosh it on while I scrape."

Although she was disturbed at his coming, it was companionable having him. He worked hard, too. They scarcely spoke for an hour as they toiled at the ruined walls.

Then all at once, holding a strip of the lowest layer of paper, the Regency one with the faded pale green stripes, Jocelyn said casually, "Linda, I think we'd better get married."

"Married!"

"Don't look so surprised, darling. That's quite a familiar word to use."

"Not by you!"

"Naturally I don't say it every day. Or to every girl I meet. In fact, I've never said it before. But then I'd never seen you like this before, dirty and absorbed and beautiful. Your house suits you."

"Yes, that's it, isn't it? My house."

The words had been forced out of her and now she could scarcely bear to look at his face, it was suddenly so tight and angry.

"Linda, that's an unforgivable thing to say."

"Oh, Jocelyn, I'm sorry. But you never asked me to marry you before. It's awfully convenient to have a house, isn't it? My sisters . . ."

"I understand. Your sisters." His voice was cold and unfamiliar. "But this is your life, isn't it? Are you going to grow suspicious and narrow

like them? All right, it is nice that you have a house. But that's just a coincidence. It's just happened to show me another side of you. I always liked your face, but now, when it's got Victorian dust on it and that dedicated look—But what's the use? I can see you're not believing a word I say."

"Jocelyn, I want to. But how can I ever be sure you—"

"Don't! Oh, don't!"

"What was that?" exclaimed Jocelyn. Linda's sentence had been cut off sharply. The other voice, whispered and agonised, had come from—where?

"I thought I heard someone speak," said Jocelyn to Linda.

"I know," Linda whispered.

"So did I."

"Can you hear the next-door people?"

"They say—the wall is too thick."

"Have you heard voices before?"

"Yes, a little. George hears them, too. He's frightened, but I—"

She hesitated and found herself able to say with complete honesty, "I'm not."

"Strange. Old houses can be haunted."

His face was thoughtful. It also had dust on it and his

Do all the good you can, and make as little fuss as possible about it.

—Charles Dickens

hair was dishevelled. This, too, was another side of Jocelyn. She didn't want to think how appealing it was. She would weaken.

For nothing had changed, really, in that haunted moment. They had seemed to be in a strange kind of limbo, but that was imagination. They were here, in the dusty room and Jocelyn had asked her to marry him, because everything about her suddenly added up into an attractive picture, including the sheltering walls.

"I think I'll go now, Linda. I'm not going to give you the chance to say no to me tonight. Think it over. But don't be too practical. Don't add up all the disadvantages before you take a look at the other side. We love each other, you know."

She couldn't meet his eyes. She was almost in tears.

"Please go, Jocelyn. I promise—to think."

Afterwards, although the night was quiet and George slept undisturbed, she lay awake for hours. She couldn't think coherently. By daylight she was no nearer a decision than she had been the previous evening. But there was one thing she meant to do that day, although it could not possibly have any bearing on her own problem.

The solicitor agreed to see her in the lunch hour and was perfectly obliging about getting out the title deed to her house.

"It's all in order," he said.

"Here's your name inscribed as the present owner."

"Are the previous owners' names on this deed?" Linda asked him.

"Strangely enough, they are. I think you must have bought a happy house because it's changed hands so little. Not more than six owners in a century and a half. Before you there was Joseph Brown, merchant. He lived there for forty years. Then there was Margaret Caroline Erskine, spinster. She'd been there since Victorian times. She inherited the house from her father in the year 1870."

"Before that?" Linda inquired breathlessly. "Before Margaret Erskine's father?"

"There was a brief ownership here of John Thomas Good for seven or eight years. The first owner and the person who must have built the house was Samuel Theobald Williams. He's described as a gentleman."

"Theobald," whispered Linda. Her eyes were bright. "Is that all you wanted to know?"

She hadn't spoken for so long that the solicitor was looking at her, a little puzzled.

"Yes, that's all, thank you. It's very interesting. Now I've discovered Theobald and Sweet Meg. I could guess about them from the wallpaper, anyway. Meg would like roses and lovers' knots when she was young. Was she always a spinster?"

"There's no record of her change of name."

"It's fantastic. But now I understand."

She reached home at dusk. George had been sleeping on the bottom stair and stretched and came forward to greet her. The light of sunset shone in the windows. Two bright days had taken the color out of the lilac, but the thrush, as usual, was singing so ardently that the quietness of the house could not be listened to.

The carpenters had been to take away their tools from the basement. They must have opened the door, for the telephone men for she saw the telephone she had been waiting for had been installed.

So now she did not have to wait for the doorbell to ring. Supposing it did not ring, anyway, or her coolness last night had sent Jocelyn away not to return. He could have second thoughts as well as she.

But here was the telephone at her hand to summon him. Should she?

George rubbed affectionately against her ankles. Suddenly he sprang back, stiffening.

"Do it! Do it! Do it!" came the high clear voice.

But that was the thrush, singing madly. Or was it?

Her hand was on the telephone.

"She's going to. She really is!"

"I told you she would."

The twittering died away. With fingers that trembled, Linda dialled the number.

Then Jocelyn's voice was in her ear, shutting out any other thought or sound.

"Jocelyn, it's Linda. I wondered—are you coming to help in our house tonight?"

"Linda! Did you say our house?"

She laughed a little. They were so lucky, she thought. There might have been nearly a century between them and then they would have had to meet and fall in love in limbo, as had Samuel Theobald Williams, Regency gentleman, and Margaret Caroline Erskine, Victorian spinster.

But this had not happened to them. They were in the middle of the twentieth century and love was to be enjoyed. Their arms were warm and alive to hold one another. Nothing else mattered.

"Yes, I did say our house," she agreed quietly. "But the house is unimportant. Isn't it?"

"It always was to me, except that that's where I found you. I mean—really found you." His voice sounded a little puzzled, as if he didn't quite understand what he was saying. But she understood perfectly.

She knew exactly what he meant. Involuntarily she looked over her shoulder for their unseen well-wishers, their romantic and eager matchmakers.

But the hall and stairway were empty, the house silent. Only a curtain swished very faintly and stealthily in the evening breeze.

It was a moment before she remembered again that she had not yet hung any curtains.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1960



Charles lifted a hand, saw that it trembled, and lowered it again. "Yes," he said. "I bought it a week ago. I wanted to look up plant sprays."

"Oh, my goodness me!" Bertie ejaculated and stared at him. There was a general shocked silence.

"This specific spray?" Alleyn asked, pointing to the Slaypest.

"Yes. It gives the formula. I wanted to look it up."

"For pity's sake, Charles," Warrender exclaimed, "why the devil can't you make yourself understood?" Charles said nothing and he waved his hands at Alleyn. "He was worried about the damned muck!" he said. "Told Mary. Showed it."

"Yes?" Alleyn said as he came to a halt. "Showed it to whom?"

"To me, blast it! We'd been trying to persuade her not to use the stuff. Gave it to me to read."

"Did you read it?"

"Course I did. Lot of scientific mumbo-jumbo but it showed how dangerous it was."

"What did you do with the book?"

"Do with it? I dunno. Yes, I do, though. I gave it to Florence. Asked her to get Mary to look at it. Didn't I, Florence?"

"I don't," said Florence, "remember anything about it, sir. You might have."

"Please try to remember," Alleyn said. "Did you, in fact, show the book to Mrs. Templeton?"

"Not me. She wouldn't have given me any thanks." She turned round in her chair and looked at Old Ninn. "I re-

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member now. I showed it to Mrs. Plumtree. Gave it to her."

"Well, Ninn? What did you do with the book?"

Old Ninn glared at him. "Put it by," she said. "It was unwholesome."

"Where?"

"I don't recollect."

"In the upstairs study?"

"Might have been. I don't recollect."

"So much for the book," Alleyn said wryly and turned to Warrender. "You, sir, tell us that you actually used the scent-spray, lavishly, on Mrs. Templeton before the party. There were no ill-effects. What did you do after that?"

"Do? Nothing. I went out."

"Leaving Mr. and Mrs. Templeton alone together?"

"Yes. At least . . ." His eyes slewed round to look at her. "There was Florence."

"No, there wasn't. If you'll pardon my mentioning it, sir," Florence again intervened. "I left, just after you did, not being required any further."

"Do you agree?" Alleyn asked Charles Templeton. He drew his hand across his eyes.

"I? Oh, yes. I think so."

"Do you mind telling me what happened then? Between you and your wife?"

"We talked for a moment or two. Not long."

"About?"

"I asked her not to use the scent. I'm afraid I was in a temper about it." He glanced at Pinky. "I'm sorry, Pinky, I just — didn't like it. I expect my taste is hopelessly old-fashioned."

"That's all right, Charles," Pinky added in a low voice, "I never want to smell it again, myself, as long as I live."

"Did Mrs. Templeton agree not to use it again?"

"No," he said at once. "She didn't. She thought me unreasonable."

"Did you talk about anything else?"

"About nothing that I care to recall."

"Is that final?"

"Final," Charles said. "Did it concern, in some way, Mr. Dakers and Colonel Warrender?"

FROM THE BIBLE

• The word of the Lord endureth for ever.

—1 Peter 1: 25

This first letter of two written by Peter was sent to encourage Christians who were enduring suffering, encouraging them to cling to the things which are immortal and to look beyond their "present affliction." God's Word, or the Bible, as we know it, endureth for ever, though many familiar things pass into oblivion.

"Damn it!" Warrender shouted. "He's said he's not going to tell you, isn't it!"

"It did not concern them," Charles said.

"Where did you go when this conversation ended?"

"I went downstairs to my study. Richard came in at about that time and was telephoning. We stayed there until the first guests arrived."

"And you, Colonel Warrender? Where were you at this time? What did you do when you left the bedroom?"

"Ah—I was in the drawing-room. She—ah—Mary—came in. She wanted a rearrangement of the tables. Gracefield and the other fella did it and she and I had a drink."

"Did she seem quite herself, did you think?"

"Rather nervy. Bit on edge."

"Why?"

"Been a trying day, isn't it?"

"Anything in particular?"

He glanced at Richard.

"No," he said. "Nothing else."

Fox returned. "Mr. Marchant will be here in about a quarter of an hour, sir," he said.

There were signs of consternation from Pinky, Bertie, and Timon Gantry.

"Right," Alleyn got up, walked to the far end of the table, and picked up the crumpled paper that still lay where Richard had thrown it down. "I must ask Colonel Warrender and Mr. Dakers to give me a word or two in private. Perhaps we may use the study."

They both rose with the same abrupt movement and followed him from the room, stiffly erect.

He ushered them into the study and turned to Fox, who had come into the hall.

"I'd better take this one solus, I think, Fox. Will you get the exhibits sent at once for analysis. Say it's first priority and we're looking for a trace of Slaypest in the scent-spray. They needn't expect to find more than a trace, I fancy. I want the result as soon as possible. Then go back to the party in there. See you later."

In Charles Templeton's

study, incongruously friendly and comfortable, Warrender and Richard Dakers faced Alleyn, still not looking at each other.

Alleyn said, "I've asked you in here, without witnesses, to confirm or deny the conclusion I have drawn from the case-history, as far as it goes. Which is not by any means all the way. If I'm wrong, one or both of you can have a shot at knocking me down or hitting me across the face or performing any other of the conventional gestures. But I don't advise you to try."

They stared at him apparently in horrified astonishment.

"Well," he said, "here goes. My idea, such as it is, is based on this business of the letter, which, since you seem to accept my pot shot at it, runs like this."

He smoothed out the crumpled sheet of paper. "It's pieced together, by the way," he said, "from the impression left on the blotting-paper." He looked at Richard. "The original was written, I believe, by you to Mrs. Templeton when you returned finally to the house. I'm going to read this transcription aloud. If it's wrong anywhere, I hope you'll correct me."

Warrender said, "There's no need."

"Perhaps not. Would you prefer to show me the original?"

With an air of diffidence that sat very ill on him, Warrender appealed to Richard. "Whatever you say," he muttered.

Richard said, "Very well! Go on. Go on. Show him."

Warrender put his hand inside his coat and drew out an envelope. He dropped it on Charles Templeton's desk, crossed to the fireplace, and stood there with his back turned to them.

Alleyn picked up the envelope. The word "Mary"

was written on it in green ink. He took out the enclosure and laid his transcription beside it on the desk. As he read it through to himself the room seemed monstrously quiet. The fire settled in the grate. A cat or two drove past and the clock in the hall told the half-hour.

"I've come back," Alleyn read, "to say that it would be no use my pretending I haven't been given a terrible shock and that I can't get sorted out, but I'm sure it will be better if we don't meet. I can't think clearly now, but at least I know I'll never forgive your treatment of Anelida this afternoon. I should have been told everything from the beginning. R."

He folded the two papers and put them aside. "So they do correspond," he said. "And the handwriting — is Mr. Dakers'."

Neither Richard nor Warrender moved or spoke.

"I think," Alleyn said, "that when you came back for the last time you went up to your study and wrote this letter with the intention of putting it under her door. When you were about to do so you heard voices in the room, since two of my men were working there."

"So you came downstairs and were prevented from going out by the constable on duty. It was then that you came into the room where I was interviewing the others. The letter was in your breast pocket. You wanted to get rid of it and you wanted Colonel Warrender to know what was in it. So you passed it to him when you were lying on the sofa in the drawing-room. Do you agree?"

Richard nodded and turned away.

"This evening," Alleyn went on, "after Mr. Dakers left the Pegasus Bookshop, you, Colonel Warrender, also paid a call on

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1962

from page 44

Octavius Browne. Dusk had fallen, but you were standing in the window when Octavius came in, and, seeing you against it, he mistook you for his earlier visitor, whom he thought must have returned. He was unable to say why he made this mistake, but I think I can account for it.

"Your heads are very much the same shape. The relative angles and distances from hair-line to the top of the nose, from there to the tip, and from the tip to the chin are almost identical. Seen in silhouette with the other features obliterated, your profiles must be strikingly alike. In full-face the resemblance disappears. Colonel Warrender has far greater width and a heavier jawline."

"They were facing him now. He looked from one to the other."

"In these respects," he said, "Mr. Dakers, I think, takes after his mother."

"Well," Alleyn said at last, after a long silence, "I'm glad, at least, that it seems I am not going to be knocked down."

Warrender said, "I've nothing to say. Unless it's to point out that, as things have come about, I've had no opportunity to speak to" — he lifted his head — "to my son."

Richard said, "I don't want to discuss it. I should have been told from the beginning."

"Whereas," Alleyn said, "you were told, weren't you, by your mother this afternoon. You went upstairs with her when you returned from the Pegasus and she told you then."

"Why?" Warrender cried out. "Why, why, why?"

"She was angry," Richard said. "With me." He looked at Alleyn. "You've heard or guessed most of it, apparently. She thought I'd conspired against her."

"Yes?"

"Well — that's all. That's how it was."

Alleyn waited. Richard drove his hands through his hair. "All right!" he cried out. "All right! I'll tell you. I suppose I've got to, haven't I? She accused me of ingratitude and disloyalty. I said I considered I owed her no more than I had already paid. I wouldn't have said that if she hadn't insulted Anelida."

"Then she came quite close to me and — it was horrible — could see a nerve jumping under her cheek. She kept repeating that I owed her everything — everything, and that I'd insulted her by going behind her back. Then I said he'd no right to assume a controlling interest in either my friendships or my work. He said she had every right. And then it all came out. Everything."

"When she'd told me, she laughed as if she'd scored with her line of climax in a big scene. If she hadn't done that might have felt some kind of compassion or remorse or something. I didn't. I felt cheated and sick and empty. I went downstairs and out into the streets and walked about trying to find an appropriate emotion. There was nothing but a sort of faint disgust." He moved away and then turned to Alleyn. "But I didn't murder my" — he caught his breath — "my brand-new mother."

Warrender said, "For pity's sake, Dicky."

"Just for the record," Richard said, "were there two people called Dakers? A young married couple, killed in a car on the Riviera? Australians, I've always been given to understand."

"It's — it's a family name. My mother was a Dakers."

"I see," Richard said. "I just wondered. It didn't occur to me to marry her, evidently."

He stopped short and a look of horror crossed his face. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he cried out. "Forgive me, Maurice, it wasn't I who said that."

"My dear chap, of course I wouldn't have it! She was at the beginning of her career. What could I give her? A serving ensign on a very limited allowance. She — naturally — she wasn't prepared to throw up her career and follow the drum."

"And — Charles?"

"He was in a different position. Altogether."

"Rich? Able to keep her in the style to which she would like to become accustomed?"

"There's no need," Warrender muttered, "to put it like that."

"Poor Charles!" Richard said and then suddenly, "Did he know?"

Warrender turned a painful crimson. "No," he said. "It was — it was all over by then."

"Did he believe in the Dakers' story?"

"I think," Warrender said after a pause, "he believed everything Mary told him."

"Poor Charles!" Richard repeated, and then turned on

Never trust a man's opinions on any subject until he has been in love. Love is the only thing which can make life as clear as noon-day.

— John Oliver Hobbes

Alleyn. "He's not going to be told? Not now! It'd kill him. There's no need — is there?"

"None," Alleyn said, "that I can see."

"And you!" Richard demanded of Warrender.

"Oh for pity's sake, Dicky!"

"No. Naturally. Not you."

There was a long silence.

"I remember," Richard said at last, "that she once told me it was you who brought them together. What ambivalent roles you both contrived to play. Restoration comedy at its most elaborate."

Evidently they had forgotten Alleyn. For the first time they looked fully at each other.

"Funny," Richard said. "I have wondered if Charles was my father. Some pre-marital indiscretion, I thought it might have been. I fancied I saw a likeness — the family one, of course. You and Charles are rather alike, aren't you? I must say I never quite believed in the Dakers. But why did it never occur to me that she was my mother? It really was very clever of her to put herself so magnificently out of bounds."

"I don't know," Warrender exclaimed, "what to say to you. There's nothing I can say."

"Never mind."

"It need make no difference. To your work. Or to your marrying."

"I really don't know how Anelida will feel about it. Unless . . ." He turned, as if suddenly aware of him, to Alleyn.

"Unless, of course, Mr. Alleyn is going to arrest me for matricide, which will settle everything very neatly, won't it?"

"I shouldn't," Alleyn said, "depend upon it. Suppose you set about clearing yourself if you can. Can you?"

"How do I know? What am I supposed to have done?"

"It's more a matter of finding out what you couldn't have done. Where did you lunch? Here?"

"No. At the Garrick. It was a business luncheon."

"And after that?"

"I went to my flat and did some work. I'd got a typist in."

"Until when?"

"Just before six. I was waiting for a long-distance call from Edinburgh. I kept looking at the time because I was running late. I was meant to be here at six to organise the drinks. At last I fixed it up for the call to be transferred to this number. As it was I ran late and Mary — and she was coming downstairs. The call came through at a quarter to seven just as I arrived."

"Where did you take it?"

"Here in the study. Charles was there. He looked ill and I was worried about him. He didn't seem to want to talk."

"I kept getting cut off. It was important, and I had to wait. She — wasn't very pleased about that. The first people were arriving when I'd finished."

"So what did you do?"

"Went into the drawing-room with Charles and did my stuff."

"Had you brought her some Parma violets?"

"I? No. She hated violets."

"Did you see them in her room?"

"I didn't go up to her room. I've told you — I was here in the study."

"When had you last been in her room?"

"This morning."

"Did you visit it between then and the final time when you returned from the Pegasus and this disturbing scene took place?"

"I've told you. How could I? I . . ." His voice changed. "I was with Anelida until she left and I followed her into the Pegasus."

"Well," Alleyn said after a pause, "if all this is provable, and I don't see why it shouldn't be, you're in the clear."

Warrender gave a sharp outcry and turned quickly, but Richard said flatly, "I don't understand."

"If our reading of the facts is the true one, this crime was to all intents and purposes committed between the time (somewhere about six o'clock) when Mrs. Templeton was sprayed with scent by Colonel Warrender and the time fixed by a Press photographer at twenty-five minutes to eight, when she returned to her room with you. She never left her room and died in it a few minutes after you had gone."

Richard flinched at the last phrase but seemed to have paid little attention to the earlier part. For the first time, he was looking at his father, who had turned his back to them.

"Colonel Warrender," Alleyn said, "why did you go to the Pegasus?"

Without moving, he said, "Does it matter? I wanted to get things straight. With the gel."

"But you didn't see her?"

"No."

"Maurice," Richard said abruptly.

Colonel Warrender faced him.

"I call you that still," Richard went on. "I suppose it's not becoming, but I can't manage anything else. There are all sorts of adjustments to be arranged, aren't there? I know I'm not making this easy for either of us. You see one doesn't know how one's meant to behave. But I hope in time to do better: you'll have to give me time."

"I'll do that," Warrender said unevenly.

He made a slight movement

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HELPFUL WORDS ABOUT BABY'S CARE AND FEEDING

from Sister Jane Duncan of the Lactogen Nursing Service

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as if to hold out his hand, glanced at Alleyn and withdrew it.

"I think," Alleyn said, "that I should get on with my job. I'll let you know when we need you."

And he went out, leaving them helplessly together.

In the hall he encountered Fox.

"Peculiar party in there," he said. "Boy meets father. Both heavily embarrassed. They manage these things better in France. What goes on at your end of the table?"

"I came out to tell you, sir. Mr. Templeton's come over very much poorly again, and Dr. Harkness thinks he's had about as much as he can take. He's lying down in the drawing-room, but as soon as he can manage it the doctor wants to get him into bed."

"The idea is to make one up in his study and save the stairs. I thought the best thing would be to let those two—Florence and Mrs. Plumtree—fix it up. The doctor'll help him when the time comes."

"Yes. All right. What a hell of a party this is, by and large. All right. But they'll have to bung the mixed-up playwright and his custom-built poppa out of it. Where? Into mamma-deceased's boudoir, I suppose. Or they can rejoin that goon-show round the dining-room table. I don't know. Nobody tells me a thing. What else?"

"None of them will own up to knowing anything about the Parma violets. They all say she had no time for violets."

"Blast and stink! Then who the devil put them on her dressing-table? The caterer in a fit of frustrated passion? Why the devil should we be stuck with a bunch of Parma violets wilting on our plates?"

Fox discreetly fell silent.

"Pardon me, sir, but did I hear you mention violets?"

It was Gracefield, wan in the countenance, who had emerged from the far end of the hall.

"You did, indeed," Alleyn said warmly.

"If it is of any assistance, sir, a bunch of violets was brought in immediately prior to the reception. I admitted the gentleman myself, sir, and he subsequently presented them to madam on the first-floor landing."

"You took his name, I hope, Gracefield?"

"Quite so, sir. It was the elderly gentleman from the bookshop. The name is Octavius Browne."

"And what the merry hell,"

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Alleyn ejaculated when Gracefield had withdrawn, "did Octavius think he was up to, prancing about with violets at that hour of the day? Damnation, I'll have to find out, and Marchant's due any minute. Come on."

They went out at the front door. Light still glowed behind the curtains at the Pegasus.

"You hold the fort here, Fox, for five minutes. Let them get

Octavius, disconcerted and rather huffy, was hustled into telling his story. Anelida had sent him downstairs while she got ready for the party. He was fretful because they'd been asked for half-past six and it was now twenty-five to seven and he didn't believe her story of the need to arrive late.

He saw the handcart with the Parma violets and remembered that in his youth these flowers had been considered appropriate adjuncts to ladies of the theatre. So he went out and bought some.



"—they say they don't need any advice!"

Templeton settled down in the study, and if Marchant turns up, keep him till I'm back. Don't put him in with that horde of extroverts in the dining-room. Save him up. What a go!

He rang the bell and Octavius opened the door.

"You again!" he said. "How late! I thought you were Anelida."

"Well, I'm not and I'm sorry it's late, but you'll have to let me in."

"Very well," Octavius said, standing aside. "What's up, now?"

"Why," Alleyn asked, as soon as the door was shut, "did you take violets to Mrs. Templeton?"

Octavius blushed. "A man with a handcart," he said, "went past the window. They came from the Channel Islands."

"I don't care a damn where they came from. It's where they went that matters. When did the cart go past?"

He then, Alleyn gathered, felt shy about presenting them in front of Anelida. The door of Miss Bellamy's house was open. The butler was discernible in the hall. Octavius mounted the steps. "After all," he said, "one preferred to give her the opportunity of attaching them in advance if she chose to do so."

He was in the act of handing them over to Gracefield when he heard a commotion on the first landing and a moment later Miss Bellamy shouted at the top of her voice, "Which only shows how wrong you were. You can get out whenever you like, my friend, and the sooner the better."

For a moment Octavius was extremely flustered, imagining that he himself was thus addressed, but the next second she appeared above him on the stairs. She stopped short and gazed down at him in astonishment. "A vision," Octavius said. "Rose-colored or, more accurately, geranium, but with

the air, I must confess, of a Fury."

This impression, however, was almost at once dissipated. Miss Bellamy seemed to hesitate. Gracefield murmured an explanation which Octavius himself elaborated.

"And then, you know," he said, "suddenly she was all graciousness. Overwhelmingly so. She—he blushed again—"asked me to come up and I went. I presented my little votive offering. And then, in point of fact, she invited me into her room: a pleasing and Gallic informality. I was unmoved by it. She laid the flowers on her dressing-table and told me she had just given an old bore the sack. These were her words. I gathered that it was somebody who had been in her service for a long period. What did you say?"

"Nothing. Go on. You interest me strangely."

"Do I? Well, at that juncture there were sounds of voices downstairs—the door, naturally, remained open—and she said, 'Wait a moment, will you?' And left me."

"Well?" Alleyn said after a pause.

"Well, I did wait. Nothing happened. I bethought myself of Nelly, who would surely be ready by now. Rightly or wrongly," Octavius said, with a sidelong look at Alleyn, "I felt that Nelly would not be entirely in sympathy with my impulsive little sortle and I was therefore concerned to return before I could be missed. So I went downstairs and there she was, speaking to Colonel Warrender in the drawing-room. They paid no attention to me. I don't think they saw me. Warrender, I thought, looked very much put out. There seemed nothing to do but go away. So I went. A curious and not uninteresting experience."

"Thank you, Octavius," Alleyn said, staring thoughtfully at him. "Thank you very much. And now I, too, must leave you. Good-night."

As he went out he heard Octavius saying rather fretfully that he supposed he might as well go to bed.

A very grand car had drawn up outside Miss Bellamy's house and Mr. Montague Marchant was climbing out of it. His groomed head gleamed, his overcoat was impeccable, and his face exceedingly pale.

"Wait," he said to his chauffeur.

Alleyn introduced himself. The anticipated remark was punctually delivered.

"This is a terrible business," said Mr. Marchant.

"Very bad," Alleyn said.

"Shall we go in?"

Fox was in the hall.

"I just don't quite understand," Marchant said, "why I've been sent for. Naturally we—her management—want to give every assistance, but at the same time..." He waved his pearly gloves.

Alleyn said, "It's very simple. There are one or two purely business matters to be settled, and it looks as if you are our sole authority."

"I should have thought..."

"Of course you would," Alleyn rejoined. "But there is some need for immediate action. Miss Bellamy has been murdered."

Marchant unsteadily passed his hand over the back of his head. "I don't believe you," he said.

"You may as well, because it happens to be true. Would you like to take your coat off? No? Then, shall we go in?"

Fox said, "We've moved into the drawing-room, sir, it being more comfortable. The doctor is with Mr. Templeton, but will be coming in later."

"Where's Florence?"

"She helped Mrs. Plumtree with the bed-making."

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they're both waiting in the boudoir in case required."

"Right. In here, if you will, Mr. Marchant. I'll just have a look at the patient and then I'll join you."

He opened the door. After a moment's hesitation, Marchant went through and Fox followed him.

Alley went to the study, tapped on the door, and went in.

Charles was in bed, looking very drawn and anxious. Dr. Harkness sat in a chair at a little distance, watching him. When he saw Alley he said, "We can't have any further upsets."

"I know," Alley rejoined, and walked over to the bed. "I've only come in to inquire," he said.

Charles whispered, "I'm sorry about this. I'm all right. I could have carried on."

"There's no need. We can manage."

"There you are, Charles," Harkness said. "Stop fussing."

"But I want to know, Harkness! How can I stop fussing? I want to know what they're thinking and saying. I've a right to know. Alley, for pity's sake tell me: You don't suspect anyone close to her, do you? I can stand anything but that. Not—not the boy?"

"As things stand," Alley said, "there's no case against him."

"Ah!" Charles sighed and closed his eyes. "Thank heaven for that!" He moved restlessly and his breath came short. "It's all these allusions and hints and evasions . . ."

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 46

he began excitedly. "Why can't I be told things? Why not? Do you suspect me? Do you? then for heaven's sake let's have it and be done with it."

"Harkness came over to the bed. 'This won't do at all,' he said and, to Alley, 'Out!'"

"Yes, of course," Alley said, and went out. He heard Charles panting, "But I want to talk to him," and Harkness trying to reassure him.

When Marchant went into the drawing-room Timon Gantry, Colonel Warrender, Pinky Cavendish, and Bertie Saracen were sitting disconsolately in armchairs before a freshly tended fire. Richard and Anelida were together at some remove from the others, and P.C. Philpott attended discreetly in the background. When Marchant came in Pinky and Bertie made a little dash at him and Richard stood up.

Marchant kissed Pinky with ritual solemnity, squeezed Bertie's arm, nodded at Gantry, and advanced upon Richard with soft extended hand.

"Dear boy," he said. "What can one say! Oh, my dear Dicky!"

Richard appeared to permit, rather than return, a long pressure of his hand. Marchant added a manly grip of his shoulder, and moved on to acknowledge, more briefly, Anelida and Colonel Warrender. His prestige was unmistakable. He said any number of highly appropriate things.

Let us dream. We begin with dreams, we end with dreams; and when dreams are no more we shall be animals again.

— Will Durant

You will understand that matters of personal consideration or professional reticence can't be allowed to obstruct an investigation of this sort. Any attempt to withhold information may have disastrous results. On the other hand information that turns out to be irrelevant, as yours, of course, may, will be entirely wiped out. Is that understood?"

Gantry said, "In my opinion, Monty, we should take legal advice."

Marchant looked thoughtfully at him.

"You are at liberty to do so," Alley said. "You are also at liberty to refuse to answer to any or all questions until the arrival of your solicitor. Suppose you hear the questions and then decide."

Marchant examined his hands, lifted his gaze to Alley's face and said, "What are they?"

There was a restless movement among the others.

"Firstly. What exactly was Mrs. Templeton's, or perhaps in this connection I should say Miss Bellamy's, position in the firm of Marchant & Company?"

MARCHANT raised his eyebrows. "A leading and distinguished artist who played exclusively for our management."

"Any business connection other than that?"

"Certainly," he said at once. "She had a controlling interest."

"Monty!" Bertie cried out.

"Dear boy, an examination of our shareholders' list would give it."

"Has she held this position for some time?"

"Since 1956. Before that it was vested in her husband, but he transferred his holdings to her in that year."

"I had no idea he had financial interests in the theatre world."

"These were his only ones, I believe. After the war we were in considerable difficulties. Like many other managements we were threatened with a complete collapse. You may say that he saved us."

"In taking this action was he influenced by his wife's connection with the Management?"

"She brought the thing to his notice, but fundamentally I should say he believed in the prospect of our recovery and expansion. In the event he proved to be fully justified."

"Why did he transfer his share to her, do you know?"

"I don't know, but I can conjecture."

"His health is precarious. He's—he was—a devoted husband. He may have been thinking of death duties."

"Yes, I see."

Marchant said, "It's so warm in here," and unbuttoned his overcoat. Fox helped him out of it. He sat down very elegantly and crossed his legs. The others watched him anxiously.

The door opened and Dr. Harkness came in. He nodded at Alley and said, "Better, but he's had as much as he can take."

"Anyone with him?"

"The old nurse. He'll settle down now. No more visits, mind."

"Right."

Dr. Harkness sat heavily on the sofa and Alley turned again to Marchant.

"Holding, as you say, a controlling interest," he said, "she must have been a power to reckon with, as far as other employees of the management were concerned."

The lids drooped a little over Marchant's very pale eyes. "I really don't think I follow you," he said.

"She was, everyone agrees, a temperamental woman. For instance, this afternoon, we are told, she cut up very rough indeed. In the conservatory."

The heightened tension of his audience could scarcely have been more apparent if they'd all begun to twang like bow-strings, but none of them spoke.

"She would throw a temperamental," Marchant said coolly, "if she felt the occasion for it."

"And she felt the occasion in this instance?"

"Quite so."

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, she had pressed for the severance of some long-standing connection with your management? Would she have carried her point?"

"I'm afraid I don't follow that, either."

"I'll put it brutally. If she'd demanded that you sign no more contracts with, say, Mr. Gantry or Mr. Saracen or Miss Cavendish, would you have had to toe the line?"

"I would have talked softly and expected her to calm down."

"But if she'd stuck to it?"

Alley waited for a moment and then took his risk. "Come," he said. "She did issue an ultimatum this afternoon."

Saracen scrambled to his feet. "There!" he shouted.

"What did I tell you! Somebody's blown the beastly gaff and now we're to suffer for it. I said we should talk first, ourselves, and be frank and forthcoming, and see how right I was!"

Gantry said, "Hold your tongue, Bertie."

"What do we get for holding our tongues?" He pointed to Warrender. "We get an outsider giving the whole thing away with both hands. I bet you, Timmy. I bet you anything you like."

"Utter balderdash!" Warrender exclaimed. "I don't know what you think you're talking about, Saracen."

"Oh, pooh! You've told the Inspector or Commander or Great Panjandrum or whatever he is. You've told him."

"On the contrary," Gantry said, "you've told him yourself. You fool, Bertie."

Pinky Cavendish, in what seemed to be an agony of exasperation, cried out, "Oh, why can't we all admit we're no good at this sort of hedging! I can! Freely and without prejudice to the rest of you, if that's what you're all afraid of."

"And, what's more, I'm going to. Look here, Mr. Alley, this is what happened to me in the conservatory. Mary accused me of conspiring against her and told Monty it was either

To page 56

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Page 47

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"WENDY."—Smart shirt-waisted frock for summer days is available in spotted poplin. Colors are royal blue, pale blue, avocado, and pink, all on a white ground.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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THE RESPLENDENT Tsar Nicholas II (Massimo Girotti) receives ladies of the nobility at court. The splendor of the Imperial Palace contrasts sharply with the poverty of the rebel Circassian tribes.

● Universal drama "The Cossacks" portrays the revolt of the proud Mohammedans of the Caucasus, led by the legendary Sheik Shamil (Edmund Purdom), against Russia's Tsar.

JOHN DREW BARRYMORE, as Sheik Shamil's son, and Georgia Moll have a tearful farewell when he decides to leave Petersburg and join his father in the tribal uprising against his adopted country.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY - August 3, 1960

The *Entertainment*★ Cossacks

OVERCOME with anguish after a bitter skirmish with the Russians, in which half his heroic warriors were killed, Sheik Shamil (Edmund Purdom) attempts to comfort his grievously wounded son.



Page 49

'So much richer in vitamin goodness'

says Miss Gladys Moncrieff

"If you're like me and you enjoy a spread with real flavour, try Marmite. I guarantee you'll prefer it. Marmite is wonderful in cooking and I particularly enjoy it as a broth... excellent as a quick energy pick-up any time of the day."

Because it's a blend of two of nature's most vital food elements... yeast and vegetable extract... Marmite is an invaluable aid to good health. Rich in Vitamin B₁, Marmite helps promote strong healthy nerves, assists digestion, strengthens resistance to everyday ills. Every member of your family needs a daily quota of Marmite. Give them Marmite sandwiches for lunch, spread it on toast or crackers for quick appetizing snacks; and add a dab of Marmite to soups, stews and casseroles — a delicious savoury touch. Miles more flavour and many more spreads in every jar of Marmite.



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MARMITE



WITH GEORGE HAMILTON (left) and her husband, Robert Wagner, Natalie Wood looks through her latest pin-up photographs.

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ FIVE BRANDED WOMEN

Drama, with Silvana Mangano, Vera Miles, Barbara Bel Geddes, Jeanne Moreau, Richard Basehart, Harry Guardino, Steve Forrest, Alex Nicol. Prince Edward, Sydney.

BASED on Ugo Pirro's novel, this Dino De Laurentiis drama of five shamed women is brimming with as much violence as a 100-minute film could possibly take.

The action is so brisk, customers haven't time to question weaknesses in the plot, which, after one inspired and gripping hour, plunges into an over-lengthy series of gunnings. It could have been a "great."

But director Martin Ritt's superb photography successfully sustains a chill, stark atmosphere. And the entire cast give compelling performances.

For consorting with German superman Steve Forrest, a member of their town's occupying force, Silvana Mangano and four fellow "wantons" are shorn by partisans. The fallen women are then kicked out of town by the Germans, who don't like to be reminded of the partisans' power.

The crew-cut fivesome take to the woods, where they steal food from peasants, scavenge guns and boots and food from dead Germans, organise an ambush, shoot a couple of Home Guards who attack them, and join forces with the partisans who punished them.

As the quintet's tower of strength, Silvana Mangano is so compelling she hypnotises. And Van Heflin, the

stubborn partisan leader, plays his usual tough role and fulfils expectations.

In a word... VIGOROUS.

★★★ A MAN'S DESTINY
Drama, with Sergei Bondarchuk and Zinaida Kirienko. Gala, Sydney.

THIS Russian film of a poor peasant, who suffered hunger, cold, mockery, and torture and yet remained a man, is majestic in its simplicity.

Andrei Sokolov, excellently portrayed by Sergei Bondarchuk, is happy with his wife and children, working at his carpentry.

Then war breaks out. He is sent to the front as a driver, is captured, and moved from prison camp to prison camp.

He does not lose his faith in life and people through all his bitter experiences. He comes close to death many times, but lives and dreams of the day he can return home.

When he does return, he finds his wife and children dead, his home destroyed.

Life does not seem worth living, yet eventually he finds happiness with a small boy, whom he loves as a son.

Zinaida Kirienko proves herself a capable actress in her small part as Sokolov's wife, Irina.

Photography, too, is simple but excellent, and the scenes in the prison camps are most effective.

The film loses nothing through the English subtitles.

"A Man's Destiny" was made from the story by Mikhail Sholokhov, and has a strong message of faith in one's country.—P.F.

In a word... COMPELLING.

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"BRITISH AWARD" FRUIT CAKE
MADE WITH NEW-SEASON'S
FRUIT, FRESH EGGS, MILK,
PURE CREAMY SHORTENING.

Judged the most delicious light fruit cake

An entirely new recipe which won the acclaim of British housewives.
Now being made by cake shops throughout Australia.

NEVER BEFORE has a light, inexpensive fruit cake tasted as delicious as this British Award Fruit Cake. Your local cake shop is making it now to the prize-winning English recipe, so you can enjoy the same qualities that impressed the judges so much — the soft, moist texture that cuts perfectly . . . the rich 'well-rounded' flavour . . . the freshness that lasts right to the last slice. After sampling British Award Fruit Cake you'll think twice before you go to the trouble and expense of making cakes of this sort at home again — yes, it's really that good! And of course, a light fruit cake like this can be eaten and enjoyed every day of the week and used in so many ways. You'll agree British Award Fruit Cake is the best thing that ever happened to help you keep a cake-hungry family happy.



Use chunky slices of British Award Fruit Cake to make school lunches more nourishing — more fun to eat!



A dandy idea for parties or suppers — cubes of British Award Fruit Cake on tooth picks.



For a quick energy-lift there's nothing like fruit-laden Award Fruit Cake with your morning or afternoon cup of tea.

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sparkling health and vitality

Waterbury's Compound now WITH VITAMINS



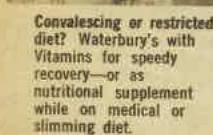
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Vitamins will quickly
restore your vitality
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Vitamins will soon have
you fit—on top of
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Convalescing or restricted
diet? Waterbury's with
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slimming diet.



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Mother? Waterbury's
with Vitamins keeps you
fit and well—helps you
provide the extra
nourishment a healthy
baby needs.

GET WELL,
STAY WELL,
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Waterbury's Compound

Waterbury's NEW VITAMIN FORMULA is a highly
effective, revitalising tonic fortified with—

VITAMIN B—which helps combat fatigue, irritability and depression
... strengthens and stimulates ... supplements dietary deficiencies.

NIACINAMIDE—an important member of the Vitamin B Complex
Group essential in good health.

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especially valuable during pregnancy and lactation.

health giving, energy giving, pleasant to take

**SAFEGUARDS HEALTH OF WHOLE
FAMILY.** Vitamin supplemented and
rich in minerals, phosphates, malt,
glucose and other essential health
factors, Waterbury's Compound with
Vitamins is the complete tonic for the
whole family—children, parents and
grandparents alike.

**COMBATS PHYSICAL AND MENTAL
STRAIN.** For people who work hard,
either manually or mentally, energy-
burning sportsmen and growing
youngsters, Waterbury's Compound with
Vitamins is a source of strength ...
combating fatigue and that "worn-out"
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STRENGTHENS NERVES.** Providing
material for tissue repair and growth,
rich in nerve-nourishing elements, Water-
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recovery to sparkling health ... then
helps to keep you well by building up
your natural resistance to sickness.

**VALUABLE AS PRE-NATAL AND
POST-NATAL TONIC.** To meet the extra
demands nature places upon her, the
mother-to-be or nursing mother often
requires a tonic supplement. The
enriched formula of Waterbury's
Compound with Vitamins makes it an
ideal health tonic for mother during this
precious and critical period of her (and
her baby's) life.

**HEALTH GIVING, ENERGY GIVING,
PLEASANT TO TAKE**—ideal for
children! Waterbury's Compound with
Vitamins combats deficiencies often
associated with modern diet and
provides a rich supplement of health-
giving, energy-giving elements. Extremely
palatable, it's the tonic children like
to take!

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST—HE KNOWS!



for effective DECONGESTIVE treatment of colds, 'flu
and bronchitis, ask for

Waterbury's Red Label

Widely recommended for the treatment of
respiratory ills and as a general health aid. Quickly
clears bronchial congestion ... breaks up
stubborn colds fast!

SOCIAL ROUNDAABOUT

By MARY
COLES

BRRRR! ... with an icy blanket covering the Alps,
skiers expect perfect weather for the New
South Wales Alpine Championships at Cracken-
back on July 30 and 31 and the opening of the
season for members of the Ski Club of Australia.

I hear that skiers who were in the Australian Olympic team,
including the team manager, Donald MacLurcan, who'll be
chairman of the race committee at the weekend, and cham-
pions Billy Day and Christine Davy, will be easily identified
by togs they brought back from America—very narrow elasti-
cised ski pants and quilted, down-filled parkas reaching to
below the hips.

"I FELT quite homesick when I saw our front door," was
Mrs. Roy McCaughey's nostalgic comment in a letter from
London after seeing our recent color page featuring the en-
trance to the McCaugheys' lovely home at Bayview. Mr. and
Mrs. McCaughey are due to reach Canada this week in the
Empress of Britain, and will go on to San Francisco to board
the Mariposa for Sydney.

DEVOTEES of the "sensible" black stockings vogue now
include Mrs. Bob Bockemann, Mrs. Jack Minnett, and
Mrs. A. J. S. Cotter, who bought her chic Paris-made ribbed
ones in London. Carole Money, Georgia Bevan, Diana Lloyd,
Sue Baume, and Virginia Osborne are also in the "black
legged" brigade. Mrs. Lorimer Dods wards off winter winds
in bright Kelly-green hose, and Mrs. Jim Ryrie's choice is
tartan.

CHATTING with Mrs. Roy Jones, wife of the Consul for
Iceland, at the reception given by the Consul-General for
Spain, Senor Jose Garay, and his charming fair-haired wife,
I was intrigued to hear we lead the world in the development
of Iceland poppies. In Iceland the native variety has a short
life as a spring wildflower, in just the yellow and orange colors.
"Australians hybridised the little poppies and tricked them
into growing to a large size in the autumn for long flowering
in a variety of shades," she said.

THE bleak night had no terrors for Mrs. Colin Delaney when
she had to leave her warm hearth to hostess the Police
Commissioner's Ball at the Trocadero. With her midnight-blue
gown she wore a white, padded-silk theatre coat, a gift which
had arrived earlier in the day from China.

ON the eve of sailing for England in the Oronsay last week,
David Black, of Wollongong, was invited to have a quiet
farewell dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Killick at the home
of Bob's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Killick, at Seaforth.
Settling down to watch television after the meal, he was taken
by complete surprise when the doorbell rang and about twenty
guests arrived for a very merry party in his honor. David will
do research work in organic chemistry at Cambridge, working
under the noted scientist Sir Alexander Todd.

JUST-ENGAGED Jill Wilson, of Roseville, and keen yacht-
man Dr. Edmund Barton will be feted at a party Mr. and
Mrs. Henry Gunson are giving for them at their home at Kirri-
billa on July 30. Ted and Jill will wed at St. Paul's University
Chapel in September and fly to Hongkong for their honey-
moon.

BEFORE taking off by air for abroad, Dr. Egmont Theile,
of Brisbane, and his wife, who was Dr. Alice Macourt,
of Sydney, holidayed with Mrs. Theile's brother-in-law and
sister, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Taylor, of Turrumurra.

The big thrill of their tour will be attending the Olympics
in Rome to see their son David—the Australian backstroke
champion—competing in the Games.

AFTER all her travels abroad as an overseas air hostess, Anne
Patterson, of Mosman, met her American fiancé, Robert
Simpson, of Bayshore, New York, on her own doorstep. She
came home one evening and found her parents, Mr. and Mrs.
R. F. Patterson, entertaining him following an introduction
by a mutual friend, Mr. Paul Sheridan. Within a month
they were engaged. On her next flight to the United States
Anne stayed with Bob's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl G. Simp-
son, and went shopping with her father-in-law-to-be, who
bought her a superb diamond engagement ring on his son's
behalf!

"IT'S a show for beauty's sake alone—non-competitive and
admission is free," said Professor E. G. Waterhouse, de-
scribing the Australian Camellia Research Society's Exhi-
bition at Farmer's Blackland Gallery on July 27, 28, and 29.
Three thousand blooms will be on view, and famous flower
painter Paul Jones is doing the decor.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES



JUST WED. Clyde Roberts and his bride, formerly Charmian Widdis, with their ice-blue velvet-gowned bridesmaids (from left), Jenny Cooper, Margaret Shannon, Judy Kater, Lynette Beeman, and youthful attendants Amanda Curlewis and Andrew Hooten, leaving St. Philip's, Church Hill, for reception at the Wentworth Hotel given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Widdis, of Willow Tree. After honeymooning in Queensland, Clyde and Charmian will live at "Northam," Quirindi.



IN QUEENSLAND. Isabel Mills (left), of "Canawindra," Glen Innes, and Diana Scherf, of "Little Ben," Emmaville, exercising their horses between matches at the Warwick Polocrosse Carnival. They were members of Ranger's Valley "B" team. The carnival attracted a thousand polocrosse enthusiasts.



HAT OF THE WEEK was worn by Mrs. Bruce MacFarlan, pictured with her husband, Mr. Justice MacFarlan, Dr. Lorraine Lawrence, and Mr. Maxwell Lawrence (couple on the left) at the reception given by the Consul-General for Spain, Senor Jose Garay, and his wife, Mrs. MacFarlan's hat was of fondant-pink net, cut in layers like the petals of a rose.



HOLIDAYING in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Swift, of "Warilda," Muswellbrook, were among guests at a cheery party given by Peter's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Swift, at their home at Killara.



SMILES from Brian Carter, of Barraba, and his bride, formerly Patricia Thompson, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their recent marriage. Patricia, who carried orchids with her white satin gown, was attended by her sister, Jane Thompson, Elizabeth Benson, of Scone, Robin Stephenson, of Bendemere, and Hazel Willcocks. A reception at the Australia Hotel followed the ceremony.

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soup time



There is always a warm welcome in cold wintry weather when you serve hot, nourishing Rosella Tomato Soup. Enjoy each of the 10 Rosella Soups — all *double strength* and so delicious, every can gives twice as much rich satisfying full-strength soup whether made with milk or water. Serve Soup anytime—your favourite Rosella Soup from these 10 varieties.

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TOMATO SOUP
DOUBLE STRENGTH OF COURSE!

BACK AGAIN— The Honeymooners



TALENTED TRIO, from left, Art Carney, Jackie Gleason, and Audrey Meadows, who provide the laughs and fun of "The Honeymooners," TV's funniest domestic comedy.

● Repeat programmes on TV are not generally popular, but few things have caused as much excitement as the repeat performance of "The Honeymooners," showing now all over Australia.

WHEN it finished, no programme was so lamented, no explanation could replace the fact that viewers were missing the best laugh of the week.

Gleason, delighted to hear that "The Honeymooners" is back in Australia, scotches rumors that he may make another 39 episodes of the show.

"I don't think you can ever go back to something after a long absence," he said. "The bloom is off the rose.

"I don't think a weekly, or even a bi-weekly, TV show is a good idea for anyone. After all, that's what killed off my TV shows before—repetition. You can't come up with something fresh and exciting week in and week out."

Jackie emphasised it was this, not any rumored feuds with co-stars Art Carney and Audrey Meadows, that made him give up his shows before.

"To be honest," he said, "I should say that TV gave me up."

Before it gave him up, TV made Jackie (seen below in one of the funny "Honeymooners" sequences) an international star and millionaire—which always makes it easier to philosophise.

At present Jackie is the star of the Broadway musical version of Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness." Art Carney is a big TV star, and Audrey Meadows is doing what is known in America as "guesting" on TV shows and working on the nightclub circuit.



Big TV cover of the Rome Olympics

by NAN MUSGROVE

● TV's greatest show on earth for 1960 is definitely the Olympic Games in Rome. More than 40 countries, with commentators speaking 34 different languages, have already made arrangements to telecast the Games from August 25 to September 11.

ARRANGEMENTS for Australian TV channel coverage are not yet finalised, but negotiations now under way make it certain that televiewers here will see a daily film coverage of the notable events.

Coverage here probably will be made up of films from English TV interests and America's Columbia Broadcasting System, which has the exclusive rights for America's TV cover.

Britain's B.B.C. has a team of more than 50 technicians and commentators for Rome. The C.B.S. team from America is said to be more than double that of the B.B.C.

Another impressive delegation is from Japan, where the Olympic coverage will be from two to three hours daily.

The Japanese are planning to make use of a special system — single frame "cabled" pictures. With this system, expensive but fast, the radioed picture images are reassembled into a strip of film for TV when they reach Tokio.

Eurovision, Europe's Continental TV network, will telecast a daily service of live telecasts from Rome to all corners of Europe — from Finland in the north-east to Spain.

In fact, with the exception of Portugal and Ireland, every European nation outside Russia will receive direct Eurovision telecasts.

Russia itself will, if the Warsaw-Moscow microwave radio relay link is finished.

The Eurovision transmission of the Games, accompanied by multilingual commentaries and narrations, is the responsibility of the Italian TV authority. It is expected to be picked up by 24,000,000 TV sets in Europe and be seen by more than 200,000,000 people.

DIGBY WOLFE is the latest overseas import for Australian TV.

He is here for three months to compete and star in "Curtain Call," to appear in the B.P. Super Show, to write about Australians for overseas magazines, to entertain nightclub patrons, to take a close look at our teenagers, and to indulge his two favorite passions — politics and conversation.

Mr. Wolfe lists these two as his favorite things, and in that order; but having spent an extended lunch-hour talking to Mr. Wolfe, I'd put talking first.

He's an accomplished and entertaining conversationalist — about politics, or, indeed, anything or anybody.

He's a good-looking blond man of 30, single, "but perpetually romancing," without a trace of one of those broad accents that generally go with the label "English comedian."

He was born in Norway and educated in Ireland and England, probably accounting for his accent, which is more international than English.

But my outstanding impression of Mr. Wolfe is his interest and unappeasable curiosity about everything Australian, and that lively tongue of his.

(In England, as well as his TV appearances, he writes a gossip column that is widely read, and enlivens his life from time to time by the writs it causes against him.)

Between asking questions about Australia, its people, its politics, its ways and habits, Mr. Wolfe had some interesting things to say.

ABOUT COMEDIANS:

"There is nothing so true as that old remark of Charles Chaplin's, 'Comedy is a serious business.'"

"It is very hard. It suffers in England from a dearth of good writers. TV writing doesn't attract writers. They aren't keen; there are so many things they can't say on TV, and they aren't paid enough."

"There are writers, but no really crack writers. There is no substitute for good writing."

"People laugh at Bob Hope and his six gag-writers who are always with him. But that's the way to get good material."

Mr. Wolfe writes his own scripts. He does it because he can't find anyone else to write them.

TELEVISION PARADE

"If I could find someone who could write scripts, I'd never let him out of my sight," he said. "If I could find someone here I would take him back with me."

Mr. Wolfe says France has more funny men to one square foot that the rest of the world together. He mentioned a number of names, and right at the top were those two Australian favorites Jacques Tati and Fernandel.

ABOUT TV: "Ideally, TV is for presenting yourself. It is the only art and entertainment form in which you select your audience. In every other form your audience selects you."

"But it is a wicked, vicious medium. You can do 12 brilliant shows and then do one bad one, and your money drops by half overnight — or it does in England."

"TV has finished the old era of glamor for stars. The big



DIGBY WOLFE

aloof build-up that Hollywood did so well gave a remote out-of-this-world glamor to them.

"In those days you didn't dream you'd ever meet a star, but with TV you meet them in your home every day."

"TV is cheapening to an entertainer. Your audience can switch you off or ignore you."

"But TV is to the community what a greenhouse is to plants. People grow in it, thrive, without effort. It is a superb medium for many things."

"I owe TV a great deal, indeed, everything, but you cannot keep on forever, writing,

entertaining, compering. You must eventually dry up."

From what I observed about Mr. Wolfe, it will be a long time, a long, entertaining time before this happens to him. He's an asset for Australia's live TV.

BIGGEST variety surprise of the year was the impressive appearance of Guy Doleman, who co-starred with George Wallace, jun., in the newest show to hit the screen, the George Wallace Late Show on Channel 9.

Having listened to Mr. Doleman on the radio for years as Grant Andrews of "Hagon's Circus," and in "Dossier on Demetrius," seen him recently in TV's "Square Ring" and "The Grey Nurse Said Nothing," I couldn't imagine him as anything but a straight-drama man.

But there he was, an Italian music professor, straight man to George Wallace, jun., doing a remarkably good job. It was all very entertaining.

The new Late Show, promises to be good.

Mr. Wallace is a funny man in anyone's language, and he was very ably supported by Mr. Doleman and the whole cast.

I always think it is hard to tell what a show is going to be like at its premiere, but I've rarely seen a better debut show. The only thing I could have done without was those slipping trousers as Mr. Wallace conducted his symphony orchestra. Old jokes are always good, but it would have been funnier if they hadn't slipped.

ERNEST BORGNINE, who won fame and fortune with his movie portrayal of "Marty," has turned down an offer to star in a "Marty" TV series. He says he doesn't want to have anything more to do "with that fat butcher."

"I've been 'Marty' long enough," he said. "I was haunted by him day and night. People forgot my real name."

"Mothers pointed me out to their children—'Look, there goes Marty.' And children jeered at me when their mothers weren't looking."

"It took quite an effort to live it down. It's all right for Robert Young to be better known as 'Father' of 'Father Knows Best,' for Lucille Ball to become 'Lucy.' But 'Marty'! I couldn't take that if they paid me a million dollars."



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her or me as far as the Management was concerned. Just that. And if it really came to the point I can assure you it'd be her and not me. You know, Monty, and we all know, that with her name and star-ranking, Mary was worth a damn sight more than me at the box office and in the firm.

"All right! This very morning you'd handed me my first real opportunity with the Management. She was well able, if she felt like it, to cook my goose. But I'm no more capable of murdering her than I am of taking her place with her own particular public. And when you hear an actress admit that kind of thing," Pinky added, turning to Alleyn, "you can bet your bottom dollar she's talking turkey."

Alleyn said, "Produce this sort of integrity on the stage, Miss Cavendish, and nobody will be able to cook your goose for you." He looked round at Pinky's deeply perturbed audience. "Has anybody got anything to add to this?" he asked.

After a pause Richard said, "Only that I'd like to endorse what Pinky said and to add that, as you and everybody else know, I was just as deeply involved as she. More so."

"Dicky, darling!" Pinky said warmly. "No! Where you are now! Offer a comedy on the open market and watch the managements bay like ravenous wolves."

"Without Mary?" Marchant asked of nobody in particular.

"It's quite true," Richard said, "that I wrote specifically for Mary."

"Not always. And no reason," Gantry intervened, "why you shouldn't write now for somebody else." Once again he bestowed his most disarming smile on Anelida.

"Why not, indeed?" Pinky cried warmly and laid her hand on Anelida's.

"Ah!" Richard said, putting his arm about her. "That's another story. Isn't it, darling?"

Wave after wave of unconsidered gratitude flowed through Anelida. "These are my people," she thought. "I'm in with them for the rest of my life."

"The fact remains, however," Gantry was saying to Alleyn, "that Bertie, Pinky, and Richard all stood to lose by Mary's death. A point you might care to remember."

"Oh, laws!" Bertie said, "aren't we all suddenly generous and noble-minded? Everybody loves everybody! Safety in numbers, or so they say! Or do they?"

"In this instance," Alleyn said, "they well might." He turned to Marchant. "Would you agree that, with the exception of her husband, yourself, and Colonel Warrender, Miss Bellamy issued some kind of ultimatum against each member of the group in the conservatory?"

"Would I?" Marchant said easily. "Well, yes, I think I would."

"To the effect that it was either they or she and you could take your choice?"

"More or less," he murmured, looking at his fingernails.

Gantry rose to his enormous

height and stood over Marchant.

"It would be becoming in you, Monty," he said dangerously, "if you acknowledged that as far as I enter into the picture the question of occupational anxiety does not arise. I choose my managements; they do not choose me."

Marchant glanced at him. "Nobody questions your prestige, imagine, Timmy. I certainly don't."

"Or mine, I hope," said Bertie, rallying. "The offers I've turned down for the management. Well, I mean to say! Face it, Monty dear, if Mary had bullied you into breaking off with Dicky and Timmy and Pinky and me, you'd have been in a very pretty pickle yourself."

"I am not," Marchant said, "a propitious subject for bullying."

"No," Bertie agreed. "Evidently." And there followed a deadly little pause. "I'd be obliged to everybody," he added rather breathlessly, "if they wouldn't set about reading horrors of any sort into what was an utterly unmeaningful little observation."

"In common," Warrender remarked, "with the rest of your conversation."

"Oh, but what a catty big Colonel we've got!" Bertie said.

Marchant opened his cigarette-case. "It seems," he observed, "incumbent on me to point out that, unlike the rest of you, I am ignorant of the circumstances. After Mary's death, I left this house at the request of—"

he put a cigarette between his lips and turned his head slightly to look at Fox—"yes, at the request of this gentleman, who merely informed me that there had been a fatal accident. Throughout the entire time that Mary was absent until Florence made her announcement, I was in full view of about forty guests and those of you who had not left the drawing-room. I imagine I do not qualify for the star role." He lit his cigarette. "Or am I wrong?" he asked Alleyn.

"As it turns out, Monty," Gantry intervened, "you're dead wrong. It appears that the whole thing was laid on before Mary went to her room."

Marchant waited for a moment, and then said, "You astonish me."

"Fancy!" Bertie exclaimed, and added in an exasperated voice, "I do wish, oh how I do wish, dearest Monty, that you would stop being a parody of your smooth little self and get down to tin-tacks (why tin-tacks, one wonders?) and admit that, like all the rest of us, you qualify for the homicide stakes."

"And what," Alleyn asked, "have you got to say to that, Mr. Marchant?"

An uneven flush mounted over Marchant's cheekbones.

"Simply," he said, "that I think everybody has, most understandably, become overwrought by this tragedy, and that, as a consequence, a great deal of nonsense is being banded about on all hands. And, as an afterthought, that I agree with Timon Gantry. I prefer to take no further part in this discussion until I have consulted my solicitor."

"By all means," Alleyn said. "Will you ring him up?"

"The telephone is over there in the corner."

Marchant leant a little further back in his chair. "I'm afraid that's quite out of the question," he said. "He lives in Buckinghamshire. I can't possibly call him up at this time of night."

"In that case you will give me your own address if you please, and I shan't detain you any longer."

Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 47

"My address is in the telephone book, and I can assure you that you are not detaining me now, nor are you likely to do so in the future."

He half-closed his eyes. "I resent," he said, "the tone of this interview, but I prefer to keep observation — if that is the accepted police jargon — upon its sequel. I'll leave when it suits me to do so."

"You can't," Colonel Warrender suddenly announced in a parade-ground voice, "take that tone with the police, sir."



"Oh, I won't be late, Mother. Albert's allowance only goes so far . . . usually up to about ten o'clock."

"Can't I?" Marchant murmured. "I promise you, my dear Colonel, I can take whatever tone I choose with whoever I like."

Into the dead silence that followed this announcement, there intruded a distant but reminiscent commotion. A door slammed and somebody came running up the hall.

"Heavens, what now!" Bertie Saracen cried out. With the exception of Marchant and Dr. Harkness they were all on their feet when Florence, grotesque in tin curling pins, burst into the room.

In an appalling parody of her fatal entrance she stood there, mouthing at them.

ALLEYN strode over to her and took her by the wrist. "What is it?" he said. "Speak up."

And Florence, as if in moments of catastrophe she was in command of only one phrase, gabbled, "The doctor! Quick! For pity's sake! Is the doctor in the house?"

Charles Templeton lay face down, as if he had fallen forward, with his head towards the foot of the bed that had been made up for him in the study. One arm hung to the floor, the other was outstretched beyond the end of the bed. The back of his neck was empurpled under its margin of thin white hair. His pyjama jacket was dragged up, revealing an expanse of torso — old, white, and flaccid. When Alleyn raised him and held him in a sitting position, his head lolled sideways, his mouth and eyes opened and a flutter of sound wavered in his throat.

Dr. Harkness leant over him, pinching up the skin of his forearm to admit the needle. Fox hovered nearby. Florence, her knuckles clenched between her teeth, stood just inside the door. Charles seemed to be unaware of these four onlookers; his gaze wandered past them, fixed itself in terror on the fifth; the short person who stood pressed back against the

wall in shadow at the end of the room.

The sound in his throat was shaped with great difficulty into one word. "No!" it whispered. "No! No!"

Dr. Harkness withdrew the needle.

"What is it?" Alleyn said. "What do you want to tell us?"

The eyes did not blink or change their direction, but after a second or two they lost focus, glazed, and remained fixed. The jaw dropped, the body quivered and sank.

Dr. Harkness leant over it for some time and then drew back. "Gone," he said.

Alleyn laid his burden down and covered it.

In a voice that they had not heard from him before, Dr. Harkness said, "He was all right ten minutes ago. Settled. Quiet. Something's gone wrong here and I've got to hear what it was." He turned on Florence.

"Well?" Florence, with an air that was half combative, half frightened, moved forward, keeping her eyes on Alleyn.

"Yes," Alleyn said, answering her look, "we must hear from you. You raised the alarm. What happened?"

"That's what I'd like to know!" she said at once. "I did the right thing, didn't I? I called the doctor. Now!"

"You'll do the right thing again, if you please, by telling me what happened before you called him."

She darted a glance at the small motionless figure in the shadow at the end of the room and wetted her lips.

"Come on, now," Fox said. "Speak up."

Standing where she was, a serio-comic figure under her panoply of tin hair curlers, she did tell her story.

After Dr. Harkness had given his orders, she and — again that sidelong glance — she and Mrs. Plumtree had made up the bed in the study. Dr. Harkness had helped Mr. Templeton undress and had seen him into bed and they had all waited until he was settled down comfortably. Dr. Harkness had left after giving orders that he was to be called if wanted.

Florence had then gone to the pantry to fill a second hot-water bottle. This had taken some time as she had been obliged to boil a kettle. When she returned to the hall she had heard voices raised in the study. It seemed that she had paused outside the door. Alleyn had a picture of her, a hot-water bottle under her arm, listening avidly. She had heard Mrs. Plumtree's voice, but had been unable to distinguish any words.

Then, she said, she had heard Mr. Templeton cry "No!" three times, just as he did before he died, only much louder; as if, Florence said, he were frightened. After that there had been a clatter and Mrs. Plumtree had suddenly become audible. She had shouted, Florence reported at the top of her voice, "I'll put a stop to it," Mr. Templeton had given a loud cry, and Florence had burst into the room.

"All right," Alleyn said. "And what did you find?"

A scene, it appeared, of melodrama. Mrs. Plumtree with the poker grasped and upraised, Mr. Templeton sprawled along the bed, facing her.

"And when they seen me," Florence said, "she dropped the poker in the hearth and he gasped, 'Florrie, don't let 'er' and then he took a turn for the worse and I see he was very bad. So I said, 'Don't you touch 'im. Don't you dare,' and I fetched the doctor like you saw. And God's my witness," Florence concluded, "if

she isn't the cause of his death! As good as if she'd struck him down, ill and all as he was, and which she'd done if I hadn't come in when I did and which she'd do to me now if it wasn't for you gentlemen."

She stopped, breathless. There was a considerable pause. "Well!" she demanded, "don't you believe it? All right, then. Ask her. Go on. Ask her!"

"Everything in its turn," Alleyn said. "That will do from you for the moment. Stay where you are." He turned to the short, motionless figure in the shadows. "Come along," he said. "You can't avoid it, you know. Come along."

She moved out into the light. Her small nose and the areas over her cheekbones were still patched with red, but otherwise her face was a dreadful color. She said, automatically, it seemed, "You're a wicked girl, Floy."

"Never mind about that," Alleyn said. "Are you going to tell me what happened?"

She looked steadily up into his face. Her mouth was shut like a trap, but her eyes were terrified.

"Look here, Ninn," Dr. Harkness began very loudly. Alleyn raised a finger and he stopped short.

"Has Florence," Alleyn asked, "spoken the truth? I mean as to facts. As to what she saw and heard when she came back to this room?"

She nodded very slightly.

"You had the poker in your hand. You dropped it when she came in. Mr. Templeton said, 'Florrie, don't let her. That's true, isn't it?'"

"Yes." "And before she came in you had said, very loudly, to Mr. Templeton, 'I'll put a stop to it? Did you say this?'"

"Yes." "What were you going to put a stop to?"

Silence. "Was it something Mr. Templeton had said he would do?"

She shook her head. For a lunatic second or two Alleyn was reminded of a panel game on television. He saw the Plumtree face in close-up; tight-lipped, inimical, giving nothing away, winning the round.

He looked at Fox. "Would you take Florence into the hall? You, too, Dr. Harkness, if you will?"

"I'm not going," Florence said. "You can't make me."

"Oh, yes, I can," Alleyn rejoined tranquilly, "but you'd be very foolish to put it to the test. Out you go, my girl."

Fox approached her. "You keep your hands off me!" she said.

"Now, now!" Fox rumbled cosily. He opened the door. For a moment she looked as if she would show fight and then, with a lift of her chin, she went out. Fox followed her.

Dr. Harkness said, "There are things to be done. I mean . . ." He gestured at the covered form on the bed.

"I know. I don't expect to be long. Wait for me in the hall, will you, Harkness?"

The door shut behind them. For perhaps ten seconds Alleyn and that small, determined, and miserable little woman looked at each other.

Then he said, "It's got to come out, you know. You've been trying to save him, haven't you?"

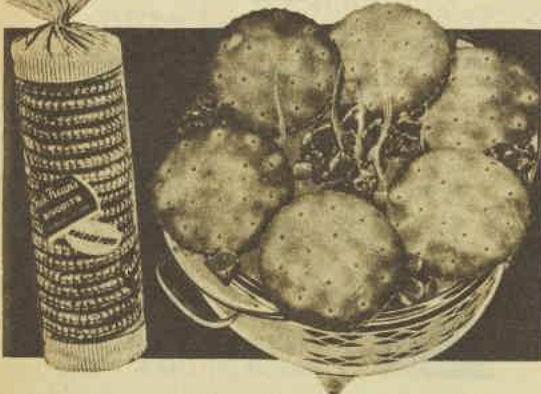
Her hands moved convulsively, and she looked in terror at the bed.

"No, no," Alleyn said. "Not there."

"I'm not talking about him. You didn't care about him. You were trying to shield the boy, weren't you? You did what you did for Richard Dakers."

To page 57

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She broke into a passion of weeping and from then until the end of the case he had no more trouble with Ninn.

When it was over he sent her up to her room.

"Well," he said to Fox, "now for the final and far from delectable scene. We should, of course, have prevented all this, but I'm damned if I see how. We couldn't arrest on what we've got. Unless they find some trace of Slaypest in the scent-spray my reading of the case will never be anything but an unsupported theory."

"They ought to be coming through with the result before long."

"You might ring up and see where they've got to."

Fox dialled a number. There was a tap at the door and Philpott looked in. He stared at the covered body on the bed.

"Yes," Alleyn said. "A death. Mr. Templeton."

"By violence, sir?"

"Not by physical violence. Heart disease. What is it, Philpott?"

"It's that lot in there, sir. They're getting very restive, especially Mr. Dakers and the Colonel. Wondering what was wrong with"—he looked again at the bed—"with him, sir."

"Yes. Will you ask Mr. Dakers and Colonel Warrender to go into the small sitting-room next door. I'll be there in a moment. Oh, and Philpott, I think you might ask Miss Lee to come, too. And you may tell the others they will have very little longer to wait."

"Sir," said Philpott and withdrew.

Fox was talking into the telephone. "Yes. Yes. I'll tell him. He'll be very much obliged. Thank you."

He hung up. "They were just going to ring. They've found an identifiable trace inside the bulb of the scent-spray."

"Have they indeed? That provides the complete answer."

"So you were right, Mr. Alleyn."

"And what satisfaction," Alleyn said wryly, "is to be had out of that?"

He went to the bed and turned back the sheet. The eyes, unseeing, still stared past him. The imprint of a fear, already non-existent, still disfigured the face. Alleyn looked down at it for a second or two. "What unhappiness!" he said and closed the eyes.

"He had a lot to try him," Fox observed with his customary simplicity.

"He had indeed, poor chap."

"So did they all, if it comes to that. She must have been a very vexing sort of lady. There'll have to be a p.m., Mr. Alleyn."

"Yes, of course. All right. I'll see these people next door."

He re-covered the face and went out.

Dr. Harkness and Florence were in the hall, watched over by a Yard reinforcement. Alleyn said, "I think you'd better come in with me, if you will, Harkness. And to Florence, 'You'll stay where you are for the moment, if you please.'"

Harkness followed him into the boudoir.

It had been created by Bertie Saracen in an opulent mood and contrasted strangely with the exquisite austerity of the study.

Notice to Contributors

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Continuing . . . FALSE SCENT

from page 56

"Almost indecently you darling!" Bertie had told Miss Bellamy and, almost indecently, it was so.

Its present occupants—Richard, Anelida, and Warrender—were standing awkwardly in the middle of this room, overlooked by an enormous and immensely vivacious portrait in pastel of Mary Bellamy. Charles, photographed some twenty years ago, gazed mildly from the centre of an occasional table. To Alleyn there was something atrociously ironic in this circumstance.

Richard demanded at once: "What is it? What happened?"

Is Charles . . . ?

"Yes," Alleyn said. "It's bad news. He collapsed a few minutes ago."

An affected little French clock above the fireplace cleared its throat, broke into a perfect frenzy of silvery chimes, and then struck midnight. Inspector Fox came into the room and shut the door.

Alleyn looked at Maurice Warrender.

"And now," he said, "there must be an end to equivocation. I must have the truth."

"I don't know what you mean," said Warrender, and could scarcely have sounded less convincing.

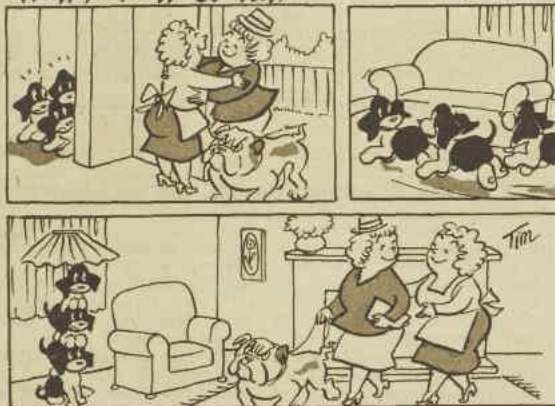
"I wonder why people always say that when they know precisely what one does mean."

"However, I'd better tell you.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



"But . . . ? You don't mean . . . ?"

"I'm afraid so."

Richard said, "Anelida! It's Charles. He means Charles has died. Doesn't he?"

"Why," she said fiercely, "must these things happen to you. Why!"

Dr. Harkness went up to him. "Sorry, old boy," he said, "I tried but it was no good. It might have happened any time during the last five years, you know."

Richard stared blankly at him. "You can't talk like that!"

"Steady, old chap. You'll realise, when you think it over. Any time."

"I don't believe you. It's because of everything else. It's because of Mary and . . ."

Richard turned on Alleyn. "You'd no right to subject him to all this. It's killed him. You'd no right. If it hadn't been for you it needn't have happened."

Alleyn said very compassionately, "That may be true. He was in great distress. It may even be that for him this was the best solution."

"How dare you say that!" Richard exclaimed and then "What do you mean?"

"Don't you think he'd pretty well got to the end of his tether? He'd lost the thing he most valued in life, hadn't he?"

"I—I want to see him."

Alleyn remembered Charles' face. "Then you shall," he promised, "presently."

"Yes," Harkness agreed quickly. "Presently."

"For the moment," Alleyn said, turning to Anelida, "I suggest that you take him up to his old room and give him a drink. Will you do that?"

"Yes," Anelida said. "That's the thing." She put her hand in Richard's. "Coming?"

He looked down at her. "I wonder," he said, "what on earth I should do without you, Anelida."

"Come on," she said, and they went out together.

Alleyn nodded to Harkness and he, too, went out.

A few minutes ago, immediately after Charles Templeton died, I talked to the nanny, Mrs. Plumtree, who had been alone with him at the moment of his collapse. I told her that I believed she had uttered threats, that she had acted in this way because she thought Templeton was withholding information which would clear your son from suspicion of murder and that, under the stress of this scene, Templeton suffered the heart attack from which he died.

"I told her your son was in no danger of arrest and she then admitted the whole story. I now tell you, too, that your son is in no danger. If you have withheld information for fear of incriminating him, you may understand that you have acted mistakenly."

W

WARRENDER seemed to be on the point of speaking, but instead turned abruptly away and stood very still.

"You refused to tell me of the threats Mrs. Templeton uttered in the conservatory and I got them, after great difficulty it's true, from the other people who were there. When I asked you if you had quarrelled with Charles Templeton you denied it. I believe that, in fact, you had quarrelled with him and that it happened while you were together in the study before I saw you for the first time. For the whole of that interview you scarcely so much as looked at each other. He was obviously distressed by your presence and you were violently opposed to rejoining him there. I must ask you again. Had you quarrelled?"

Warrender muttered, "If you call it a quarrel."

"Was it about Richard Dakers?" Alleyn waited. "I think it was," he said, "but, of course, that's mere speculation and open, if you like, to contradiction."

Warrender squared his

shoulders. "What's all this leading up to?" he demanded. "An arrest?"

"Surely you've heard of the usual warning. Come, sir, you did have a scene with Charles Templeton and I believe it was about Richard Dakers. Did you tell Templeton you were the father?"

"I did not," he said quickly.

"Did he know you were the father?"

"Not . . . We agreed from the outset that it was better that he shouldn't know. That nobody should know. Better on all counts."

"You haven't really answered my question, have you? Shall I put it this way? Did Templeton learn for the first time, this afternoon, that Dakers is your son?"

"Why should you suppose anything of the sort?"

"Your normal relationship appears to have been happy, yet at this time, when one would have expected you all to come together in your common trouble, he showed a vehement disinclination to see Dakers—or you."

Warrender made an unexpected gesture. He flung out his hands and lifted his shoulders. "Very well," he said.

"And you didn't tell him." Alleyn walked up to him and looked him full in the face.

"She told him," he said. "Didn't she? Without consulting you, without any consideration for you or the boy. Because she was in one of those tantrums that have become less and less controllable. She made you spray that unspeakable scent over her in his presence. I suppose to irritate him. You went out and left them together. And she broke the silence of thirty years and told him."

"You can't possibly know."

"When she left the room a minute or two later he shouted at the top of her voice: 'Which only shows how wrong you were. You can get out whenever you like, my friend, and the sooner the better.' Florence had gone. You had gone. She was speaking to her husband. Did she tell you?"

"Tell me! What the hell . . ."

"Did she tell you what she'd said to Templeton?"

Warrender turned away to the fireplace, leant his arm on the shelf, and hid his face.

"All right!" he stammered. "What does it matter, now. All right."

"Was it during the party?"

He made some kind of sound, apparently in assent.

"Before or after the row in the conservatory?"

"After." He didn't raise his head and his voice sounded as if it didn't belong to him.

"I tried to stop her attacking the girl."

"And that turned her against you? Yes, I see."

"I was following them, the girl and her uncle, and she whispered it. 'Charles knows about Dicky.' It was quite dreadful to see her look like that. I—I simply walked out—I . . ." He raised his head and looked at Alleyn. "It was indescribable."

"And your great fear after that was that she would tell the boy?"

He said nothing.

"As, of course, she did. Her demon was let loose. She took him up to her room and told him. They were, I daresay, the last words she spoke."

Warrender said, "You assume—you say these things—you . . ." and was unable to go on. His eyes were wet and bloodshot, and his face grey. He looked quite old. "I don't know what's come over me," he said.

Alleyn thought he knew. "It's not much cop," he said. "when a life's preoccupation

turns out to have been misplaced. It seems to me that a man in such a position would rather see the woman dead than watch her turning into a monster."

"Why do you say these things to me. Why?"

"Isn't it so?"

With a strange parody of his habitual mannerism he raised a shaking hand to his tie and pulled at it.

"I understand," he said. "You've been very clever, I suppose."

"Not very, I'm afraid."

Warrender looked up at the beaming portrait of Mary Bellamy. "There's nothing left," he said. "Nothing. What do you want me to do?"

"I must speak to Dakers and then to those people in there. I think I must ask you to join us."

"Very well," Warrender said. "Would you like a drink?"

"Thank you. If I may."

Alleyn looked at Fox, who went out and returned with a tumbler and the decanter that Alleyn had seen on the table between Warrender and Charles at his first encounter with them.

"Whisky," Fox said. "If that's agreeable. Shall I pour it out, sir?"

Warrender took it neat, and in one gulp. "I'm very much obliged to you," he said.

Alleyn said, "I am going to have a word with Dakers before I see the others."

"Are you going to — to tell him?"

"I think it best, yes."

"Yes. I see. Yes."

"When you are ready, Fox."

Alleyn said and went out. "He'll make it as easy as possible, sir," Fox said comfortably.

"Easy!" said Warrender, and made a sound that might have been a laugh. "Easy!"

The persons sitting in the drawing-room were assembled there for the last time.

At the moment it had an air of stability. Most of its occupants, having exhausted each in his or her own kind their capacity for anxiety, anger, or compassion, had settled down into apathy. They exchanged desultory remarks, smoked continuously, and occasionally helped themselves, rather self-consciously, to the drinks that Gracefield had provided. P. C. Philpott remained alert in his corner.

It was Dr. Harkness who, without elaboration, announced Charles Templeton's death and that indeed shook them into a state of flabbergasted astonishment. When Richard came in, deathly pale, with Anelida, they all had to pull themselves together before they found anything at all to say to him. They did, indeed, attempt appropriate remarks, but it was clear to Anelida that their store of consolatory offerings was spent. However heartfelt their sympathy, they were obliged to fall back on their technique in order to express it.

Pinky Cavendish broke into this unreal state of affairs by suddenly giving Richard a kiss

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"Mummy!"



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and saying warmly, "It's no good, darling. There really is just literally nothing we can say or do, but we wish with all our hearts that there was, and Anelida must be your comfort. There!"

"Pinky," Richard said unevenly, "you really are no end of a darling. I'm afraid I can't—I can't... I'm sorry. I'm just not reacting much to anything."

"Exactly," Marchant said. "How well one understands. The proper thing, of course, would be for one to leave you to yourself, which unfortunately this Yard individual at the moment won't allow."

"He did send to say it wouldn't be long now," Bertie pointed out nervously.

"Do you suppose," Pinky asked, "that means he's going to arrest somebody?"

"Who can tell! Do you know what?" Bertie continued very rapidly and in an unnatural voice. "I don't mind betting every man jack of us is madly wondering what all the others think about him. Or her. I know I am. I keep saying to myself, 'Can any of them think I darted upstairs instead of into the lav, and did it!' I suppose it's no use asking you all for a frank opinion is it? It would be taking an advantage."

"I don't think it of you," Pinky said at once. "I promise you, darling."

"Pinky! Nor I of you. Never for a moment. And I don't believe it of Anelida or Richard. Do you?"

"Never for a moment," she said firmly. "Absolutely not."

"Well," Bertie continued, inspired by Pinky's confidence, "I should like to know if any of you does suppose it might be me." Nobody answered. "I can't help feeling immensely gratified," Bertie said. "Thank you. Now. Shall I tell you which of you I think could—just—under frightful provocation—do something violent all of a sudden?"

"Me, I suppose," Gantry said. "I'm a hot-tempered man."

"Yes, Timmy dear, you! But only in boiling-hot blood with one blind swipe, not really meaning to. And that doesn't seem to fit the bill at all. One wants a calculating iceberg of a person for this job, doesn't one?"

THERE followed a period of hideous discomfort, during which nobody looked at anybody else.

"An idle flight of speculation, I'm afraid, Bertie," said Marchant.

Gantry glanced at Richard and said, "Obviously there's no connection—apart from the shock of Mary's death having precipitated it—between Charles' tragedy—and hers." Nobody spoke and he added half-angrily, "Well, is there! Harkness—you were there."

Dr. Harkness said quickly, "I don't know what's in Alleyn's mind."

"Where's that monumental, that superb old ham, the Colonel? Why's he gone missing

all of a sudden?" Gantry demanded. "Sorry, Dicky, he's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"He's... Yes," Richard said after a long pause. "He is. I think he's with Alleyn."

"Not," Marchant coolly remarked, "under arrest, one trusts."

"I believe not," Richard said. He turned his back on Marchant and sat beside Anelida on the sofa.

The handle of the door into the hall was heard to turn. Everybody looked up. Florence walked round the leather screen. "If you'll just wait, Miss," the constable said and retired. Philipp cleared his throat.

Richard said, "Come in, Floy. Come and sit down."

A heavy silence again fell upon the company. It was broken by the same sound and a heavier tread. Bertie half-rose from his seat, gave a little cry of frustration, and sank back again as Colonel Warrender made his entry.

Richard stood up. "Come and join us," he said, and pushed a chair towards the sofa.

"Thank you, old boy," Warrender said awkwardly, and did so.

Anelida leant towards him and after a moment's hesitation put her hand on his knee. "I intend," she said under her breath, "to bully Richard into marrying me. Will you be on my side and give us your blessing?"

He drew his brows together and stared at her. He made an unsuccessful attempt to speak, hit her hand painfully hard with his own, and ejaculated, "Clumsy ass. Hurt you, isn't it? Ah—Bless you."

"O.K.," said Anelida, and looked at Richard. "Now, you see, darling, you're sunk."

There was a sound of masculine voices in the hall. This time it was Alleyn who came round the leather screen.

"I'm sorry," he said, "to have kept you hanging about. It was unavoidable and it won't be for much longer. Until a short time ago you were still, all of you, persons of importance. From the police point of view, I mean, of course. It was through you that we hoped to assemble the fragments and fit them into their pattern. The pattern is now complete and our uncomfortable association draws to its end."

"Tomorrow there will be an inquest and you will be required, most of you, to appear at it. The coroner's jury will hear your evidence and mine,

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and one can only guess at what they will make of it. But you have all become too far involved for me to use any sort of evasion. Already some of you are suspecting others who are innocent. In my opinion this is one of those cases where the truth, at any cost, is less damaging in the long run, to vague, festering conjecture. For you all must know," Alleyn went on, "you must know even

emptied and washed out and the remaining scent from the original bottle was poured into it. I think there are two, possibly three, persons in the house at that time who could have committed these actions.

"They are all familiar with the room and its appointments and surroundings. The presence of any one of them in her room would, under normal circumstances, have been unremarkable."

A voice from outside the



if you won't acknowledge it...—his glance rested fleetingly on Richard—"that this has been a case of homicide."

He waited. Gantry said, "I don't accept that."

"You will, I think, when I tell you that the Home Office analyst has found a trace of Slaypest in the bulb of the scent-spray."

"It's conclusive. It clears up all the extraneous matter. The professional rows, the threats that you were all so reluctant to admit, the evasions and half-lies. The personal bickerings and antagonisms. They are all tidied away by this single fact."

Marchant, whose hands were joined in front of his face, lifted his gaze for a moment to Alleyn. "You are not making yourself particularly clear," he said.

"I hope to do so. This one piece of evidence explains a number of indisputable facts. Here they are. The scent-spray was harmless when Colonel Warrender used it on Mrs. Templeton. At some time before she went up to her room with Mr. Dakers, enough Slaypest was transferred to the scent-spray to kill her."

"At some time after she was killed—the scent-spray was

group violently demanded, "Where is she? Why hasn't she been brought down to face it?" And then, with satisfaction, "Has she been taken away? Has she?"

Florence advanced into the light.

Richard cried out, "What do you mean, Floy? Be quiet! You don't know what you're saying."

"Where's Ethel Plumtree?"

"She will appear," Alleyn said, "if the occasion arises. And you had better be quiet, you know."

FOR a moment she looked as if she would defy him, but seemed to change her mind.

"There is, however," Alleyn said, "a third circumstance. You will all remember that after the speeches you waited down here for Mrs. Templeton to take her part in the ceremony of opening the presents. Mr. Dakers had left her in her room, passing Florence and Mrs. Plumtree on his way downstairs. Mrs. Plumtree had then gone to her room, leaving Florence alone on the landing."

"Mr. Templeton went from

here into the hall. From the foot of the stairs he saw Florence on the landing, and called up to her that you were all waiting for her mistress. He then rejoined the party here. A minute or so later Florence ran downstairs into this room, and, after a certain amount of confused ejaculation, made it known that her mistress was desperately ill. Mr. Templeton rushed upstairs. Dr. Harkness after a short delay, followed. With Florence, Colonel Warrender and Mr. Gantry hard on his heels.

"They found Mrs. Templeton lying dead on the floor of her room. The overturned tin of Slaypest lay close beside her right hand. The scent-spray was on the dressing-table. That has been agreed to, but I am going to ask for a further confirmation."

Dr. Harkness said, "Certainly. That's how it was."

"You'd make a statement on oath to that effect?"

"I would," He looked at Gantry and Warrender. "Wouldn't you?"

They said uneasily that they would.

"Well, Florence?" Alleyn asked.

"I said before: I didn't notice. I was too upset."

"But you don't disagree?"

"No," she admitted grudgingly.

"Very well. Now, you will see, I think, all of you, that the whole case turns on this one circumstance. The tin of Slaypest on the floor. The scent-spray and the empty bottle on the dressing-table."

"Isn't it awful?" Pinky said suddenly. "I know it must be childishly obvious, but I just can't bring myself to think."

"Let me bring you up to date," Alleyn said. "There was poison in that scent-spray. Nobody, I imagine, will suggest that she put it there herself, or that she used the Slaypest on herself. The sound of a spray in action was heard a minute or so before she died. By Nifn—Mrs. Plumtree."

"So she says," Florence interjected.

Alleyn went on steadily, "Mrs. Templeton was alone in her room. Very well. Having used the lethal scent-spray, did she replace it on the dressing-table and put the Slaypest on the floor?"

Florence said, "What did I tell you? Ethel Plumtree! After I went. Say she did hear the thing being used. She done it! She went in and fixed it all. What did I tell you!"

"On your own evidence," Alleyn said, "and on that of Mr. Templeton, you were on the landing when he called up to you. You returned at once to the bedroom. Do you think that in those few seconds, Mrs. Plumtree, who moves very slowly, could have darted into the room, rearranged the scent-spray and Slaypest, darted out again and got out of sight?"

"She could've hid in the dressing-room. Like she does afterwards when she wouldn't let me in."

Alleyn said: "I'm afraid that won't quite do. Which brings me to the fourth point. I won't go into all the pathological details, but there is clear evidence that the spray was used in the normal way—at about arm's length and without undue pressure—and then at very close quarters and with maximum pressure. Her murderer, finding she was not dead, made sure that she would die. Mrs. Plumtree would certainly not have had an opportunity to do it. There is only one person who could have committed that act and the three other necessary acts as well. Only one."

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

with Joyce Halstead

"The Refugee"

Helen Fowler (Angus & Robertson).

Searing heat of Australian midsummer intensifies the drama of this story covering 24 hours and set around a youngish business tycoon's mansion on Sydney's North Shore. His god is money; Margaret, his loving wife, mother of his four young children, caring little for material success, and inspired by the teachings of her Church to help the needy, employs Stefan, a Bulgarian refugee, as gardener.

Kindly "Mr. Steffy" loves and is loved by the children, but resented by the husband. For the most part he is lonely and unhappy, always waiting for news of his wife and children. When at last a letter comes, it unleashes his pent-up emotions, bringing the story to an early violent climax. Unwittingly involved are two likeable and believable characters—Bert Johnson, a bottle-oh, and his son, Herb.

The rest of the story intelligently sorts out the involved reasons leading to tragedy. If anything, the "goodies" are too good;

the "baddies" beyond redemption. But the story is well written, with passages of great beauty and profound undertones, and presents a convincing, often amusing, picture of Australian moods and manners.

"The Art of Being a Well-dressed Wife"

Anne Fogarty (World's Work).

An American fashion expert gives good advice that could apply not only to wives but to all women who want to look "right" at all times. She puts special emphasis on planning a wardrobe to fit a husband's income, and on choosing clothes which will please him while suiting her.

There is a chapter on care of clothes, another on travel wardrobes, and another listing the author's pet hates, such as curling-pins in the street and dirty white gloves.

Often-asked questions are also answered, such as "I have big feet. Can I wear red shoes?" The author's answer is "If you like red shoes, wear them!"

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The drawing-room now seemed strangely deserted. Pinky Cavendish, Montague Marchant, Dr. Harkness, Bertie Saracen, and Timon Gantry had all gone home. Charles Templeton's body had been carried away. Old Ninn was in her bed. Florence had retired to adjust her resentments and nurse her heartache as best she could. Mr. Fox was busy with routine arrangements. Only Alleyn, Richard, Anelida, and Warrender remained in the drawing-room.

Richard said, "Ever since you told me and all through that last scene with them, I've been trying to see why. Why should he, having put up with so much for so long, do such a monstrous thing? It's—it's . . . I've always thought him—he was so . . ." Richard drove his fingers through his hair. "Maurice! You knew him. Better than any of us."

Warrender, looking at his clasped hands, muttered unhappily, "What's that word they use nowadays? Perfectionist?"

"But what do you . . . Yes. All right. He was a perfectionist, I suppose."

"Couldn't stand anything that wasn't up to his own standard. Look at those Tang figures. Little lady with a flute and little lady with a lute. Lovely little creatures. Prized them more than anything else in the house. But when the parlourmaid or somebody knocked the end off one of the little lute pegs, he wouldn't have it. Gave it to me, by heaven!" said Warrender.

"But it's one thing to feel like that and another to—No!" Richard exclaimed.

"It's happened," Warrender said flatly.

"Mr. Alleyn," Anelida suggested, "would you tell us what you think? Would you take the things that led up to it out of their background and put them in order for us? Might that help, do you think, Richard?"

"I think it might, darling. If anything can."

"Well," Alleyn said, "shall I try? First of all, then, there's her personal history. There are the bouts of temperament that have increased in severity and frequency—to such a degree that they have begun to suggest a serious mental condition. You're all agreed about that, aren't you?"

"I suppose so. Yes."

"What was she like thirty years ago, when he married her?"

Warrender looked at Richard. "Enchanting. Law unto herself. Gay. Lovely."

"Different? From these days?" Alleyn pursued.

"Yes!"

"So the musician's lute was broken? The perfect had become imperfect?"

"Very well. Go on."

"May we think back to yesterday, the day of the party? Things began to go wrong quite early, didn't they? Wasn't it in the morning that she learnt for the first time that her . . . He hesitated for a moment.

"It's all right," Richard said. "Anelida knows. Everything. She says she doesn't mind."

"Why on earth should I?" Anelida asked of the world at large. "In any case, Mr. Alleyn's talking about 'Husbandry in Heaven,' and me and how your mamma didn't much fancy the idea that you'd taken up with me and still less the idea of my reading for the part."

"Which she'd assumed was written for her. That's it," Alleyn said. "That exacerbated a sense of being the victim of a conspiracy, which was set up by the scene in which she learnt that Miss Cavendish was to play the lead in another comedy and that Gantry and Saracen were in the 'plot.' She was a jealous, ageing actress, abnormally possessive."

"But not always," Richard protested.

"Getting more so," Warrender muttered.

"Exactly. And perhaps because of that her husband, the perfectionist, may have transferred his ruling preoccupation from her to the young man whom he believed to be his son, and on whom she was loth to relinquish her hold."

The rare individual who has learned to govern himself is too fed up with the labor of it to want to govern anybody else.

— Henry S. Haskins

"But did he?" Richard cried out. "Maurice, did he think that?"

"She'd—let him assume it."

"I see. And in those days, as you've told us, he believed everything she said. I understand now," Richard said to Alleyn, "why you agreed that there was no need to tell him about me. He already knew, didn't he?"

"She herself," Alleyn went on, "told Colonel Warrender, after the flare-up in the conservatory, that she had disillusioned her husband."

"Did Charles," Richard asked Warrender, "say anything to you afterwards?"

"When we were boxed up together in the study. I've never seen a man so angry," he said at last. "So sick with anger."

ALLEYN continued, "Then there was the row over the scent. He asked her not to use it. She made you, Colonel Warrender, spray it lavishly over her in her husband's presence. You left the room. You felt, didn't you, that there was going to be a scene?"

"I shouldn't have done it. She could always make me do what she wanted," Warrender said.

"Never mind," Richard said, and to Alleyn, "Was it then she told him?"

"I think it was at the climax of this scene. As he went out she was heard to shout after him, 'Which only shows how wrong you were. You can get out whenever you like, my friend, and the sooner the better.' She was not, as Octavius supposed, giving a servant the sack, she was giving it to him."

"And half an hour later," Richard said to Anelida, "there he was—standing beside her, shaking hands with her friends. I thought, when I was telephoning, he looked ill. I told you. He wouldn't speak."

"And then," Anelida said to Alleyn, "came the scene in the conservatory."

"Exactly. And, you see, he knew she had the power to make good her threats. Hard on the heels of the blow she had dealt him, he had to stand by and listen to her saying what she did."

"Richard," Anelida said, "can you see? He'd loved her and he was watching her disintegrate. Anything to stop it!"

"I can see, darling, but I can't accept it. Not that."

"To put it very brutally," Alleyn said, "the treasured possession was not only hideously flawed but possessed of a devil. She reeked of the scent he'd asked her not to wear. I don't think it would be too much to say that at that moment it symbolised for him the full horror of his feeling for her."

"D'you mean it was then he did it?" Warrender asked.

"Yes. Then. It must have been then. During all the movement and excitement just before the speeches. He went upstairs, emptied out some of the scent, and filled up the atomiser with Slaypest. He returned during the speeches. As she left the drawing-room she came face to face with him. Florence heard him ask her not to use the scent."

"Good heavens, d'you mean it was a—kind of gamble?" Warrender exclaimed. "If she did as he'd asked—like those gambles on suicide? Fella with a revolver. Half live, half blank cartridges."

"Exactly that. Only this time it was a gamble in murder," Alleyn looked at them. "It may seem strange that I tell you in detail so much that is painful and shocking."

"I do so because I believe that it is less damaging in the long run to know rather than to doubt."

"Of course it is," Anelida said quickly. "Richard, my dear, isn't it?"

"Yes," Richard said. "I expect it is. Yes, it is."

"Well, then," Alleyn said, "immediately after he'd spoken to her, you came in. The photographs were taken and you went upstairs together. You tackled her about her treatment of Anelida, didn't you? And it ended in her throwing your parentage in your teeth?"

"It ended with that."

"When you'd gone she hurled your birthday present into the bathroom where it smashed to pieces. Instead of at once returning downstairs she went through an automatic performance. She powdered her face and painted her mouth. And then—well, then it happened. She used her scent-spray, holding it at arm's length. The windows were shut. It had an immediate effect, but not the effect he'd anticipated."

"What'd you mean?" Warrender asked.

"You've read the dictionary of poisons he bought. You may remember it gives a case of instant and painless death. But it doesn't always act in that way."

"He thought it would?"

"Probably. In this case, she became desperately ill. Florence came in and found her so. Do you remember what Charles Templeton said when Florence raised the alarm?"

Warrender thought for a moment. "Yes, I do. He said, 'Not now!' I thought he meant 'Not a temperament at this juncture.'"

"Whereas he meant 'Not now. Not so soon.' He then rushed upstairs. 'And by the time you all arrived on the scene, the Slaypest was on the floor and the atomiser on the dressing-table. And she was dead. He had found her as Florence had left her. Whether she'd been able to say anything that showed she knew what

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Continuing . . .

FALSE SCENT

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he'd done is a matter of conjecture. Panic, terror, a determination to end it at all costs—we don't know. He did end it as quickly as he could and by the only means he had."

There was a long silence. Anelida broke it. "Perhaps," she said, "if it hadn't happened as it did, he would have changed his mind and not let it happen."

"Yes. It's possible, indeed. As it was he had to protect himself. He had to improvise. It must have been a nightmare. He'd had a bad heart-attack and had been settled down in his dressing-room. As soon as he was alone, he went through the communicating door, emptied the atomiser into the lavatory, washed it out as best he could and poured in what was left of the scent."

"But how do you know?" Richard protested.

"As he returned. Old Ninn came into the dressing-room. She took it for granted he had been in the bathroom for the obvious reason. But later, when I developed my theory of the scent-spray, she remembered."

"She suspected the truth particularly as he had smelt of Formidable. So strongly that when Florence stood in the open doorway of the dressing-room she thought it was Ninn, and that she had been attempting to do the service which Florence regarded as her own right."

"My poor old Ninn!" Richard cried.

"She, as you know, was not exactly at the top of her form. There had been certain potations, hadn't there? Florence, who in her anger and sorrow, was prepared to accuse anybody of anything, made some very damaging remarks about you."

"There's no divided allegiance," Richard said, "about Floy."

"Nor about Ninn. She was terrified. Tonight she went into the study after Templeton had been put to bed there and told him that if there was any chance of suspicion falling on you, she would tell her story. He was desperately ill, but he made some kind of attempt to get at her. She made to defend herself. He collapsed and died."

Richard said, "One can't believe these things of people one has loved. For Charles to have died like that."

"Isn't it better?" Alleyn asked. "It is better. Because, as you know, we would have gone on. We would have brought him to trial. As it is, it's odds on that the coroner's jury will find it an accident. A

rider will be added pointing out the dangers of indoor pest-killers. That's all."

"It is better," Anelida said, and after a moment. "Mightn't one say that he brought about his own retribution?" She turned to Richard and was visited by a feeling of great tenderness and strength. "We'll cope," she said, "with the future. Won't we?"

"I believe, we will, darling," Richard said. "We must, mustn't we?"

Alleyn said, "You've suffered a great shock and will feel it for some time. It's happened and can't be forgotten. But the hurt will grow less."

He saw that Richard was not listening to him. He had his arm about Anelida and had turned her towards him.

Alleyn went up to Anelida and took her hand. "True," he said. "Believe me. He'll be all right. To my mind he has nothing to blame himself for. And that," Alleyn said, "is generally allowed to be a great consolation. Goodnight."

Miss Bellamy's funeral was everything that she would have wished.

All the Knights and Dames, of course, and the Management and Timon Gantry, who had so often directed her. Bertie Saracen, who had created her dresses since the days when she was a bit-part actress. Finky Cavendish in floods, and Maurice, very Guardee, with a stiff upper lip.

Quite insignificant people, too: her old Ninn with a face like a boot and Florence with a bunch of primroses. Crowds of people whom she herself would have scarcely remembered, but upon whom, as a columnist in a woman's magazine put it, she had at some time bestowed the gift of her charm. And it was not for her fame, the celebrated clergyman pointed out in his address, that they had come to say goodbye to her. It was, quite simply, because they had loved her.

And Richard Dakers was there, very white and withdrawn, with a slim, intelligent-looking girl beside him.

Everybody. Except, of course, her husband. It was extraordinary how little he was missed. The lady columnist could not, for the life of her, remember his name.

Charles Templeton had, as he would have wished, a private funeral.

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Australian writes amusing novel about Moscow

NEXT week we present the first long instalment of our new serial, "MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW," by Anne Telcombe, an Australian who lived for several years in Moscow, and who is at present writing a sequel to this, her first novel.

"Miss Bagshot Goes to Moscow" is a lively and amusing story about Miss Lavinia Bagshot, one of those indefatigable travellers and a source of permanent annoyance to her conservative relations, who are always having to rescue her from the most awkward situations abroad.

Her latest whim is to visit Russia, and despite her family's appeal to the Foreign Office to stop her, she manages to attach herself to a British delegation, the Anti-Fascist League for Peace, and finds herself happily in Moscow.

Don't miss this new, bright serial. As well as being an amusing story it is a fascinating picture of the Moscow of today, the Moscow of tourism and diplomatic life, the Moscow of the thaw, all of which have been shrewdly observed by this talented writer.

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4069, G.P.O., Sydney. Tas. readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 2348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5819. — Elegant sheath dress would be perfect for dinner dates. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5820. — Evening coat has simple lines and short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, or 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F5842. — Contrast collar is a feature of this full-skirted frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F5801. — Full-skirted frock has a contrast cummerbund and matching jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

Beginners' Patterns

F5896. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make sun-blouse requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 3/-.



F5818. — Slim-line frock has guipure lace trim and large patch pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. guipure lace trim (optional). Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 307.—POT-HOLDER SET

Useful pot-holder set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white, blue, lemon, pink, and green headcloth. Set of 3 priced at 2/9. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 308.—MAKE-UP CAPE

Simple to make, this make-up cape is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider in headcloth. Colors are pink, white, blue, green, and lemon. Price 7/6. Postage 9d. extra.

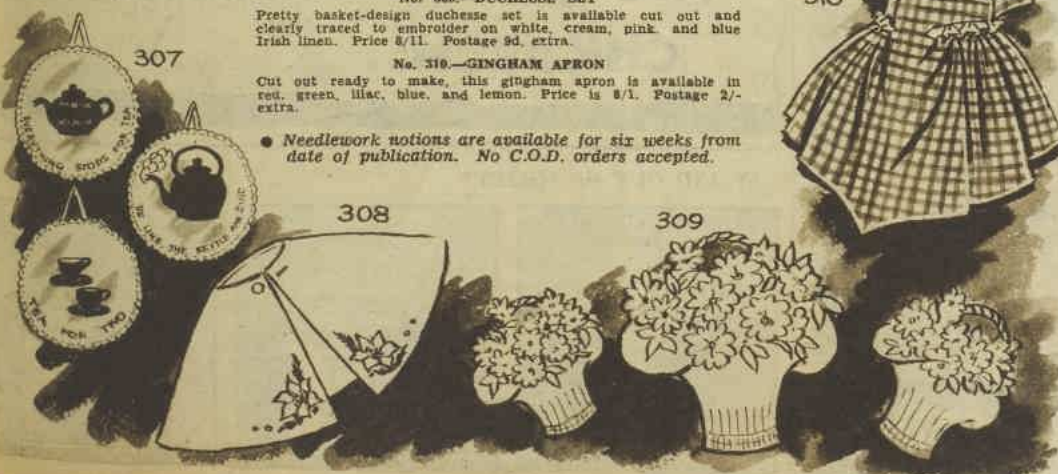
No. 309.—DUCHESS SET

Pretty basket-design duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white, cream, pink and blue Irish linen. Price 8/11. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 310.—GINGHAM APRON

Cut out ready to make, this gingham apron is available in red, green, lilac, blue, and lemon. Price is 8/11. Postage 2/- extra.

• Needlework notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning August 1



ARIES

The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

* Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a competition.

* Whether you compete among rivals for a desirable job or the attention of a handsome stranger in your group, you are on your side. If you compete on the sporting field, your chances are excellent; you'll be among the best. The spirit of rivalry acts as a spur to achievement and there may be material advantages attached to the prize.



TAURUS

The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in the family circle.

* Dame Fortune is likely to knock at your door and you'll be holding a celebration over the good luck of a member of the household. It may be that Dad's been promoted, that Mum has been elected to preside over some organisation, or that Big Sister has become engaged. It might even mean that Junior has been chosen to sing at a concert.



GEMINI

The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Wed., Friday. Luck in an interview.

* If a candidate for a job, you should make a good impression and be in the running. Should it be a medical or dental appointment, there is a lifting of worries. If you are one of a committee making a request to V.I.P., you will obtain a fair chance to state your case. A few of you gain a hearing through the influence of a friend.



CANCER

The Crab

JUNE 22 - JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy blue. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in handling money.

* Should this be your own money, you'll shine as a budgeter, planning for essentials yet leaving a margin for a bit of luxury or an unexpected bargain. If the money of others, especially if a voluntary worker, you will show sound judgment and a real talent for practical affairs. Remember your head must rule your heart at present.



LEO

The Lion

JULY 23 - AUGUST 22

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in leadership.

* If you have a good suggestion to make, offer it freely. If you're asked to hold office, take charge of a project, serve on a committee, accept with confidence in your ability to carry it through. Foresee difficulties and prepare to deal with them before they arise. Don't try to do everything yourself; assign tasks to others but keep the wheels turning.



VIRGO

The Virgin

AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in giving and receiving.

* You do someone a favor and that person comes to your rescue when you yourself are in a jam. You may exchange services with a neighbor, such as baby-sitting, which enables both of you to attend to business affairs or enjoy a social function. You perform a kind action and receive a token of appreciation which gives you a real thrill.



LIBRA

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23

* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday. Luck in group activities.

* If you're young, it's a party at the tennis club, or, if older, a voluntary worker, but you join a new enterprise in response to public needs and you won't let the grass grow under your feet. Some join a new group through friends or take on added responsibility in your circle. For the quite young, a romance may blossom through club membership.



SCORPIO

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck through authority.

* If a teenager, parents may be persuaded to allow you to attend an important social function. If slightly older, you may be offered a step up in career because the boss appreciates your work. For some, parental opposition to your romance may be won over. If older, you may be fortunate in a government matter. Elders may influence you.



SAGITTARIUS

The Archer

NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22

* Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a journey.

* Whether your journey be long or short, for a day, a week, or a month, you'll see new scenes, people, places, gain a new outlook. Some of you plan holidays for now or next summer, read travel literature, book accommodation. If you plan to cover a lot of ground, read up now on places you hope to visit. The Sagittarian is happy on the move.



CAPRICORN

The Goat

DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a windfall.

* You might find a sum of money or an article of value in a busy place; there could be a reward for the finder. You could be given a white elephant and discover a clever way to make use of it. A bit of treasure trove could be unearthed when you are engaged in turning out a cupboard. The man-in-your-life might give you a desired present.



AQUARIUS

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

* Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in partnerships.

* Don't act without consulting your fiancé or marriage partner; between you many a plan can be improved upon. If you play any game, the right choice of a partner could mean the difference between victory and defeat. Some of you may now team with a member of your own sex with similar interests. Beware of jealousy between partners.



PISCES

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20

* Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in efficiency.

* You'll need to step up the pace if you hope to accomplish all you have set down on that schedule. You dash from one thing to the next but do try to finish as many tasks as possible. New clothing is likely to boost your morale, for your sign is apt to lack self-confidence. Don't coddle the family; get them to help on any major project.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn
Age 32½



He's SUPPOSED to be in a SAMMY-PRIVATE room, BUT THERE'S AN OTHER guy in THERE ALSO.



So THEN A AMBULANCE CAME & TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL.



ALSO I THINK HE'S NOT ALOND TO EAT, CAUSE EVERY BODY WAS SNEAKING food into Him.



ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN:

When Your Crossing the Street, BE SURE & wait till an EMPTY Space comes by!



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 3, 1960



See how much faster

Steele SOAP PADS

clean aluminium...

Quick-acting detergent soap and the finest, softest steel wool give you the greatest cleaning and polishing combination in Steelo Soap Pads.

The latter's "built-in" every Steelo Soap Pad. Cuts wash-up time... keeps aluminium and kitchenware brighter and cleaner than ever.

Buy

Steele SOAP PADS



easy to use and LONGER-LASTING

IM FIGHTING FIT
AT FIFTY...



Thanks
to
FORD PILLS

Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvelous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most men feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, for 4/- and 3/6 everywhere.

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FACIAL HAIRS

Effective Home Treatment

Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "VANIX" devitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX"

Is only 7/11 a bottle from all chemists of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson and Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne, Geelong and Ballarat; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boas Ltd., Perth.
Mail Orders 9/-, including postage from above, or direct from THE VANIX CO. (Dept. W1), Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.



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YOUR
BABY
LOVELY
CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 4/6

Curlypet

Away Go **CORNS**

Pain Stops in SECONDS

No Other Method
like Dr. Scholl's

Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads speedily relieve corns, sore toes and tender spots. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions, 3/- pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Start the weekend
well with

Weekend



1/- from
your newsagent

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. He chases a large furry creature into a cave, but discovers the "creature" is a beautiful girl disguised in a snowsuit. She leads him to a city in the heart of a moun-

tain, where he is taken before Zeus, the fabled ruler of Olympus. Zeus tells Mandrake how his people started the legend of the Abominable Snowman, and how Man's rapid development was forcing them to leave Earth. NOW READ ON:



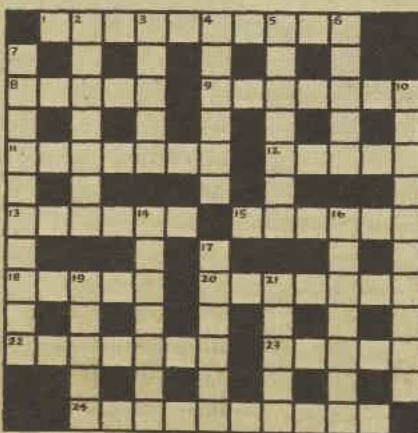
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Distinct ethnical stock, of course, but it's a mug's game (10).
8. Name highly valued in the celluloid world (5).
9. Watery creature with long snout and green bones (7).
11. In it you surely reach the final result (4, 3).
12. Discourage in giving aid eternally (5).
13. Discovered a part of Australia, and he was partly a man (6).
15. Such a body is a spiritual appearance (6).
18. The gentleman of one of them is a lawyer (5).
20. Selling and mostly finishing (7).
22. Lone rug (Anagr., 7).
23. Fitting partners in marriage as can be seen from a testimonial (5).
24. Pair of braces for which the nurses sped (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. When acute they are not grave (7).
3. Mistake or mistake (5).
4. Musical instruments forming part of a body (6).
5. At the back of an altar with a red centre (7).
6. Occur when six turning in it (5).
7. Contributory, it's clear to all (10).
10. What he makes marks time (10).
14. Allots as a share a donkey with a broken sign (7).
16. To be uproarious the French king has an interrupted rest (7).
17. A metrical line is disinclined (6).
19. Colors, dances, or low spirits (5).
21. Such people are without permanent abode, but they are not demented (5).



To wake fresh
and fit...



It's marvellous
what a difference
MILO
makes!



The "tribe" is on the war-path this morning — abounding with energy... the energy that comes from sound, restful sleep — from Milo.

Milo's a tonic-while-you-sleep for all the family. It's the chocolatey drink brimful of energy... pure country milk, malted cereals, energising vitamins and essential minerals. Enjoy hot, chocolatey Milo tonight — sleep soundly — wake fresh and fit tomorrow!

MILO
TONIC FOOD

A NESTLE'S QUALITY PRODUCT

N754/59

**CHILDREN
CROSSING**

STOP!



Children, when going to School or returning home look carefully to the right and to the left before crossing any road.

Mothers, safeguard your children's energy with the wholesome assistance of some buttered ARNOTT'S famous MILK ARROWROOT Biscuits in their School lunch.

Let their even colour be your guide and the name ARNOTT your protection when buying biscuits for your children.



There is no Substitute for Quality